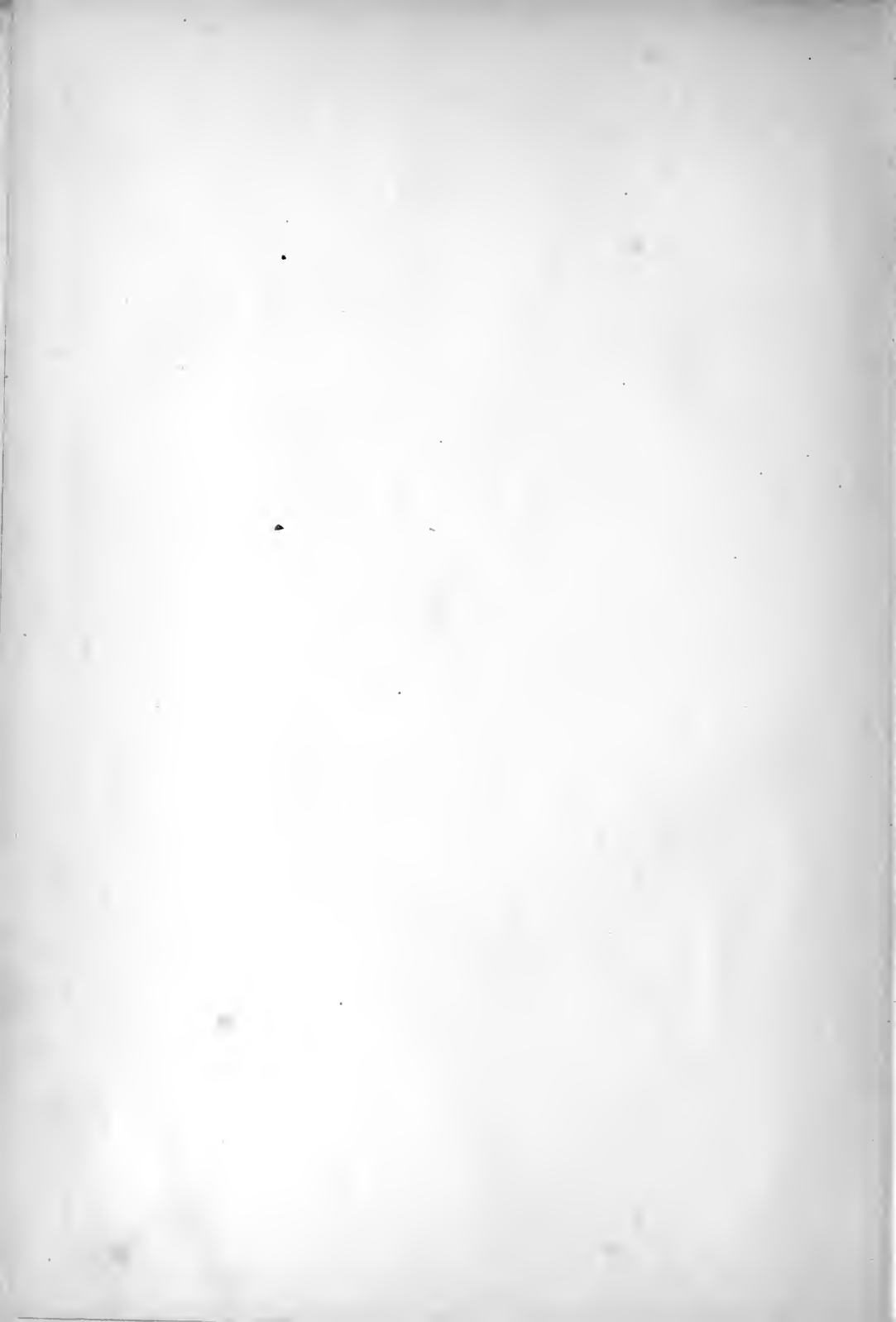



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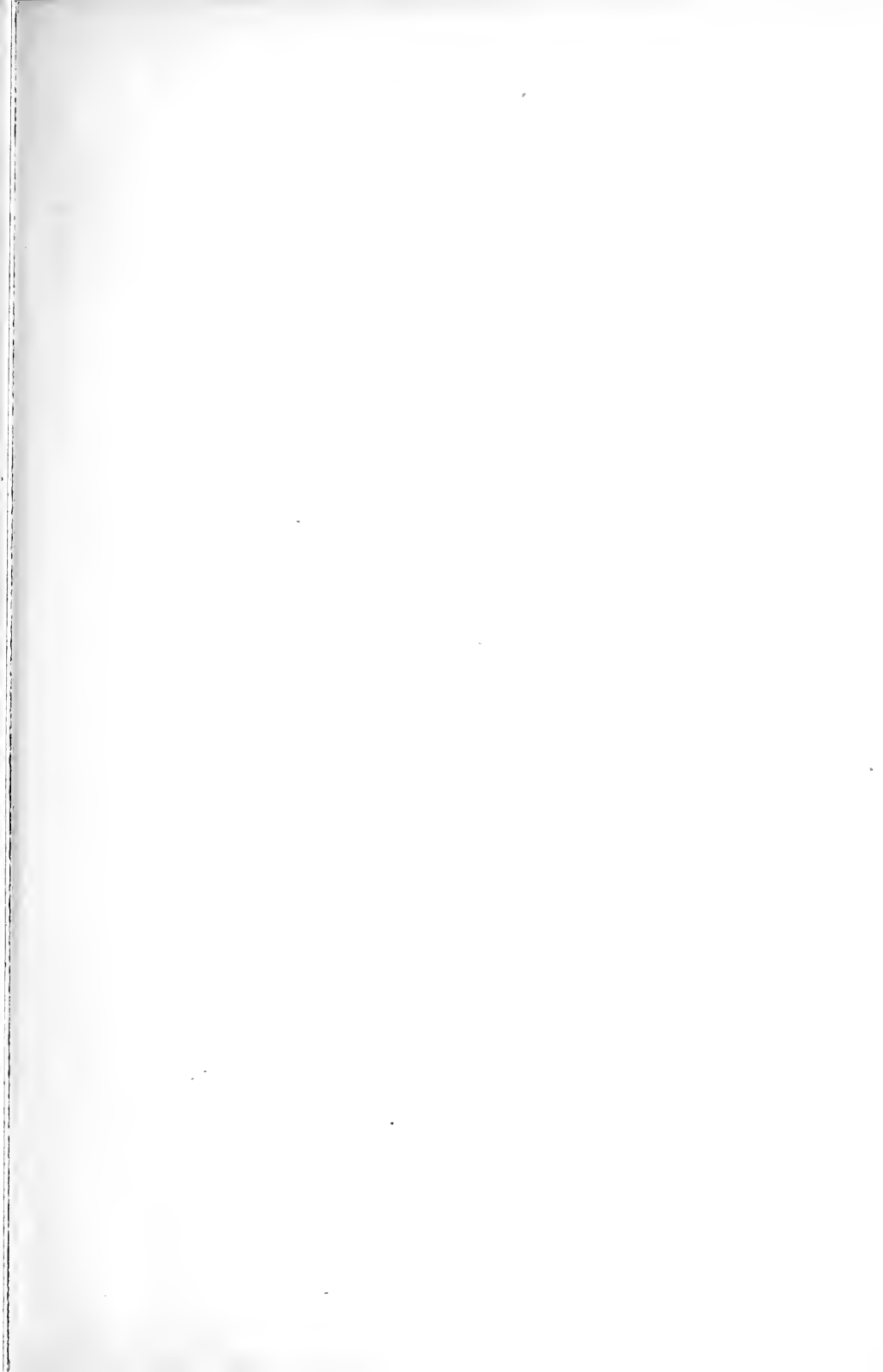
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**Hymns of
Worship and Service**



Fifteenth Edition


**New York
The Century Co.
1907**

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THE KNICKERBOCKER PRESS
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Publishers' Note.

 HIS hymn book has grown out of an intimate acquaintance with the musical practice of the evangelical churches. It appears in answer to a general call from those churches for a book of convenient size and moderate cost that shall embrace the standard repertory of Christian praise.

The more compendious books, as a rule, either seek to present and emphasize a special point of view or are edited with the social meeting chiefly in mind. This compilation is based on a careful study of good usage generally, and is framed to meet all the aspects of modern church life.

We venture to assert that the hymns and tunes which compose this book will be found to constitute nine tenths of the repertory of any church, even where emphasis is laid upon the praise service. It will be found, also, that the union of hymn and tune is that which the best practice has sanctioned. The grounds of selection in each case were not individual preference, but the concurrent preference of the churches, ascertained by a painstaking tabulation of actual usage.

THE CENTURY Co.

NEW YORK, 1905.

2.061 "Engineering"

1. The Commission has received information from the public that the Commission's report on the investigation of the activities of the Commission's staff, dated 1994, was not made available to the public. The Commission is committed to transparency and accountability and is committed to making its reports available to the public. The Commission is committed to making its reports available to the public.

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The Lord's Prayer

OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED BE THY NAME, THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN; GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD, AND FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS, AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS; AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL; FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, AND THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOR EVER. AMEN.

Also No. 519 set to a chant.

The Commandments

GOD spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I.—Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

III.—Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

IV.—Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI.—Thou shalt not kill.

VII.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII.—Thou shalt not steal.

IX.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

Musical responses No. 518.

HEAR also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

The Apostles' Creed

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; And in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. AMEN.

Hymns of Worship and Service

The Beginning of Worship

I THE OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

L. Bourgeois, 1551

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all crea-tures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

T. Ken, 1709

2 L. M.

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;

His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host,
Be praise and glory evermore.

W. Kethe, 1561

3 L. M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

I. Watts, 1719

The Beginning of Worship

4 NICÆA P. M. (11, 12, 12, 10, Irregular)

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, blessèd Trin - i - ty! A - men.

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

R. Heber, 1827

The Beginning of Worship

5 ST. RAPHAEL 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

E. J. Hopkins (1818-1901)



1. IN Thy name, O Lord, as - sembling, We, Thy peo - ple, now draw near;



Teach us to re - joice with trembling, Speak, and let Thy ser - vants hear—



Hear with meek-ness, Hear Thy word with god - ly fear. A - men.



2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before—
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

The Beginning of Worship

6

LYONS 10, 10, 11, 11

F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)

1. YE ser-vants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad His
won-der-ful name; The name all-vic-to-rious of Je-sus ex-tol;
His king-dom is glo-rious, He rules o-ver all. A-men.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save; 2 Oh, tell of His might and sing of His
And still He is nigh—His presence we have; grace;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing, Whose robe is the light, whose canopy
space;
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King. His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne, clouds form,
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son; And dark is His path on the wings of the
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim, storm.

Fall down on their faces and worship the 3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can
Lamb. recite?

4 Then let us adore and give Him His right, It breathes in the air, it shines in the
All glory, and power, and wisdom and light,
might; It streams from the hills, it descends to the
All honor and blessing, with angels above, plain,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love. And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

C. Wesley, 1744

7

LYONS 10, 10, 11, 11.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as
frail,

1 Oh, worship the King, all-glorious above, In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
And gratefully sing His wonderful love; Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of end!
days, [praise. Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with

R. Grant, 1833

The Beginning of Worship

8

ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. Williams, 1762

1. COME, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet ac-cord, And thus surround the throne. A - men.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound
And every tear be dry; [ground
We're marching through Emmanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

I. Watts, 1709

9

DOWNS C. M.

L. Mason, 1832

1. LORD, when we bend be - fore Thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore. A - men.

- 2 Our broken spirit pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay
And mount to Thee in praise.

- 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
That is not wholly Thine.
- 5 May faith each meek petition fill
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

The Beginning of Worship

IO FABEN 8s, 7s. 8l.

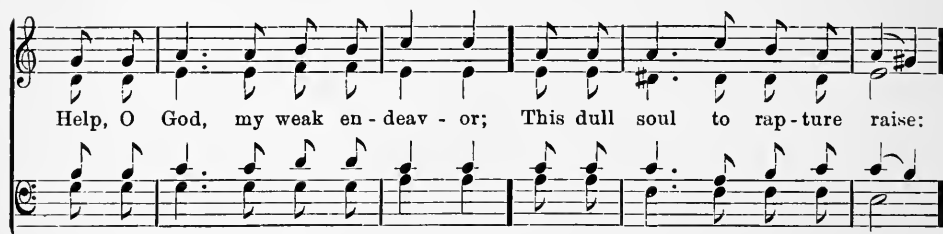
J. H. Willcox, 1849



1. LORD, with glow - ing heart I'd praise Thee, For the bliss Thy love be - stows,



For the par-d'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows;



Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to rap - ture raise:



Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warm'd to praise. A - men.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him, who saw the guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise,
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

F. S. Key, 1826

The Beginning of Worship

II ITALIAN HYMN 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

F. de Giardini, 1769



1. COME, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise:



{ Fa-ther! all - glo - ri - ous, }
 { O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, } Come, and reign o - ver us, Ancient of Days! A - men.

2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
 Gird on Thy mighty sword,
 Our prayer attend!
 Come, and Thy people bless,
 And give Thy word success:
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend!

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour!
 Thou, who almighty art,

Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore;
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

C. Wesley, 1757

I2 (FABEN) 8s, 7s. 8l.

1 ROUND the Lord in glory seated
 Cherubim and seraphim
 Filled His temple and repeated
 Each to each th'alternate hymn:
 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with its fulness stored;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord!"

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 "Holy, holy, holy," singing,
 "Lord of hosts, the Lord Most High!"
 With His seraph train before Him,
 With His holy Church below,
 Thus conspire we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with its fulness stored;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy holy, holy, Lord!"
 Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
 We adopt Thine angels' cry,
 "Holy, holy, holy!" blessing
 Thee, the Lord of hosts Most High.

R. Mant, 1837

The Beginning of Worship

13 TOULON 108.

The Geneva Psalter, 1551 (L. Bourgeois)

1. As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs, That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase, So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings, So thirsts to reach Thy sacred dwelling-place. A-men.

- 2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.
- 3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid;
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.

R. Lowth Tr. G. Gregory, 1787, Ad.

PAX DEI 108.

(Second Tune.)

J. B. Dykes, 1868

1. As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs, That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase, So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings.

The Beginning of Worship

So thirsts to reach Thy sa - cred dwell - ing - place. A - men.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The bottom part is in bass clef with the same key signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

I4 FELIX (Raynolds) 10s.

F. Mendelssohn (1809—1847)

1. FA - THER, a - gain in Je - sus' name we meet, And bow in

This musical score is for a two-part setting in 4/4 time. The top part is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. The bottom part is in bass clef with the same key signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

pen - i - tence be - neath Thy feet; A - gain to Thee our fee - ble voic - es

This musical score is for a two-part setting in 4/4 time. The top part is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. The bottom part is in bass clef with the same key signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

raise, To sue for mer - cy, and to sing Thy praise. A - men.

This musical score is for a two-part setting in 4/4 time. The top part is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. The bottom part is in bass clef with the same key signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

- 2 Oh, we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy work from day to day declare!
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?
- 3 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.
- 4 Oh, by that name in which all fulness dwells,
Oh, by that love which every love excels,
Oh, by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in!

The Beginning of Worship

15 TRURO L. M.

C. Burney, 1789

1. HIGH in the heav'ns E - ter - nal God, Thy good-ness in full glo - ry shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' ev - ery cloud That veils and dark-ens Thy de-signs. A-men.

- 2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comforts spring!
- The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.
- 4 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

I. Watts, 1717

16 PARK STREET L. M.

F. M. A. Venua, 1810

1. BEFORE Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye nations, bow with sa - cred joy: Know that the Lord is
God a - lone: He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy, He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy. A - men.

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we
strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

The Beginning of Worship

I7 ST. BEES 7s.

J. B. Dykes, 1874

1. LORD, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;

O do not our suit dis - dain, Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? A - men.

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion, now descend,
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;

Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.

6 Grant that those who seek may find
Thee a God sincere and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

W. Hammond, 1745

I8 (ST. BEES) 7s.

1 To Thy temple we repair,
Lord, we love to worship there,
When within the veil we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.

2 While Thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips—unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 While to Thee our prayers ascend,
Let Thine ear in love attend;
Hear us, for Thy Spirit pleads—
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While Thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at Thy law,
Let Thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From Thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That at evening we may say—
“We have walked with God to-day.”

J. Montgomery, 1812

The Beginning of Worship

19 BRATTLE STREET C. M. 81.

Ignace Pleyel (1757—1831) .

1. { WHILE Thee I seek, pro - tect-ing Power! Be my vain wish-es stilled;
And may this con - se - crat-ed hour (Omit.....) } With

bet - ter hopes be filled; Thy love the pow'r of tho't bestowed; To Thee my tho'ts would

soar; Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flowed; That mer - cy I a - dore. A - men.

2 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

Helen M. Williams, 1786

20 (MEAR) C. M.

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,—
“In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day.”

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The Church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show His milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;

The Son of David holds His throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

5 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There, God, my Saviour reigns.

The Beginning of Worship

21 DALSTON 6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 8

A. Williams

1. How pleased and blest was I, To hear the peo-ple cry, "Come, let us seek our God to-day!"

Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We hasten to Zi-on's hill, And there our vows and hon-ors pay. A-men.

2 Zion—thrice happy place—
Adorned with wondrous grace,
While walls of strength embrace thee
round:

In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:

The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

4 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred
dwell;

And since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Isaac Watts

MEAR C. M.

American Air, 1726

1. How did my heart re-joice to hear My friends de-vout-ly say,—

"In Zi-on let us all ap-pear, And keep this sol-lemn day." A-men.

The Beginning of Worship

22 LONGWOOD 105.

J. Barnby, 1883

1. SPIR - IT of God, de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from

earth, through all its puls - es move; Stoop to my weak - ness,

might-y as Thou art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love. A - men.

- 2 I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies,
No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
No angel visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.
- 3 Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?
All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind;
I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling:
Oh, let me seek Thee, and oh, let me find.
- 4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.
- 5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,—
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The kindling of the Heaven-descended Dove.
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

G. Croly, 1854

The Beginning of Worship

23 SWAINSTHORPE S. M.

J. Booth (1852—)

1. SWEET is the work, O Lord, Thy glo - rious acts to sing, To

praise Thy name, and hear Thy word, And grate - ful of - f'rings bring. A - men.

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice

With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in Thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

H. Auher, 1829

24 MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington, 1760

1. EN - TER and wor - ship here, The Bride in - vites thee—Come;

The Spir - it bids thee cast out fear, And make the church thy home. A - men.

2 Enter and bless the Lord,
And meditate His grace,
Feast on the manna of His word,
And consecrate this place.

3 Enter and rest and pray,
Lift to the hills thine eyes;
Praise Him, and offer up to-day
Thy heart, a sacrifice.

C. C. Albertson, 1900

The Beginning of Worship

25 DIADEMATA, No. 1 S. M. 81.

G. J. Elvey, 1868



1. CROWN Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;



Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own;



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,



And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

2 Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wond'ring eye
At mysteries so bright.

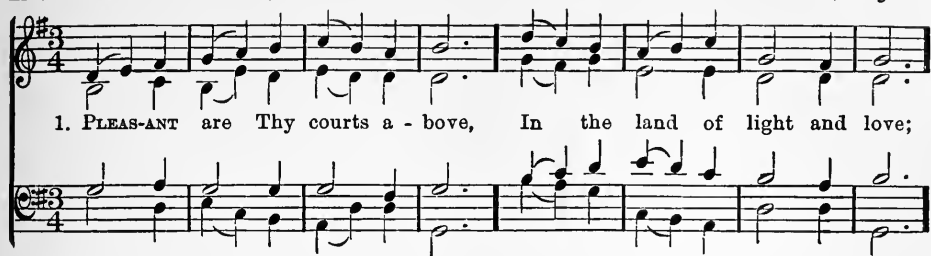
3 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

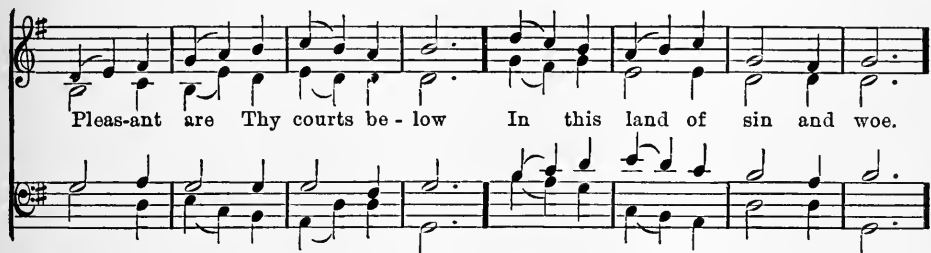
The Beginning of Worship

26 MAIDSTONE 7s. 8l.

W. B. Gilbert, 1865



1. PLEAS-ANT are Thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love;



Pleas-ant are Thy courts be - low In this land of sin and woe.



Oh, my spir - it longs and faints For the con - verse of Thy saints,



For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy ful - ness, God of grace! A - men.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heav'nly Father's breast!
Like the wand'ring dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;

On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me!

The Beginning of Worship

27 GREENWOOD S. M.

J. E. Sweetzer, 1849

1. SWEET-LY the ho - ly hymn Breaks on the morn - ing air;
Be - fore the world with smoke is dim We meet to of - fer prayer. A - men.

- 2 While flowers are wet with dews,
Dew of our souls, descend;
Ere yet the sun the day renews,
O Lord, Thy Spirit send.
3 Upon the battle-field,
Before the fight begins,

- We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield,
To guard us from our sins.
4 Ere yet our vessel sails
Upon the stream of day,
We plead, O Lord, for heavenly gales
To speed us on our way.

Chas. H. Spurgeon

28 BUDDINGTON S. M.

H. G. Trembath (1845—)

1. A - WAKE, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb,
Wake ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue To praise the Saviour's name. A - men.

- 2 Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.
3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

- 4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take His wanderers home.
5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

The Beginning of Worship

29 CHERUBIM 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

G. F. LeJeune (1842—1904)

From The Tucker Hymnal, by per. of the Editor

1. HARK! the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing.

Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing,

Fill the heavens with sweet ac - cord,—Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! A - men.

2 Lo! the apostolic train
 Join Thy sacred name to hallow.
 Prophets swell the loud refrain,
 And the white-robed martyrs follow;
 And from morn to set of sun,
 Through the church the song goes on.

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
 Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee,
 While in essence only One,
 Undivided God, we claim Thee;
 And, adoring, bend the knee,
 While we own the mystery.

4 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,
 By a thousand snares surrounded;
 Keep us without sin to-day,
 Never let us be confounded.
 Lo! I put my trust in Thee;
 Never, Lord, abandon me.

Morning

30 LAUDES DOMINI 6s. 61.

J. Barnby, 1868

1. WHEN morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries

May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and pray'r,

To Je - sus I re - pair;... May Je - sus Christ be praised! A-men.

2 When'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Oh, hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Or fades my earthly bliss,
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

6 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

7 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

8 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Morning

31 BROWNELL L. M. 61.

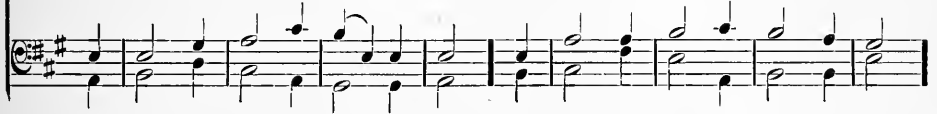
F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)



1. WHEN, streaming from the east-ern skies, The morn-ing light sa-lutes mine eyes,



O Sun of Right-eous-ness di-vine, On me with beams of mer-cy shine,



Chase the dark clouds of guilt-a-way, And turn my dark-ness in-to day. A-men.



2 As every day, Thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counselor and friend;
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning's sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
Then from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

W. Shrubsole, 1813

Morning

32 MELCOMBE L. M.

S. Webbe, 1790

1. New ev-ery morning is the love Our wakening and up - ris - ing prove;

Thro' sleep and darkness safe-ly brought, Restor'd to life, and pow'r, and tho't. A - men.

2 New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;

Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble, 1829

33 MORNING HYMN L. M.

F. H. Barthélémon (1741-1808)

1. A - WAKE, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;

Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise To pay thy morning sac - ri - fice. A - men.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long, unwearied, sing
High praise to the eternal King.

3 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will;
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Morning

34 WARWICK C. M.

S. Stanley, 1800

1. LORD, in the morn-ing Thou shalt hear My voice as - cend-ing high;
To Thee will I di - rect my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye— A - men.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting, at His Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.
3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4 But to Thy house will I resort
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court
And worship in Thy fear.
5 Oh, may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

I. Watts, 1719

35 HALLE 7s. 6l.

F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)

1. { CHRIST, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light. }
Sun of Right-eous-ness, a - rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night; {
Day-spring from on high, be near, Day-star in my heart ap - pear. A - men.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If Thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

C. Wesley, 1740

Morning

36 CULLINGWORTH 115, 105.

E. Moss

1. STILL, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth, When the bird

wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing,

love - lier than the day - light, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee! A-men.

- 2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
- 3 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.
- 4 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

Mrs. H. B. Stowe, 1855

Morning.

37 KELSO 7s. 6l.

E. J. Hopkins, 1872



1. Ev - 'ry morn - ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn - ing dew;



Ev - 'ry morn - ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day;



For Thy mer - cies, Lord, are sure, Thy com - pas - sion doth en - dure. A - men.



2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought, to those who pray,
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the Bread of Life,
Fit us for our daily strife.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever blessèd Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

G. Phillimore, 1863

Evening

38 EVENTIDE 105.

W. H. Monk, 1861

1. A - BIDE with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep - ens;

Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee,

Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me. A - men.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee—
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

H. F. Lyte, 1847

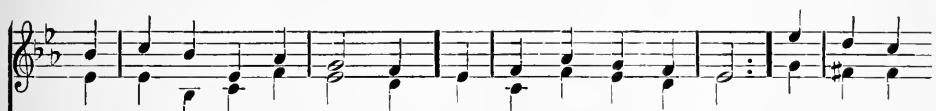
Evening

39 ST. ANATOLIUS, No. 2 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8

A. H. Brown, 1862



1. THE day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!



I pray Thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may be. O Je - sus,



keep me in Thy sight And save me thro' the com - ing night! A - men.



2 The joys of day are over.

I lift my heart to Thee,

And ask Thee, that offenceless

The hours of dark may be,

O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,

Or sleep in death shall I,

And he, my wakeful tempter,

Triumphantly shall cry

"He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night."

3 The toils of day are over.

I raise the hymn to Thee,

And ask that free from peril

The hours of fear may be.

O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

5 Be Thou my soul's preserver,

O God, for Thou dost know

How many are the perils

Through which I have to go.

Lover of men, oh, hear my call,

And guard and save me from them all!

Anatolius, 800 Tr. J. M. Nsale, 1853

Evening

40 TWILIGHT 6s, 5s.

J. Barnby, 1868

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh;....

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky. A - men.
Eve-ning steal a - cross the sky.

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;

Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

5 Through the long night watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

S. Baring-Gould, 1865

41 SCHUMANN (Heath) S. M.

Arr. fr. R. Schumann (1810—1856)

1. Our day of praise is done, The eve - ning shad - ows fall;

But pass not from us with the sun, True light that light'nest all. A - men.

Evening

42 HURSLEY L. M.

P. Ritter, 1792 Arr. by W. H. Monk, 1861

1. SUN of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes. A - men.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,

Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

J. Keble, 1820

(SCHUMANN—Heath) S. M.

2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here,
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,

We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

J. Ellerton, 1867

Evening

43 NACHTLIED 10s. 6l.

H. Smart, 1872

1. THE day is gen - tly sink - ing to a close, Faint - er and yet more faint the sunlight glows:

O brightness of Thy Father's glo - ry, Thou E - ter - nal Light of light, be with us now:

Where Thou art pres - ent, darkness cannot be; Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee. A - men.

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
O conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide;
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide:
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail:
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

Evening

44 ST. LEONARD C. M. 81.

H. Hiles, 1867

1. THE shad-ows of the eve - ning hours Fall from the dark-'ning sky;

Up - on the fra - grance of the flow'rs The dews of eve - ning lie.

Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;

Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray. A - men.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
Oh, do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade:
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart.

Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend.
Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labor, Lord,
Oh, give us now repose.

Evening

45 CHAUTAUQUA 7, 7, 7, 4 With Refrain

W. F. Sherwin, 1877

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and

wor-ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.

Refrain.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are

full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - men.

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the Universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou are nigh.

Ref.—Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of Thee!
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord most high!

Mary A. Lathbury.

Evening

46 SALVATION P. M. With Refrain

T. V. Weisenthal, 1830

1. FAD-ING, still fad-ing, the last beam is shining; Fa-ther in Heav-en, the

day is de-clin-ing. Safe-ty and in-no-cence fly with the light, Temptation and

dan-ger walk forth with the night. From the fall of the shade till the

Refrain.

morning bells chime Shield me from danger, save me from crime. Father, have mercy,

Fa-ther, have mer-cy, Fa-ther have mer-cy, thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord. A-men.

2 Father in Heaven, oh, hear when we call;
Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all.
Feeble and fainting, we trust in Thy might;
In doubting and darkness, Thy love be our light.
Let us sleep on Thy breast when the night taper burns,
Wake in Thy arms when morning returns.—*Ref.*

Evening

47 LUX BENIGNA 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. LEAD, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home; *p* Lead Thou me on;

cres. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see.....

The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me. *dim.* *p* A - men.

- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.
- 3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel-faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Evening

48 NIGHTFALL 11, 11, 11, 5 J. Barnby, 1872

1. Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing; The light and

dark - ness are of His dis - pos - ing, And 'neath His shad - ow

here to rest we yield us, For He will shield. . . us. A - men.

- 2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.
- 3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us.
All sick and mourners we to Thee commend them,
Do Thou befriend them.
- 4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us
But Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us.
Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver
Us now and ever.
- 5 Praise be to Thee through Jesus our salvation,
God, Three in One, the ruler of creation,
High throned, o'er all Thine eye of mercy casting,
Lord everlasting.

Evening

49 ST. FIDELIS L. M.

J. Barnby, 1869

1. A - GAIN, as eve-ning's shad - ow falls, We gath-er in these hal-lowed walls;
And ves-per hymn and ves-per prayer Rise mingling on the ho - ly air. A - men.

2 May struggling hearts, that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God, our light, to Thee we bow!
Within all shadows standest Thou.
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer forever dwell!

S. Longfellow, 1852

50 RADIANT MORN 8, 8, 8, 4

C. F. Gounod, 1872

1. THE ra-diant morn hath passed a - way And spent too soon her gold - en store;
The shad - ows of de - part - ing day Creep on once more. A - men.

Evening

51 BENEDICTION 105.

E. J. Hopkins, 1867

1. SAV - IOUR, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our

part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease;

Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - men.

- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly li'e.
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. Ellertsen, 1866

(RADIANT MORN) 8, 8, 8, 4

- 2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, Thou living way,
Safe home at last.
- 3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,
- 4 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;
- 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all.

Evening

52 SEYMOUR 7s.

Arr. fr. C. M. von Weber, 1826



1. SOFT - LY now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;



Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com-mune with Thee. A - men.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

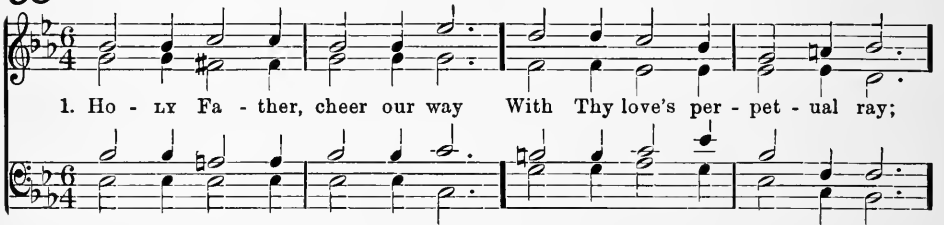
3 Soon for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity,
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

G. W. Doane, 1827

53 NELLINE 7, 7, 7, 5

W. F. Sherwin, 1883



1. Ho - LY Fa - ther, cheer our way With Thy love's per - pet - ual ray;



Grant us, ev - ery clos - ing day, Light at eve - ning time. A - men.

2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears,
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our later years,
Light at evening time.

Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh,
When in mortal pains we lie;

4 Holy, blessed Trinity!
Darkness is not dark with Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

R. H. Robinson, 1869

Evening

54 ST. MATTHIAS L. M. 61.

W. H. Monk, 1861

1. SWEET Sav - iour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our
minds in - stil; And make our luke - warm hearts to glow
With low - ly love and fer - vent will. Thro' life's long day and
death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light. A - men.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release,
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

5 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Thro' night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Evening

55 EVENING PRAYER 8s, 7s.

G. C. Stebbins, 1878

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1. Sav - our, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing Ere re - pose our spir - its seal.

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal. A - men.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee,

Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

J. Edmeston, 1820

56 OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. fr. a Gregorian Chant by L. Mason, 1824

1. THE day, O Lord, is spent; A - bide with us, and rest;

Our heart's de - sires are ful - ly bent On making Thee our guest. A - men.

2 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore!

3 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

J. M. Neale, 1842

Evening

57 TALLIS' HYMN L. M.

T. Tallis, 1565

1. ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless - ings

of the light: Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,

Be - neath Thine own al - mighty wings. A - men.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious at Thy judgment day.

6 The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfetter'd are our minds;
Oh, may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see.

4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.

7 Oh, when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?

8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

T. Ken, 1695 (text of 1709)

Dismissal Hymns

58

SICILIAN MARINERS' HYMN

8s, 7s. 6l.

Sicilian Melody

1. { LORD, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; }
 { Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace; }

Oh, re - fresh us, Oh, re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil - der - ness. A - men.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
 For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 Ever faithful
 To the truth may we be found!

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Rise, and reign in endless day.

J. Fawcett, 1773

59

BEATITUDO C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. THE Lord be with us as we bend His bless - ing to re - ceive;

His gift of peace up - on us send, Be - fore His courts we leave. A - men.

2 The Lord be with us as we walk
 Along our homeward road;
 In silent thought or friendly talk
 Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night
 Shall close the day of rest;
 Be He of every heart the light,
 Of every home the guest.

J. Ellerton, 1872

Dismissal Hymns

60 ILFRACOMB (Lambeth) C. M.

S. Webbe [?] (1740—1816)

1. CALM me, my God, and keep me calm, Soft rest - ing on Thy breast;

Soothe me with ho - ly hymn and psalm, And bid my spir - it rest. A - men.

2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street,

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting
Who hate Thy holy name. [throng

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain,

5 Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
Th' Eternal calm to gain.

H. Bonar, 1857

61 HEBRON L. M.

L. Mason, 1830

1. Dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Lord; Help us to feed up - on Thy word;

All that has been a - miss, for - give, And let Thy truth with - in us live. A - men.

2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

J. Hart, 1762

The Lord's Day

62 MENDEBRAS 7s, 6s. 8l.

Arr. by L. Mason, 1839

1. { O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light, }
 { O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright; }

On thee, the high and low - ly, Bend - ing be - fore the throne,

Sing, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the Great Three in One. A - men.

2 On thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth;
 On thee for our salvation
 Christ rose from depths of earth;
 On thee our Lord victorious
 The Spirit sent from heaven;
 And thus on thee most glorious
 A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where Gospel-light is glowing,
 With pure and radiant beams
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the Rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father, and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest Three in One.

C. Wordsworth, 1858

The Lord's Day

63

MARLOW C. M.

J. Chetham, 1718

1. THIS is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours His own;

Let heav'n re-joice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne. A - men.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna, to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna, in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

I. Watts, 1719

64

HEBRON L. M.

L. Mason, 1830

1. AN - OTH - ER six days' work is done, An - oth - er Lord's day has be - gun;

Re - turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Im - prove the hours thy God hath blest. A - men.

2 This day may our devotion rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And heaven that sweet repose bestow
Which none but they who feel it know!

3 That peaceful calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,

Which for the church of God remains,—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

The Lord's Day

65 SABBATH 7s. 6l.

L. Mason, 1824

1. { Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way; }
 { Let us now a bless - ing seek, [Omit.....] }

Wait-ing in His courts to-day: Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest;

Day of all the week the best, Em - ble - m of e - ter - nal rest. A - men.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show Thy reconciling face—
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free,—
 May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
 Let us feel Thy presence near;
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in Thy house appear:
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints:
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we rest in Thee above.

John Newton, 1779

The Lord's Day

ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. Walch, 1875

1. THE dawn of God's dear Sab - bath Breaks o'er the earth a - gain,

As some sweet sum - mer morn - ing Af - ter a night of pain;

It comes as cool - ing show - ers To some ex - haust - ed land,

As shade of clustered palm-trees 'Mid wea - ry wastes of sand. A - men.

2 Lord, we would bring for offering,
Though marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labor,
Of steady, faithful toil;
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit,
In our humility.

3 And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone—
So many talents wasted!
So few bright laurels won!

4 And with that sorrow mingling,
A steadfast faith, and sure,
And love so deep and fervent,
That tries to make it pure;
In His dear presence finding
The pardon that we need,
And then the peace so lasting—
Celestial peace indeed.

5 So be it, Lord, for ever.
Oh, may we evermore,
In Jesus' holy presence
His blessèd name adore.
Upon His peaceful Sabbath,
Within His temple-walls—
Type of the stainless worship
In Zion's golden halls.

The Lord's Day

67 GERMANY L. M.

Arr. fr. Beethoven, 1815



2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine,
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

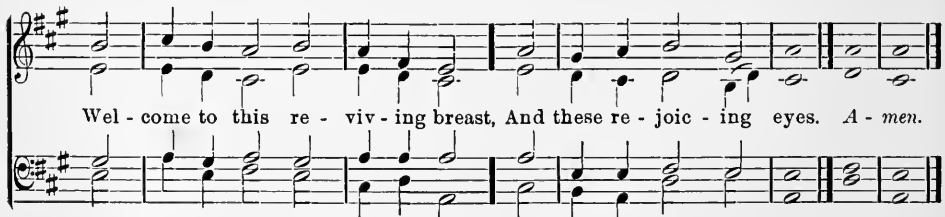
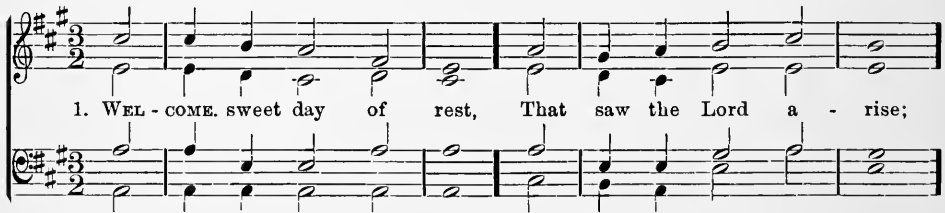
4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

I. Watts, 1719

68 STATE STREET S. M.

J. C. Woodman, 1844



2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been

Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

I. Watts, 1709

The Lord's Day

69 CROFT'S 148TH 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

W. Croft, 1700

1. WEL - COME, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest;

The first system of musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

I hail thy kind re - turn;— Lord, make these mo - ments blest: From

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

the low train of mor-tal toys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys. A - men.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

God the Father

70 CREATION L. M. 81.

Arr. fr. F. J. Haydn, 1798

1. THE spa-cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e -

The first system of music is in G major, 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble, and the bass provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1. THE spa-cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e -"

the - real sky And span-gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "the - real sky And span-gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their"

great o - rig - i - nal pro-claim. Th'unwea-ried sun from day to day,

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "great o - rig - i - nal pro-claim. Th'unwea-ried sun from day to day,"

Does his... Cre - a - tor's power dis-play, And pub - lish - es... to

Ped.

The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Does his... Cre - a - tor's power dis-play, And pub - lish - es... to". A pedaling instruction "Ped." is written below the bass staff.

ev - ery land The work of an... al-might-y hand. A - men.

The fifth system concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "ev - ery land The work of an... al-might-y hand. A - men."

God the Father

71 INNOCENTS 7s.

Old French Melody



2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

J. Montgomery, 1819.

(CREATION) L. M. 81.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

J. Addison, 1712.

God the Father

72 MIRIAM 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. P. Holbrook (1822—1888)

1. O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been,

What time the tem - pest rag - es, Our dwell - ing - place se - rene:

Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,

To end - less gen - er - a - tions, The Ev - er - last - ing Thou! A - men.

Copyright by J. P. Holbrook

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.

On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face:
A joy no language measures,
A fountain brimming o'er,
An endless flow of pleasures,
An ocean without shore.

God the Father

73 LOUVAN L. M.

V. C. Taylor, 1847

1. LORD of all be - ing, thron'd a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
Cen - tre and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near! A - men.

2 Sun of our life Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

O. W. Holmes, 1848

74 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

C. Zeuner, 1832

1. KING-DOMS and thrones to God be - long; Crown Him, ye na - tions, in your song;
His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearse; His hon - ors shall en - rich your verse. A - men.

2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms; 3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest;
How terrible is God in arms! He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
In Israel are His mercies known, When terrors rise, and nations faint,
Israel is His peculiar throne. God is the strength of every saint.

God the Father

75 FARRANT C. M.

R. Farrant (1530—1580)

1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form;

He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm. A - men.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,

He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

W. Cowper, 1772

76 DUNDEE C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1564

1. GREAT God, how in - fi - nite art Thou! What worthless worms are we!

Let the whole race of crea-tures bow And pay their praise to Thee. A - men.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view;

To Thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God, there's nothing new.

4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

I. Watts, 1707

God the Father

77 CORINTH C. M.

L. Mason

1. My God, how won-der-ful Thou art, Thy Maj-es-ty how bright,
How beau-ti-ful Thy mer-cy-seat, In depths of burn-ing light. A-men.

2 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity.

3 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

F. W. Faber, 1849

78 ST. ANNE C. M.

W. Croft, 1708

1. O God, our help in a-ges past, Our hope for years to come,
Our shel-ter from the storm-y blast, And our e-ter-nal home! A-men.

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;

Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

I. Watts, 1719

God the father

79 HUMILITY L. M.

S. P. Tuckerman, 1848

1. LORD! Thou hast searched and seen me thro'; Thine eye commands with pierc-ing view,

My ris-ing and my rest-ing hours, My heart and flesh, with all their powers. A-men.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within Thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find Thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

I. Watts, 1719

80 ST. FULBERT C. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1852

1. WHEN all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,

Trans-ported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise, A-men.

2 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

3 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;

And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

4 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

God the Father

81 MANOAH C. M.

F. J. Haydn

1. BE - gin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme, And speak some boundless thing,
The might-y works, or might-ier name, Of our e - ter - nal King. A - men.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
The love and truth of God.

3 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;

The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

4 Oh, might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper "Thou art mine!"

Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

1. Watts, 1707

82 RIVAULX L. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. FA - THER of all, whose love pro-found A ran-som for our souls hath found,
Be - fore Thy throne we sin-ners bend; To us Thy pard'ning love ex - tend. A - men.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,

Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

E. Cooper, 1865

God the Father

83 CARTER 8, 7, 8, 7

E. S. Carter

1. God is love; His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens; God is wisdom, God is love. A - men

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

From the gloom His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.
4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;

J. Bowring, 1825

84 THEODORA 7s.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1749

1. LET us with a glad - some mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mer - cies aye en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful ev - er sure. A - men.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

God the Father

85 ERIE 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

C. C. Converse, 1868

1. THERE'S a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea:

There's a kind-ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.

There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac-es for the good;

There is mer-cy with the Sav - iour; There is heal-ing in His blood. A - men.

2 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber, 1754

Nativity

86

AVISON 11, 11, 12, 11 With Refrain

C. Avison (1710—1770)

Refrain.



Shout the glad ti-dings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing;... Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes-



si - ah is King. 1. Zi - on, the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of the



High - est, how low - ly His birth; The bright - est arch - an - gel in glo - ry ex - cel - ling, He



Repeat 1st Refrain. *After last verse.*
stoops to re - deem thee, He reigns up - on earth. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;...



Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King. A - men.

Nativity

87 REGENT SQUARE 8s, 7s. 6l.

H. Smart, 1867

1. AN - GELS, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;

Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth;

Come and wor-ship, Come and wor-ship, Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King. A - men.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

J. Montgomery, 1819

(AVISON) 11, 11, 12, 11

2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise:
Ye angels, the full alleluia be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.


W. A. Muhlenberg, 1826

Nativity

88 MENDELSSOHN 7s. 81. Arr. fr. Mendelssohn, 1840, by W. H. Cummings, 1855



1. HARK! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and



mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled!" Joy-ful all ye na-tions, rise,



Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th'an-gel-ic host pro-claim "Christ is born in



Beth-le-hem." Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing "Glo-ry to the new-born King." A-men.

Organ Pedal.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

C. Wesley, 1739: alt. G. Whitefield, 1753, M. Madan, 1760.
Suppl. to New Version, c. 1782, J. Kemphorne, 1810.

Nativity

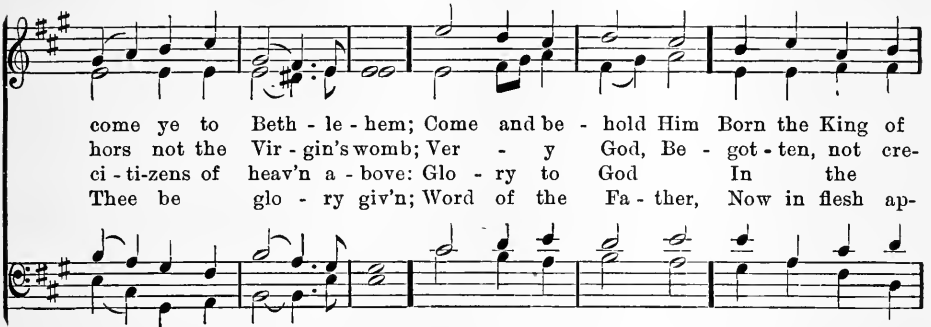
89

ADESTE FIDELES P. M. Irregular

Anon. 1751 (?)



1. Oh come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant, Oh come ye, oh
 2. God of God, Light of Light, Lo! He ab -
 3. Sing, choirs of An - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, Sing, all ye
 4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing, Je - sus, to



come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him Born the King of
 hors not the Vir - gin's womb; Ver - y God, Be - got - ten, not cre -
 ci - ti - zens of heav'n a - bove: Glo - ry to God In the
 Thee be glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap -

After each verse.



An - gels;
 at - ed;
 high - est;
 pear - ing; } Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Oh come, let us a - dore Him,



Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord. A - men.

Nativity

90 CAROL C. M. 81.

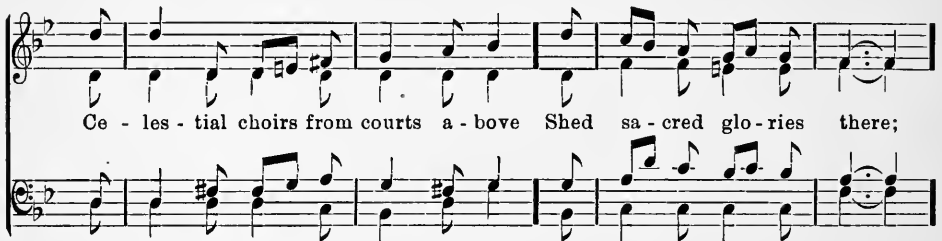
R. Storrs Willis, 1849



1. CALM on the list'-ning ear of night Come heav'n's me - lo - dious strains,



Where wild Ju - de - a stretch - es far Her sil - ver - man - tled plains.



Ce - les - tial choirs from courts a - bove Shed sa - cred glo - ries there;



And an - gels, with their sparkling lyres, Make mu - sic on the air. A - men.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

3 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"
Light on Thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born: [plains
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

E. H. Sears, 1834

Nativity

91 ATHENS C. M. 81.

F. de Giardini (1716—1796)

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old;

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;

"Peace to the earth, good - will to men, From heav'n's all - gra - cious King:"

The earth in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing. A - men.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,

Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Nativity

92 NOEL C. M. 81.

Arr. Arthur Sullivan



1. WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,



The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.



"Fear not," said he, for might - y dread Had seized their troubled mind;



"Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind." A - men.

2 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

N. Tate, 1702

Mativity

93 ST. LOUIS 8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6

L. H. Redner, 1868

1. O LIT - TLE town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!

A - bove thy deep and dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by;

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing light;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night. A - men.

2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wond'ring love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.

No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Nativity

94 HARWELL 8, 7, 8, 7

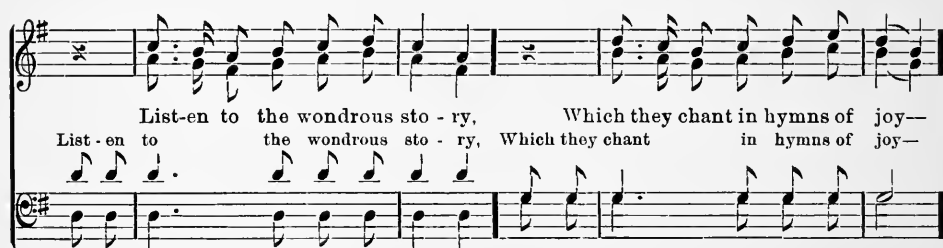
L. Mason (1792—1872)



1. HARK! what mean those ho - ly voice - es Sweet - ly sound - ing thro' the skies?



Lo! th'an - gel - ic host re - joi - ces, Heav'n - ly Al - le - lu - ias rise.



List - en to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy—
List - en to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy—



Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high! A - men.

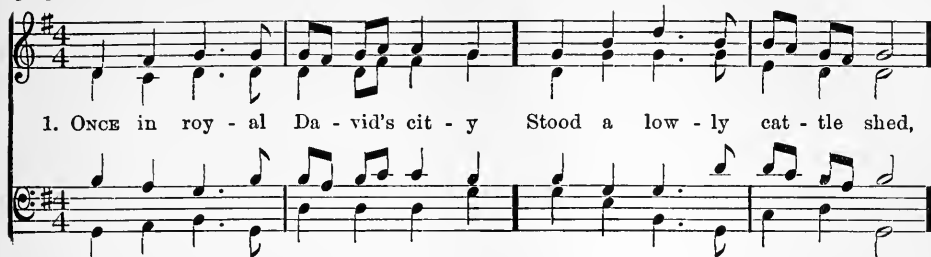
2 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born; the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

J. Cawood, 1819

Nativity

95 IRBY 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)



1. ONCE in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,



Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His bed:



Ma - ry was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child. A - men.

2 He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall:
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, thro' all His wondrous childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,

Tears and smiles like us He knew:
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above:
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high:
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

Nativity

96 BONN 8, 6, 6, 8, 6, 6

J. G. Ebeling (c. 1620—1676)

1. ALL my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, far and near, Sweet-est

an - gel - voic - es; "Christ is born," their choirs are singing, Till the air ev - 'ry - where

Now with joy is ring - ing. A - men.

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder!
Love Him who with love is yearning!
Hail the Star that from far
Bright with hope is burning!

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger! [you
Brethren, come! from all that grieves
You are freed; all you need
I will surely give you."

4 Heedfully my Lord I'll cherish,
Live to Thee, and with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high, in the joy
That can alter never.

P. Gerhardt, 1656 Tr. C. Wordsworth, 1858

97 BRISTOL C. M.

E. Hodges, 1819

1. HARK, the glad sound! the Sav - iour comes, The Sav - iour prom - ised long;

Let ev - ery heart pre - pare a throne And ev - ery voice a song. A - men.

Activity

98 ANTIOCH C. M.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1742, by L. Mason, 1830

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King;

Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
And heav'n and na-ture
And heav'n and na-ture

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing. A-men.
sing,.....
sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigus:
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nation prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

I. Watts, 1719

(BRISTOL) C. M.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace-
Thy welcome shall proclaim:
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd name.

P. Doddridge, 1735

Nativity

99 ST. NINIAN 11s, 10s.

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. BRIGHT - EST and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our

dark - ness and lend us Thine aid; Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a -

dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid. A - men.

- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Shall we not yield Him in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

R. Heber, 1811

Nativity

100 DIX 7s. 61.

Arr. fr. C. Köcher (1786—1872)

1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold,

As with joy they hail'd its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright,

So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee. A-men.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

Life and Ministry

IOI MARYTON L. M.

H. P. Smith, 1874

1. O MAS-TER, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of ser-vice free;
Tell me Thy se-cret, help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A-men.

- 2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.
- 3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,

- In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,
- 4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

W. Gladden, 1880

IO2 FAITH C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1867

1. Thou art the Way, to Thee a-lone From sin and death we flee,
And he who would the Fa-ther seek Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee. A-men.

- 2 Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;

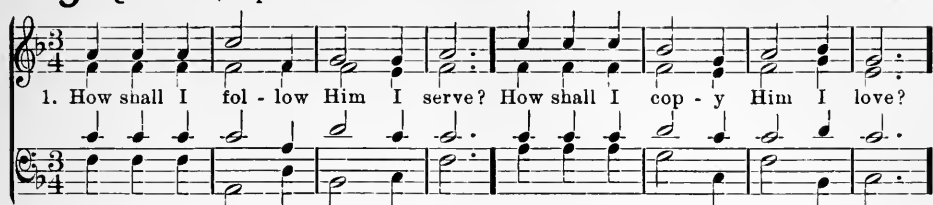
- And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

G. W. Doane, 1824

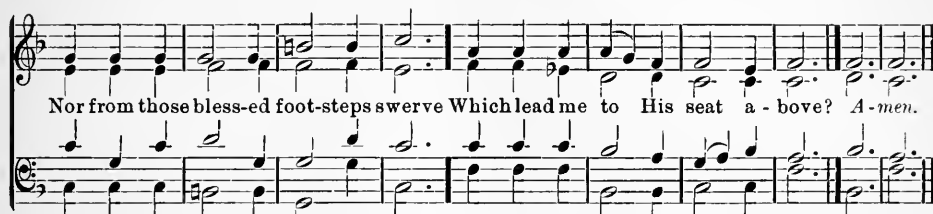
Life and Ministry

I03 QUEBEC (Hesperus) L. M.

H. Baker, 1866



1. How shall I fol - low Him I serve? How shall I cop - y Him I love?



Nor from those bless-ed foot-steps swerve Which lead me to His seat a - bove? A-men.

2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,
Are these the consecrated road?

3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the cup of bitter gall.

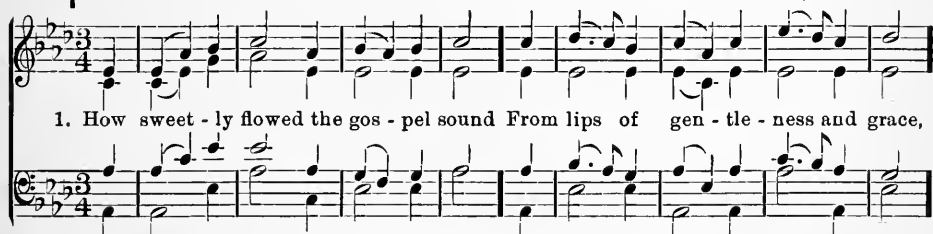
4 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest not Thyself to please;
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

5 Yes, I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye;
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But Thou canst give the victory.

J. Conder, 1824

I04 LOUVAN L. M.

V. C. Taylor, 1847



1. How sweet - ly flowed the gos - pel sound From lips of gen - tle - ness and grace,



When list'ning thousands gathered round, And joy and gladness filled the place. A - men.

2 From heav'n He came, of heav'n He spoke,
To heaven He led His followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"

Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest!

4 Decay then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:

A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

J. Bowring

Life and Ministry

105 VOX DILECTI C. M. 81.

J. B. Dykes, 1868

p *pp rall.* *mf a tempo.*

1. I HEARD the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
J=92.

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."

p *cres.*

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
J=112. 2nd v. Of that life - giv - ing stream;
 3rd v. In Him my star, my sun;

cres. *ff*

I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad. A - men.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down and drink, and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, and my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my star, my sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done.

Life and Ministry

106 LAND OF REST C. M. 81.

Richard S. Newman, 1879

1. Oh, where is He that trod the sea, Oh, where is He that spake,
And de-mons from their vic-tims flee, The dead their slumbers break?
The pal-sied rise in free-dom strong, The dumb men talk and sing,
And from blind eyes, be-night-ed long, Bright beams of morn-ing spring. A-men.

2 Oh, where is He that trod the sea,
Oh, where is He that spake?
And piercing words of liberty,
The deaf ears open shake?
And mildest words arrest the haste
Of fever's deadly fire,
And strong ones heal the weak who waste
Their life in sad desire.

3 Oh, where is He that trod the sea,
Oh, where is He that spake?
And dark waves, rolling heavily,
A glassy smoothness take;
And lepers, whose own flesh has been
A solitary grave,
See with amaze that they are clean,
And cry, 't is He can save.

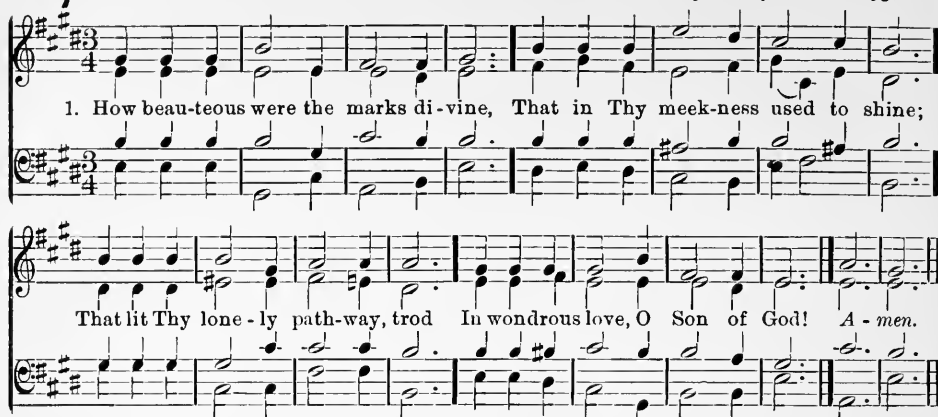
4 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?
'T is only He can save;
To thousands hungering wearily,
A wondrous meal He gave:
Full soon, with food celestial fed,
Their mystic fare they take; [bread
'T was springtide when He blest the
And harvest when He brake.

5 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?
My soul, the Lord is here:
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;
To leap, to look, to hear,
Be thine: thy needs He'll satisfy;
Art thou diseased or dumb?
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
"I come," saith Christ, "I come."

Life and Ministry

107 ST. CRISPIN L. M.

G. J. Elvey (1816—1893)



1. How beau-teous were the marks di-vine, That in Thy meek-ness used to shine;
That lit Thy lone-ly path-way, trod In wondrous love, O Son of God! A-men.

2 Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
Thou God of God, Thou Light of light?
Oh, who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs, of men before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 E'en death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love thro' all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh, in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

A. C. Cox, 1840

108 ST. AGNES C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1866



1. O JE-SUS, when I think of Thee, Thy man-ger, cross, and throne,
My spir-it trusts ex-ult-ing-ly In Thee, and Thee a-lone. A-men.

2 I see Thee in Thy weakness first;
Then, glorious from Thy shame,
I see Thee death's strong fetters burst,
And reach heaven's mightiest name.

3 For me Thou didst become a man,
For me didst weep and die;
For me achieve Thy wondrous plan,
For me ascend on high.

4 O let me share Thy holy birth,
Thy faith, Thy death to sin,
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
My heavenly life begin.

5 Then shall I know what means the strain
Triumphant of Saint Paul:
"To live is Christ, to die is gain;"
"Christ is my all in all."

Life and Ministry

109 TALLIS' ORDINAL C. M.

T. Tallis, 1560

1. WHAT grace, O Lord, and beau - ty shone A - round Thy steps be - low;

What pa - tient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe! A - men.

2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh, give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace which spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

E. Denny, 1839

110 ROCKINGHAM, NEW L. M.

L. Mason, 1830

1. My dear Re-deem - er, and my Lord, I read my du - ty in Thy word

But in Thy life the law ap - pears, Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters. A - men.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;

The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thon my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

I. Watts, 1709

Life and Ministry

III EUROCLYDON 6s, 4s. 8l.

G. W. Torrance, 1870

1. FIERCE was the wild bil-low, Dark was the night, Oars la-bored

heav-i-ly, Foam glimmered white, Trembled the ma-ri-ners,

Per-il was nigh; Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I!"

For 2d and 3d verses first two bars will be:

Peace! It is I!" A-men.

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest;
Wail of the stormy wind,
Be thou at rest;
Peril there none can be,
Sorrow must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! It is I!"

3 Jesus, deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea.
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace! It is I!"

Anatolius, 458 Tr. J. M. Neale, 1862

Life and Ministry

II2 SERENITY C. M.

Arr. fr. W. V. Wallace (1814—1865)

1. We may not climb the heav'n-ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;

In vain we search the low-est deeps, For Him no depths can drown. A-men.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith hath still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

3 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;

4 O Lord, and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

J. G. Whittier, 1866

II3 ANGELUS L. M.

G. Josephi, 1657

1. At e-ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round Thee lay;

Oh, in what di-vers pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went a-way! A-men.

2 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel,
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

4 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

3 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free,
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

5 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

Passion and Crucifixion

I 14 ST. THEODULPH 7s, 6s. With Refrain

M. Teschner, 1615



1. { ALL glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King, }
 { To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. }

The 2nd and following verses.



2. Thou art the King of Is - - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,



Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed one.

After each verse.



{ All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King, }
 { To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. } A - men.

- 3 The company of angels
 Are praising Thee on high;
 And mortal men, and all things
 Created, make reply.
 All glory, etc.
- 4 The people of the Hebrews
 With palms before Thee went:
 Our praise and prayers and anthems
 Before Thee we present.
 All glory, etc.

- 5 To Thee, before Thy passion,
 They sang their hymns of praise;
 To Thee, now high exalted,
 Our melody we raise.
 All glory, etc.
- 6 Thou didst accept their praises;
 Accept the prayers we bring,
 Who in all good delightest,
 Thou good and gracious King.
 All glory, etc.

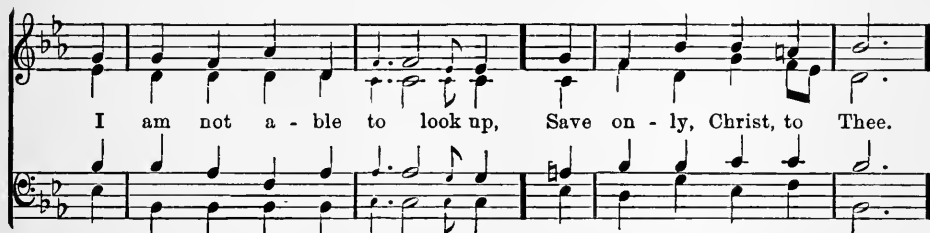
Passion and Crucifixion

115 ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON 7s, 6s. 81.

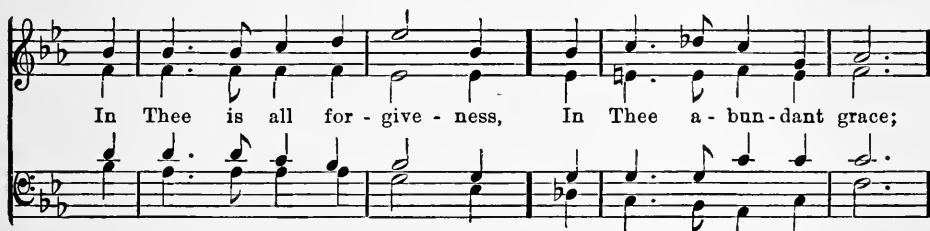
J. Walch, 1875



1. My sins, my sins, my Sav - iour! They take such hold on me,



I am not a - ble to look up, Save on - ly, Christ, to Thee.



In Thee is all for - give - ness, In Thee a - bun - dant grace;



My shad - ow and my sun - shine The brightness of Thy face. A - men.

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour,
How sad on Thee they fall!
Seen through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all.
I know they are forgiven;
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew
Till with Thee in the desert
I near Thy passion drew;

Till with Thee in the garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told Thy sorrow there.

4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suffering man below;
Thy goodness and Thy favor,
Whose presence from above
Makes glad those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in Thee and love.

Passion and Crucifixion

II6 GETHSEMANE (Redhead) 7s. 6l.

R. Redhead, 1853

1. Go to dark Geth - sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the tempter's power;

Your Re - deem - er's con - flict see, Watch with Him one bit - ter hour;

Turn not from His griefs a - way, Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray. A - men.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame or loss,
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished," hear the cry,
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom,
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

J. Montgomery, 1820 (text of 1853)

II7 MARTYRDOM (Avon) C. M.

H. Wilson (1764—1824)

1. A - LAS! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die,

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I? A - men.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut His glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

I. Watts, 1707

II8 HAMBURG L. M.

Arr. by L. Mason, 1824

1. WHEN I sur - vey the won - drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. A - men.

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1707

Passion and Crucifixion

II9 ILFRACOMB (Lambeth) C. M.

S. Webbe [?] (1740—1816)

1. THERE is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all. A - men.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

C. F. Alexander, 1843

I20 RATHBUN 8s, 7s

I. Conkey, 1851

1. IN the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - ring o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime. A - men.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,

From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

Passion and Crucifixion

121 OLIVE'S BROW L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1853

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimm'd that late - ly shone:

'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now The suff'ring Saviour prays a - lone. A-men.

- 2 'Tis midnight, and from all removed,
Emmanuel wrestles lone with fears;
E'en the disciple that He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 4 'Tis midnight, and from heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.
- 3 'Tis midnight, and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;

W. B. Tappan, 1822

SOLITUDE L. M.

V. C. Taylor

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimm'd that late - ly shone:

'Tis mid-night; in the gar - den now The suff'ring Saviour prays a-lone. A-men.

I22 DORRANCE 8s, 7s.

I. B. Woodbury, 1848

1. SWEET the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;

Life, and health, and peace pos-sess-ing From the sin-ner's dy-ing friend. A - men.

2 Here I rest, for ever viewing
Mercy's stream in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His Cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Pleading in His languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Lord, in loving contemplation
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveiled glories see.

W. Shirley, 1770 Verse 5, Cook and Webb, 1853

I23 ST. CROSS L. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. 'Tis fin-ished! so the Sav - iour cried, And meek-ly bowed His head and died:

'Tis fin - ished! yes, the race is run, The bat-tle fought, the vic-t'ry won. A - men

2 'Tis finished! all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In Me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finished! this My dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone;

Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this My last expiring breath.

4 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finished! let the echo fly
Thro' heav'n and hell, thro' earth and sky.

Passion and Crucifixion

124 GERHARDT 7s, 6s. 81.

J. P. Holbrook, 1862

1. O SA - CRED Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,

Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed, With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now, was Thine!

Yet, though de-spised and gor - y, I joy to call Thee mine! A - men.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here, I fall, my Saviour!
'T is I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.

My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow,
To thank Thee, dearest friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Oh make me Thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1100 Tr. P. Gerhardt, 1666
J. W. Alexander, 1829 Ad.

Resurrection

125

WORGAN

7s. With Alleluia

Lyra Davidica, 1708

1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - - - le - lu - ia!

Our tri - umph - ant ho - ly day, Al - - - le - lu - ia!

Who did once up - on the cross, Al - - - le - lu - ia!

Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - - - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured,
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing,
Alleluia!

4 Now be God the Father praised,
With the Son, from death upraised,
And the Spirit, ever blest,
One true God, by all confessed.
Alleluia!

Resurrection

126 VICTORY 8, 8, 8 With Alleluia

Arr. fr. Palestrina (1515-1594)

AL - LE - LU - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Org.

1. THE strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, The vic - to - ry of life is won;

The song of tri - umph has be - gun. *f* Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst,
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our Head!
Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.
Alleluia!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee,
Alleluia!

Anon. (Latin) Tr. F. Pott, 1861

Resurrection

I27 ST. ALBINUS 7s, 8s. With Alleluia

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)

1. Je-sus lives! thy ter-rors now Can no lon-ger, death, ap-pall us; Je-sus

lives! by this we know Thou, O grave, canst not en-thrall us. Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sever,
Life, nor death, nor pow'rs of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He has gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia!

C. F. Gellert, 1757 (*Jesus lebt! mit Ihm auch ich*)
Tr. Miss F. E. Cox, 1841 *Alt.*

I28 HARWELL 8, 7, 8, 7, 7 With Refrain

L. Mason (1792—1872)

1. { HARK! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise a - bove; } See, He sits on yonder throne;
{ Je - sus reigns, and heav'n rejoices; Je - sus reigns, the God of love: }

See, He sits on yonder throne;

Je-sus rules the world a - lone. Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia! A - men.

Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

Resurrection

I29 REDCLIFF 8, 8, 8, 4

E. J. Hopkins (1818—1901)

1. MORN's roseate hues have deck'd the sky, The Lord has ris'n with vic - to - ry;

Let earth be glad, and raise the cry, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 The Prince of life with death has striven,
To cleanse the earth His blood has given,
Has rent the veil, and opened heaven.
Alleluia!</p> | <p>5 And he, dear Lord, that with Thee dies,
And fleshly passions crucifies,
In body like to Thine shall rise.
Alleluia!</p> |
| <p>3 And He, the wheat-corn, sown in earth,
Has given a glorious harvest birth:
Rejoice, and sing with holy mirth
Alleluia.</p> | <p>6 Oh, grant us, then, with Thee to die,
To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,
And love the things above the sky.
Alleluia!</p> |
| <p>4 Our bodies, mouldering to decay,
Are sown to rise to heavenly day;
For He by rising burst the way.
Alleluia!</p> | <p>7 Oh, praise the Father and the Son,
Who has for us the triumph won,
And Holy Ghost, the Three in One.
Alleluia!</p> |

Latin 7r. W. Cooke, 1872

(HARWELL) 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

- 2 King of glory! reign for ever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from Thy love, shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;—
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.
- 3 Saviour! hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;—
Then, with golden harps we'll sing,—
"Glory, glory to our King!"

T. Kelly, 1894

Resurrection

I 30 LANCASHIRE

7s, 6s. 8l.

H. Smart, 1836

1. THE day of Res - ur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a - broad,

The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.

From death to life e - ter - nal, From this world to the sky,

Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry. A - men.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of Resurrection light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His Own "All hail," and hearing
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

Resurrection

131 FORTUNATUS IIS.

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. WEL-COME hap-py morn-ing! age to age shall say, Hell to-day is vanquished, heav'n is
won to - day. Lo! the Dead is liv - ing, God for ev-er-more; Him, their true Cre-
a - tor, all His works a - dore. Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say. A-men.

- 2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King;
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough.
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.
- 3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea.
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say.
- 4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.
- 5 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord!
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say.
- 6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain,
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!

Resurrection

I32 RESURREXIT 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 5, 7, 5 With Refrain Arthur Sullivan (1842—1900)

1. CHRIST is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain;

Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain.

For our gain He suf - fer'd loss By di - vine de - cree;

He hath died up - on the cross, But our God is He.

Refrain.

Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain;

Resurrection

Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain. A - men.

2 See, the chains of death are broken;
 Earth below and heaven above
 Joy in each amazing token
 Of His rising, Lord of love;
 He for evermore shall reign
 By the Father's side,
 Till He comes to earth again,
 Comes to claim His bride.—*Ref.*

Heaven, with joy and holy longing
 For the Word incarnate, cries,
 Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice,
 Gleam, ye starry train;
 All creation, find a voice;
 He o'er all shall reign.

3 Glorious angels downward thronging
 Hail the Lord of all the skies;

REF.—Christ is risen, Christ is risen!
 He hath burst His bonds in twain;
 Christ is risen, Christ is risen!
 O'er the universe to reign.

A. T. Gurney, 1862 Recast in Church Hymns, 1871

I33 VIENNA 7s.

J. H. Knecht, 1797

1. CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say;

Raise your joys and tri-umphs high, Sing, ye heav'n's, and earth re - ply. A - men.

2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ has burst the gates of hell;
 Death in vain forbids Him rise,
 Christ has opened paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted Head.
 Made like Him, like Him we rise;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

3 Live again our glorious King:
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 Once He died our souls to save:
 Where thy victory, O grave?

5 King of glory, Soul of bliss,
 Everlasting life is this,
 Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
 Thus to sing, and thus to love.

Resurrection

I34 ST. KEVIN 7s, 6s. 8l.

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. COME, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - umph - ant glad - ness,

God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;

Loosed from Pha - raoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters,

Led them with un - moist - ened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters. A - men.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day,
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;

Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes, in unwearied strains,
Jesus' resurrection.

4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal;
But to-day amidst the twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

John of Damascus (8th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale, 1850

Ascension

135 ASCENSION 7s. With Alleluia

W. H. Monk, 1861

1. HAIL the day that sees Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia!

To His throne a - bove the skies. Al - le - lu - ia!

Christ, a - while to mor - tals given, Al - le - lu - ia!

Re - as - cends His na - tive heaven. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 There the glorious triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of Glory in.

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See, He lifts His hands above;
See, He shows the prints of love;

Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His church below.

5 Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

6 Lord, though parted from our sight
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

Ascension

I36 DUKE STREET L. M.

J. Hatton, c. 1790

1. OUR Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Je - sus is gone up on high;

The pow'rs of hell are cap - tive led, Dragg'd to the por - tals of the sky. A - men.

- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors give way!"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in.

- 4 Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord that all His foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord, of boundless power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God, over all, for ever blest.

C. Wesley, 1741

I37 ANDREW 8s, 7s.

E. H. Thorne (1834—)

1. CHRIST, a - bove all glo - ry seat - ed! King tri - umphant, strong to save!

Dy - ing, Thou hast death de - feat - ed; Bur - ied, Thou hast spoiled the grave. A - men.

- 2 Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal might could gain;
On th' eternal throne of heaven
In Thy Father's power to reign.
- 3 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee above the sky;

- Hear our prayers, Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high;
- 4 So, when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,
Owned for evermore as Thine.

Ascension

I38 CORONÆ 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

W. H. Monk, 1871



1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious, See the Man of Sor - rows now;



From the fight re - turned vic - to - rious, Ev - ery knee to Him shall bow;



Crown Him! Crown Him! Crowns be - come the vic - tor's brow. A - men.



2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
On the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the victor's fame!

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation;
Hark! those loud triumphant chords.
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

T. Kelly, 1809

Ascension

I39 HERMAS 6s, 5s. 81. With Refrain

F. R. Havergal, 1872

1. GOLD-EN harps are sound-ing, An-gel-voic-es ring, Pear-ly gates are o-pened,

O-pened for the King. Christ, the King of Glo-ry, Je-sus, King of love,

Refrain.
Is gone up in tri-umph To His throne a-bove. All His work is end-ed;

Joy-ful-ly we sing, Je-sus hath as-cend-ed, Glo-ry to our King! A-men.

2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory,
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die;
Jesus, King of glory,
Is gone up on high.
All His work, etc.

3 Pleading for His children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace,
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you,
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work, etc.

Ascension

140 REX GLORIÆ 8s, 7s. 81.

H. Smart, 1863

1. SEE the Con-queror mounts in tri-umph; See the King in roy-al state,
Rid-ing on the clouds His char-iot To His heav'n-ly pal-ace gate!
Hark! the choirs of an-gel-voic-es Joy-ful al-le-lu-ias sing,
And the por-tals high are lift-ed To re-ceive their heav'nly King. A-men.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He hath gained the victory.
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan;
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 While He raised His hands in blessing,
He was parted from His friends,
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends;
He who walked with God and pleased Him,
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated,
To His everlasting home.

4 Now our heav'nly Aaron enters,
With His blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

5 Thou hast raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand:
There we sit in heav'nly places,
There with Thee in glory stand.
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

Second Coming

I4I HOLLYWOOD 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

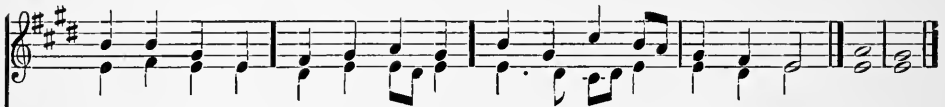
S. Webbe (1740—1816)



1. Lo! HE comes, with clouds de-scend - ing, Once for fa-vored sin-ners slain;



Thousand thousand saints at - tend - ing Swell the tri - umph of His train;



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! God ap - pears on earth to reign. A - men.



2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

V. 1, 2, 4. C. Wesley, 1758; v. 3, J. Cennick, 1752;
Arr. Alt. M. Madan, 1760

Second Coming

I42 CONQUEROR 8s, 7s. 81.

H. F. Hemy (1818—)

1. He is com-ing, He is com-ing, Not as once He came be-fore,

Wail-ing in-fant born in weak-ness On a low-ly sta-ble floor;

But up-on His cloud of glo-ry, In the crim-son-tint-ed sky,

Where we see the gold-en sun-rise In the ros-y dis-tance lie. A-men.

2 He is coming, He is coming,
Not as once He wandered through
All the hostile land of Judah,
With His followers poor and few;
But with all the holy angels
Waiting round His judgment-seat,
And the chosen twelve Apostles
Sitting crownèd at His feet.

3 He is coming, He is coming,
Let His lowly first estate,
And His tender love, so teach us
That in faith and hope we wait,
Till in glory eastward burning,
Our redemption draweth near,
And we see the sign in heaven
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

Second Coming

I43 HOLYROOD S. M.

J. Watson (1816—1880)

1. COME, Lord, and tar - ry not; Bring the long-looked - for day.

O why these years of wait-ing here,—These a - ges of de - lay? A - men.

2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come:"
Dost Thou not hear the cry?

5 Come in Thy glorious might,
Come with the iron rod,
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
Most mighty Son of God!

3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

6 Come and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

4 Come, for love waxes cold,
Its steps are faint and slow;
Faith now is lost in unbelief,
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

7 Come and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of righteousness.

H. Bonar, 1846

I44 BROCKLESBURY 8s, 7s.

C. A. Barnard (1830—1869)

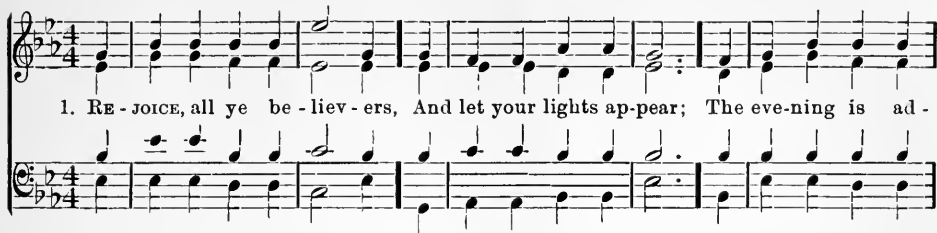
1. LIGHT of those whose drear - y dwell - ing Bor - ders on the shades of death,

Come, and by Thy love's re - veal - ing, Dis - si - pate the clouds be - neath. A - men.

Second Coming

I45 GREENLAND 7s, 6s. 8l.

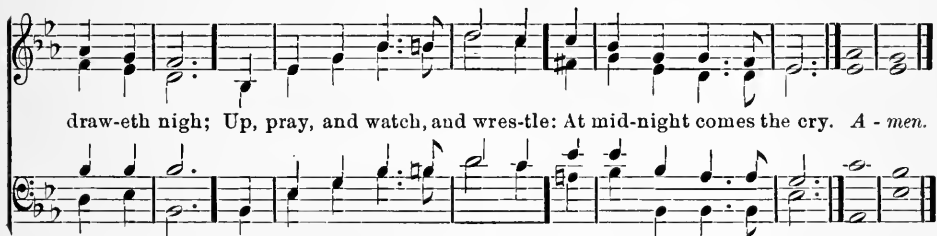
Lausanne Psalter



1. RE-joice, all ye be-liev-ers, And let your lights ap-pear; The eve-ning is ad-



vanc-ing, And dark-er night is near. The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He



draw-eth nigh; Up, pray, and watch, and wres-tle: At mid-night comes the cry. A - men.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With alleluias clear.

3 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere.
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto Thee.

L. Laurenti, 1700 Tr. S. B. Findlater, 1853

(BROCKLESBURY) 8s, 7s.

2 Come and manifest the favor
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, Thou universal Saviour,
Come and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild, pacific Prince;

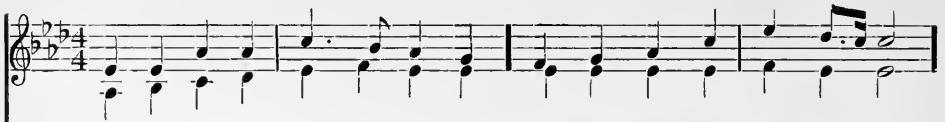
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.

4 By Thine all-restoring merit,
Every burdened soul release,
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

Second Coming

I46 FENITON COURT 8s, 7s. 6l.

E. J. Hopkins (1818—1901)



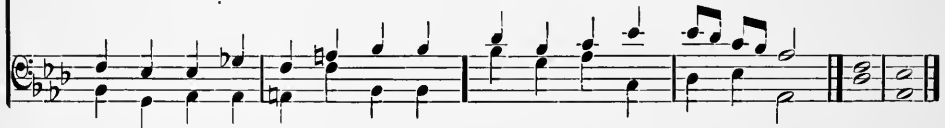
1. Je - sus came, the heav'n's a - dor - ing, Came with peace from realms on high;



Je - sus came for man's re - demp - tion, Low - ly came on earth to die;



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.



2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heartfelt prayer;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Comes to save us from despair.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Cheering e'en our failing years.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Now the gate of death is riven.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory,
Let us then our homage pay,
Alleluia! Ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day.

G. Thring, 1864

Reign and Mediation

I47 CORONATION C. M.

O. Holden, 1793

1. ALL hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all! A - men.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

E. Perronet, 1779-80; J. Rippon, 1787

Reign and Mediation

I48 AUTUMN 8s, 7s. 81.

F. H. Barthelemon

1. MIGHT - Y God, while an - gels bless Thee, May a mor - tal lisp Thy name?

Lord of men, as well as an - gels, Thou art ev - ery crea-ture's theme.

Lord of ev - ery land and na - tion, An - cient of e - ter - nal days,

Sound-ed thro' the wide cre - a - tion Be Thy just and end-less praise, A - men.

2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
 For the wonders of creation,
 Works with skill and kindness wrought;
 For Thy providence that governs
 Through Thine empire's wide domain,
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
 Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.

3 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
 Bright, though veiled in darkness long,—
 Thought is poor, and poor expression,—
 Who can sing that wondrous song?

Brightness of the Father's glory,
 Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
 Break, my tongue, such guilty silence!
 Sing the Lord who came to die.

4 From the highest throne of glory
 To the cross of deepest woe,
 Thou didst stoop to ransom captives;
 Flow my praise, for ever flow.
 Re-ascend, immortal Saviour,
 Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne:
 Thence return, and reign for ever:
 Be the kingdom all Thine own!

Reign and Mediation

I49 GOPSAL 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

G. F. Händel, 1745



1. RE-JOICE, the Lord is King!.... Your Lord and King a - dore!



Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more:

Unison (optional.)



Lift up your heart; lift up your voice; Re-joyce! a - gain I say, re-joyce! A-men.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

3 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet,
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

4 Rejoice in glorious hope.
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound;—Rejoice!

C. Wesley, 1744. J. Taylor, 1795

(Composed by Händel for this hymn; and in the form here given)

Reign and Mediation

150 ST. MAGNUS (Nottingham) C. M.

J. Clarke (1670—1707)

1. THE Head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glo - ry now;
A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might-y Vic - tor's brow. A - men.

- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And Heaven's eternal light.
3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His name to know.
4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;

- Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.
5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.
6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hopes, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

T. Kelly, 1820

151 BROWN C. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1844

1. THE gold - en gates are lift - ed up, The doors are o - pen'd wide;
The King of glo - ry is gone up Un - to His Fa - ther's side. A - men.

- 2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.
3 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let Thy dear grace be given,

- That while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven;
4 That where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

Reign and Mediation

I52 HAREWOOD 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

S. S. Wesley (1810—1876)

1. COME, ev - ery pi - ous heart That loves the Sav - iour's name,

Your no - blest pow'r ex - ert To cel - e - brate His fame: Tell all a -

bove, and all be - low, The debt of love to Him you owe. A - men.

2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What He endured, oh who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour, God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe Thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts, our all, to Thee we give;
The gift, though small, do Thou receive!

Reign and Mediation

I53 PARKHURST (St. Hilda) 8s, 7s. 8l.

J. Barnby, 1861

1. HAIL, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus, Hail, Thou Ga - li - le - an King!

Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.

Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame!

By Thy mer - it we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en thro' Thy name. A - men.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee are laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.

There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

J. Bakewell, 1757 — M. Madan — A. M. Toplady

Reign and Mediation

I54 BRADFORD (Messiah) C. M.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1741

1. I KNOW that my Re-deem-er lives And ev-er prays for me;
A tok-en of His love He gives, A pledge of lib-er-ty. A-men.

2 I find Him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am His,
Of Paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss
And everlasting rest.

C. Wesley, 1742 *Ab.*

I55 AZMON C. M.

Arr. fr. C. G. Gläser, 1828, by L. Mason, 1839

1. COME, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne:
Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one. A-men.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;

And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

The Holy Spirit

I56 ST. CUTHBERT 8, 6, 8, 4

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der, last fare-well,
A Guide, a Com-fort-er, be-queathed With us to dwell. A-men.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms
And speaks of heaven. [each fear,

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

H. Auber, 1829

I57 GRACE CHURCH L. M.

From I. J. Pleyel, 1800

1. Come, O Cre-a-tor Spir-it blest! And in our souls take up Thy rest;
Come, with Thy grace and heav'nly aid, To fill the hearts which Thou hast made. A-men.

2 Great Paraclete! to Thee we cry:
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
And sweet anointing from above!

3 Our senses touch with light and fire;
Our hearts with charity inspire;
And with endurance from on high
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far back our enemy repel,
And let Thy peace within us dwell;
So may we, having Thee for guide,
Turn from each hurtful thing aside.

5 O may Thy grace on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know,
And evermore to hold confessed
Thyself of each the Spirit blest.

The Holy Spirit

I58 NEW HAVEN 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

Thos. Hastings

1. COME, Ho - ly Ghost, in love, Shed on us from a - bove

Thine own bright ray: Di - vine - ly good Thou art; Thy sa - cred

gifts im - part To glad - den each sad heart; Oh come to - day! A - men.

2 Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow;
Cheer us this hour.

3 Come, Light, serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill,
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but Thine,
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires,
Extinguish passion's fires,
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess,
His praise employ;
Give virtue's rich reward,
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.

Latin (13th Cent.) 77. R. Palmer, 1858

The Holy Spirit

159 ITALIAN HYMN 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

F. de Giardini, 1769

1. THOU, whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,

And took their flight; Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And, where the

Gos - pel day Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light! A - men.

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now, to all mankind,
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face
Spreading the beams of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light!

4 Holy and blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

J. Marriott, c. 1813

The Holy Spirit

I60 MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington, 1760

1. COME, Ho - ly Spir - it, come! Let Thy bright beams a - rise;

Dis - pel the dark - ness from our minds, And o - pen all our eyes. A - men.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

J. Hart, 1759 Alt. A. M. Toplady, 1776

I61 DOWNES 7s.

L. T. Downes, 1851

1. Ho - LY Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;

Chase the shade of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day. A - men.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;

Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine,
Cast down every idol-throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

The Holy Spirit

162 INTERCESSION, OLD L. M.

Arr. by J. B. Dykes, 1862

1. COME, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven-ly Dove, With light and com-fort from a - bove;

Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide, O'er ev-ery thought and step pre-side. A - men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 The light of truth to us display,
That we may know and choose our way;
Plant holy fear within each heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart. | 4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.
4 Lead us to God; our final rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is. |
|---|--|

S. Browne, 1720 Alt.

163 CAPETOWN 7. 7. 7. 5

F. Filitz (1804—1876)

1. COME to our poor na - ture's night With Thy bless - ed in - ward light,

Ho - ly Ghost the in - fi - nite, Com-fort - er di - vine. A - men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint, Thy strength afford;
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter divine. | Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine. |
| 3 Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine. | 5 In us, "Abba, Father," cry;
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine. |
| 4 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead | 6 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter divine. |

The Holy Spirit

I64 STEPHENS C. M.

Wm. Jones



1. COME, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick-ning pow'rs;



Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours. A - men.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

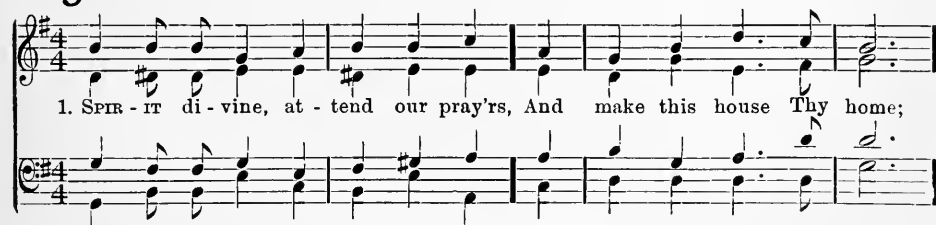
4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold, to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

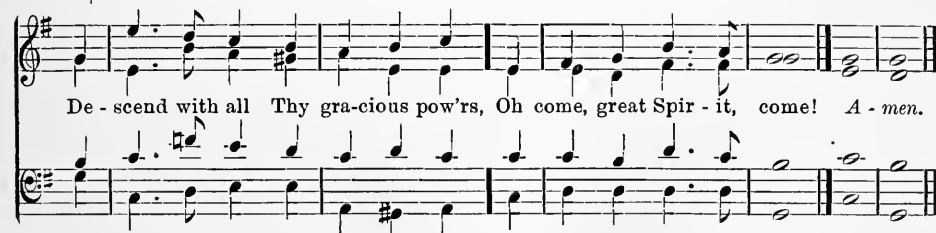
I. Watts, 1707

I65 NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1875



1. SPIR - IT di - vine, at - tend our pray'rs, And make this house Thy home;



De - scend with all Thy gra-cious pow'rs, Oh come, great Spir - it, come! A - men.

2 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

3 Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings
The wings of peaceful love;

And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

4 Spirit divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious pow'rs,
Oh come, great Spirit, come!

The Holy Scriptures

166 MUNICH 7s, 6s. 81.

J. G. C. Störl's Choralbuch, 1710

1. O WORD of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,

O Truth un - changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;

We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - low'd page,

A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A - men.

2 The Church from her dear Master

Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner

Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;

It is the chart and compass

That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 Oh, make Thy Church, dear Saviour,

A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

The Holy Scriptures

I67 CHESTERFIELD C. M.

T. Haweis (1733—1820)

1. FA-THER of mer-cies! in Thy word What end-less glo-ry shines! For
ev-er be Thy Name a-dored For these ce-les-tial lines. A-men.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want,
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

I68 ORTONVILLE C. M.

T. Hastings, 1837

A. Steele, 1760

1. THE Spirit breathes upon the word, And brings the truth to sight; Precepts and prom-is-
es af-ford A sanc-ti-fy-ing light, A sanc-ti-fy-ing light. A-men.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

The Holy Scriptures

169 UXBRIDGE L. M.

L. Mason, 1830

1. The heav'ns de-clare Thy glo - ry, Lord, In ev - every star Thy wis - dom shines;

But when our eyes be - hold Thy word, We read Thy name in fair - er lines. A - men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou didst write
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace. | 4 Thy Gospel-heralds dare not rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun. |
| 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land. | 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
The Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right. |

I. Watts, 1719

170 KNOX C. M.

Temple Melodies

1. How precious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion giv'n;

Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n. A - men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near. | 4 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears. |
| 3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God. | 5 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day. |

The Holy Scriptures

I71 WILLINGTON L. M.

F. W. Williams

1. God, in the gos - pel of His Son, Makes His e - ter - nal coun-sels known:
'Tis here His rich-est mer - cy shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines. A - men.

2 Here, sinners of a humble frame
May taste His grace, and learn His name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease,
The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here, faith reveals, to mortal eyes,
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here, shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 Oh, grant us grace, Almighty Lord!
To read and mark Thy Holy Word,
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

B. Beddome, 1787 Alt. T. Cotterill, 1319

I72 ST. CYPRIAN 6s.

R. R. Chope, 1862

1. LORD, Thy word a - bid - eth, And our foot - steps guid - eth,
Who its truth be - liev - eth Light and joy re - ceiv - eth. A - men.

2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us;
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Word of mercy, giving
Success to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

5 Oh, that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee!
Evermore be near Thee!

The Church

I73 AURELIA 7s, 6s. 8l.

S. S. Wesley, 1864

1. THE Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
 She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;
 From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
 With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A - men.

2 Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
 Her charter of salvation
 One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 One holy name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy food,
 And to one hope she presses,
 With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder,
 Men see her sore oppressed,
 By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distressed;
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,
 Their cry goes up, "How long?"
 And soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great church victorious
 Shall be the church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won;
 O happy ones and holy!
 Lord, give us grace, that we,
 Like them, the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee.

The Church

I74 AUSTRIA 8s, 7s. 8l.

F. J. Haydn, 1797

1. GLO-rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi-on, cit-y of our God;

He whose word can-not be brok-en, Form'd thee for His own a-bode;

On the Rock of A-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?

With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. A-men.

2 See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;

Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

The Church

I75 CLOISTERS 11, 11, 11, 5

J. Barnby, 1868

1. LORD of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our

night, and hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, Hear and re - ceive Thy

Church's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y. A - men.

2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling;
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling,
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy church nor death nor hell prevai-leth,
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

4 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in Thy church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging,
Send us, O Saviour.

5 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

The Church

I76 ST. ANNE C. M.

W. Croft, 1708

1. Oh, where are kings and em - pires now Of old that went and came?

But, Lord, Thy Church is pray - ing yet, A thou-sand years the same. A - men.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God!

Though earthquake shocks are threaten-
And tempests are abroad; [ing her,

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

A. C. Coxe, 1839

I77 STATE STREET S. M.

J. C. Woodman (1813—1894)

1. I LOVE Thy king - dom, Lord! The house of Thine a - bode,

The church, our blest Re - deem-er saved With His own pre - cious blood. A - men.

2 I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

The Church

178 EIN' FESTE BURG 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6, 7

Martin Luther, 1529

1. A MIGHTY fort res is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing;

Our help-er He, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing.

For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great,

And armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e-qual. A-men.

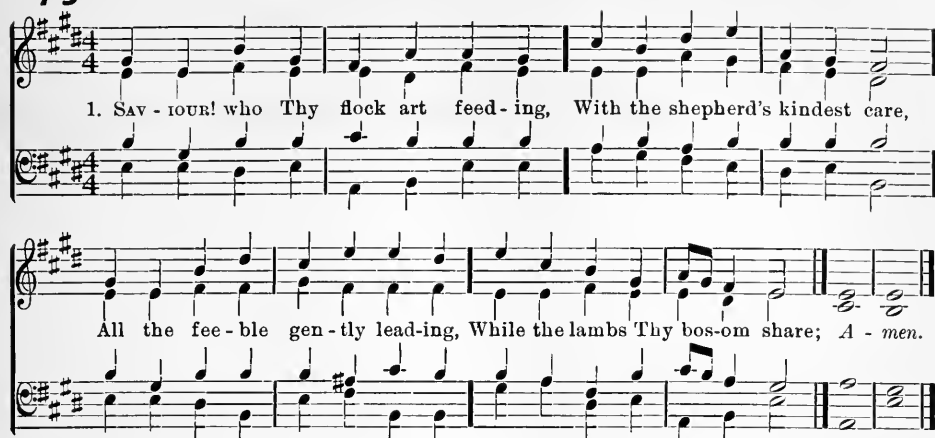
- 2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth is His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.
- 3 And though this world, with demons
filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.

- The Prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure:
One little word shall fell him.
- 4 That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

Baptism

179 SHARON 8s, 7s.

W. Boyce (1710—1779)



1. SAV - IOUR! who Thy flock art feed - ing, With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the fee - ble gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bos - om share; A - men.

2 Now, these little ones receiving
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;

Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way:

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

W. A. Muhlenberg, 1826

180 SILOAM C. M.

I. B. Woodbury



1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How fair the lil - y grows;
How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Sharon's dew - y rose! A - men.

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,

Whose years with changeless virtue
Were all alike divine: [crowned,

4 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

Baptism

I81 CRUCIS S. M.

G. M. Garrett, 1872

1. STAND, sol-dier of the cross, Thy high al-le-giance claim, And

vow to hold the world but loss For Thy Re-deem-er's name. A-men.

2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away;
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouched to-day.

4 In God's whole armor strong,
Front hell's embattled powers:
The warfare may be sharp and long,
The victory must be ours.

3 No more thine own, but Christ's;
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr-throngs enrolled:

5 O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great captain's feet.

E. H. Bickersteth, 1870

I82 EVAN C. M.

W. H. Havergal, 1846

1. SEE, Is-rael's gen-tle shepherd stands, With all en-gag-ing charms;

Hark, how He calls the ten-der lambs, And folds them in His arms! A-men.

2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee:
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

P. Doddridge, 1740

Baptism

183 VICTORY L. M. 81.

H. Lahee (1826—)

1. ARM these Thy sol-diers, might-y Lord, With shield of faith and Spir - it's sword;

Forth to the bat-tle may they go And bold - ly fight a - gainst the foe,

With ban-ner of the cross un-furled, And by it o - ver-come the world;

And so at last re-ceive from Thee The palm and crown of vic - to - ry. A - men.

2 Come, ever-blessèd Spirit, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;
May each a living temple be
Hallowed forever, Lord, to Thee;
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace Divine;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

3 O Trinity in Unity
One only God and Persons Three;
In whom, thro' whom, by whom we live,
To Thee we praise and glory give;
O grant us so to use Thy grace,
That we may see Thy glorious face,
And ever with the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. Wordsworth, 1862

Baptism

184 KIRBY BEDON 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

E. Bunnett, 1887

1. SHEP-HERD of ten-der youth, Guid-ing in love and truth,

Through de-vious ways; Christ our tri-um-phiant King, We come Thy

name to sing, And here our chil-dren bring To shout Thy praise. A-men.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife;
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love:
In all our mortal pain
None call on Thee in vain;
Help Thou didst not disdain,
Help from above.

4 Ever be Thou our guide,
Our shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song;
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing;
Let all the holy throng
Who to Thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King!

This beautiful hymn from the third book of Clement of Alexandria, is said to be the earliest known hymn of the Primitive Christian Church (about 200) Tr. H. M. Dexter, 1846

Baptism

I85 AZMON C. M.

Arr. fr. C. G. Gläser, by L. Mason, 1839

1. O God of Beth - el, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed;

Who thro' this wea - ry pil - grim-age Hast all our fa - thers led. A - men.

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh, spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

P. Doddridge (1702—1751)

I86 OSLER S. M.

Ancient Melody

1. THE Sav - iour kind - ly calls Our child - ren to His breast; He

folds them in His gra - cious arms, Him - self de - clares them blest. A - men.

2 "Let them approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to Thee,
Imploring, that, as we are Thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

H. U. Onderdonk (1799—1858)

The Lord's Supper

I87 HANFORD 8, 8, 8, 4

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1. By Christ redeem'd, in Christ re-stored, We keep the mem-o-ry a-dored,

And show the death of our dear Lord, Un-til He come! A-men.

2 His body, broken in our stead,
Is here in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent we unite—
The shame, the glory,—by this rite,
Until He come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until He come.

5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

6 Oh, blessèd hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come.

G. Rawson, 1857

I88 HENLEY 108.

L. Mason

1. HERE, O my Lord; I see Thee face to face; Here would I touch and handle things un-seen;

Here grasp with firmer hand e-ter-nal grace, And all my wea-ri-ness up-on Thee lean. A-men.

The Lord's Supper

189 ST. SEBASTIAN 7s. 6l.

S. S. Wesley, 1872

1. "TILL He come," oh, let the words Lin-ger on the trembling chords;
Let the "lit-tle while" be-tween In their gold-en light be seen;
Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be-yond that "Till He come." A-men.

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only, "Till He come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread,—
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only, "Till He come."

E. H. Bickersteth, 1861

(HENLEY) 10s.

1 HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I touch and handle things un- seen; Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace, And all my weariness upon Thee lean.	Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee.
2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God, Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven; Here would I lay aside each earthly load, Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.	4 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear; The feast, though not the love, is past and gone; The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here, Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.
3 This is the hour of banquet and of song; This is the heavenly table spread for me;	5 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by, Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above, Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy, The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

The Lord's Supper

190 HAPPY DAY L. M.

From E. F. Rimbault

Chorus.

1. { Oh, hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour, and my God! } Hap-py
 { Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }

day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way! { He taught me how to watch and pray, }
 { And live re-joic-ing ev-ery day; }

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way! A-men.

- 2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
 To Him who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.—*Cho.*
- 3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done;
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.—*Cho.*
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
 Here have I found a nobler part,
 Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.—*Cho.*

P. Doddridge, 1755

191 CENA DOMINI 10s. 2l.

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1. Draw nigh and take the bod-y'of the Lord, And drink the holy blood for you out-pour'd. A-men.

The Lord's Supper

192 MOSELEY 6s.

H. Smart (1813—1879)

1. I HUN - GER and I thirst; Je - sus, my Man - na be;

Ye liv - ing wa - ters, burst Out of the Rock for me. A - men.

2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
Oh, feed me, or I die!

3 Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

4 Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began;
Feed me, Thou Bread of God;
Help me, Thou Son of Man.

5 For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
O living waters, rise
Within me evermore!

J. S. B. Monsell, 1873

(CÆNA DOMINI) 10s. 2l.

2 Saved by that body and that holy blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.

3 Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,
By His dear cross and blood the victory won.

4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the victim, and Himself the priest.

5 He, ransom from death, and light from shade,
Now gives His holy grace, His saints to aid.

6 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

7 He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields,

8 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

9 Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
All nations at the doom, is with us now.

The Lord's Supper

193 MORECAMBE 105.

Anon

1. Not wor- thy, Lord, to gath- er up the crumbs With trem- bling hand, that

from Thy ta - ble fall, A wea - ry, heav - y - la - den sin - ner comes

To plead Thy prom - ise and o - bey Thy call. A - men.

- 2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board;
Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.
- 3 One word from Thee, my Lord, one smile, one look,
And I could face the cold, rough world again;
And with that treasure in my heart could brook
The wrath of devils and the scorn of men.
- 4 And is not mercy Thy prerogative—
Free mercy, boundless, fathomless, divine?
Me, Lord, the chief of sinners, me forgive,
And Thine the greater glory, only Thine.
- 5 I hear Thy voice; Thou bid'st me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy piercèd feet;
Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome guest
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat.
- 6 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee;
Dwell Thou forever in my heart, and there,
Lord, let me sup with Thee; sup Thou with me.

The Lord's Supper

I94 CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. fr. R. Schumann, 1839

1. JE - sus, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men, From the best bliss that earth im - parts, We turn un - fill'd to Thee a - gain. A - men.

- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all!
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
- 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1150, arr. 77. R. Palmer 1858

I95 EUCHARIST 9s, 8s.

J. S. B. Hodges, 1869

1. BREAD of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed, By whom the words of life were spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead; A - men.

- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

The Lord's Supper

196

LACRYMÆ 7s, 3l

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. JE - sus, to Thy ta - ble led, Now let ev - 'ry heart be fed With the true and liv - ing bread. A - men.

2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy blest presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal.

3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

6 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

7 Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

R. H. Baynes, 1864

197

BEATITUDO C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. AC - CORD - ING to Thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty, This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee. A - men.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,

Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

The Lord's Supper

I98 GREENPORT (Hodnet) 7s, 6s. 8l.

S. Thalberg, 1850

1. O BREAD to pil - grims giv - en, O food that an - gels eat,

O man - na sent from heav - en, For heav'n-born na - tures meet,

Give us, for Thee long pin - ing, To eat till rich - ly fill'd,

Till, earth's de - lights re - sign - ing, Our ev - 'ry wish is still'd. A - men.

2 O water, life-bestowing,
Forth from the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love Thou art:
Oh let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more:
Give us, Thou true and loving,
On earth to live in Thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

Anon. (Latin, c. 17th Cent.) Tr. R. Palmer, 1858

The Lord's Supper

199 OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. fr. a Gregorian Chant, by L. Mason, 1824

1. A PART - ING hymn we sing A - round Thy ta - ble, Lord; A -

gain our grate - ful trib - ute bring, Our sol - emn vows' re - cord. A - men.

2 Here have we seen Thy face,
And felt Thy presence here;
So may the savor of Thy grace
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of Thy blood,
By sin no longer led,

The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the church above,
And know as we are known.

A. R. Wolfe, 1858

200 DORRANCE 8s, 7s.

I. B. Woodbury, 1848

1. From the ta - ble now re - tir - ing Which for us the Lord hath spread,

May our souls, re - freshment find - ing, Grow in all things like our head. A - men.

2 His example while beholding,
May our lives His image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in His way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day,

The Lord's Supper

201 BREAD OF LIFE 10s.

W. F. Sherwin, 1877

Copyright, 1877, by I. H. Vincent

1. BREAK Thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves be - side the sea.
Be - yond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word! A - men.

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, to me, to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread by Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease, all fetters fall,
And I shall find my peace, my all in all.

M. A. Lathbury, 1880

202 DEIPNON 10s.

Anon.

1. Too soon we rise; the symbols dis - ap - pear; The feast, tho' not the love, is past and gone;
The bread and wine re - move, but Thou art here - Near - er than ev - er - still my Shield and Sun. A - men.

2 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm but Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough, indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

3 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God.

4 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Salvation Offered

203 GALILEE 8s, 7s.

W. H. Jude (1851—)

1. JE - SUS calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, "Christian, fol-low me!" A - men.

- 2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,

- Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."
4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1852

204 ETERNITY S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)

1. OH, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere
vain the o - cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole. A - men.

- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,

- Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
4 Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

Salvation Offered

J. E. Gould

1. BE-HOLD a Stran-ger at the door! He gen-tly knocks, has knocked be-fore,

Has waited long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill. A-men.

2 Oh, lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and loaded hands:
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need:

The Friend of sinners—yes, 't is He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

J. Grigg, 1765

206 ST. BEES 7s.

J. B. Dykes, 1874

1. HARK! my soul, it is the Lord, 'Tis thy Sav-iour, hear His word:

Je-sus speaks, and speaks to thee: "Say, poor sin-ner, lov'st thou Me? A-men.

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,

Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My Throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
Oh, for grace to love Thee more!

Salvation Offered

207 STEPHANOS 8, 5, 8, 3

H. W. Baker, 1861

1. ART thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?

“Come to Me,” saith One, “and, com - ing, Be at rest.” A - men.

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
“In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.”

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
“Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.”

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
“Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.”

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
“Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed.”

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
“Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away.”

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
“Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes.”

J. M. Neale, 1862

208 BROOKFIELD L. M.

T. B. Southgate (1814—1868)

1. HE lives! the great Re - deem-er lives! What joy the blest as - sur - ance gives!

And now, be - fore His Fa - ther, God, Pleads the full mer - its of His blood. A - men.

Salvation Offered.

209 LENOX 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

L. Edson, 1782

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad-ly sol-emn sound; Let all the nations know,

To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of Ju-bi-lee is come, The year of Ju-bi-lee is come, The year of Ju-bi-

year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ransomed sin-ners, home. A-men.
lee is come: Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood
Throughout the world proclaim.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

C. Wesley, 1750

(BROOKFIELD) L. M.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,

Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On Him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

Anne Steele

Salvation Offered

210 ST. HILDA 7s, 6s 81.

Arr. by W. H. Walter, from
J. H. Knecht, 1799, and E. Husband, 1871

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,

In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er:

Shame on us, Chris - tian broth - ers, His Name and sign who bear:

Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there! A - men.

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

Salvation Offered

211 PORTUGUESE HYMN 115.

Anon. 1751 (?)

1. How FIRM a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
ex - cel-lent Word ! What more can He say than to you He hath said, Who un - to the
Saviour for ref-uge have fled? Who un - to the Saviour for ref-uge have fled? A-men.

- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "Even down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

Salvation Offered

212 MONSELL (St. Andrew) S. M.

J. Barnby, 1866

1. THE Spir - it in our hearts Is whis-p'ring, "Sin - ner, come;" The

Bride, the Church of Christ, pro-claims To all His children, "Come." A - men.

2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

And freely drink the stream of life:
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; I wait Thine hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

E. U. Onderdonk, 1826

213 HORTON 7s.

Xavier Schnyder

1. COME, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My paths your choice;

I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come! A - men.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Salvation Offered

214 RETREAT L. M.

T. Hastings, 1842

1. From ev - ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy - seat. A-men.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend;

4 There, there, on eagle's wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down, our souls to
greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

H. Stowell, 1820

215 ST. BEES 7s.

J. B. Dykes, 1874

1. CAST thy bur - den on the Lord, On - ly lean up - on His word; Thou shalt soon have cause to bless His e - ter - nal faith - ful - ness. A-men.

2 Ever in the raging storm
Thou shalt see His cheering form,
Hear His pledge of coming aid:
"It is I, be not afraid."

3 Cast thy burden at His feet;
Linger at His mercy-seat:
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

Anon.


Salvation Offered

216 MESSIAH 7s. 8l.

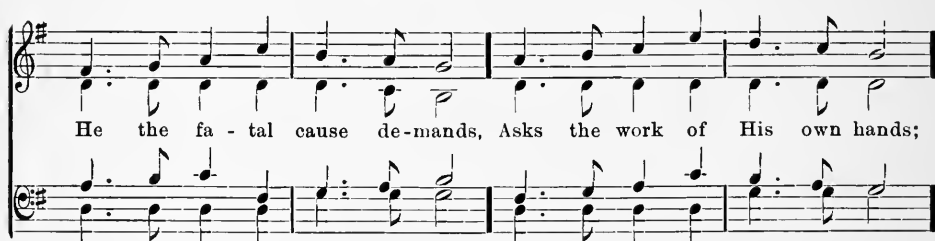
Arr. by Geo. Kingsley (1811—1884)



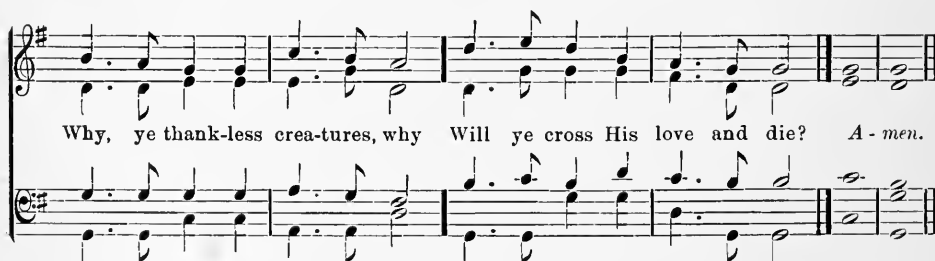
1. SIN - NERS, turn! Why will ye die? God your Mak - er asks you why,



God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with Him - self to live.



He the fa - tal cause de-mands, Asks the work of His own hands;



Why, ye thank-less crea-tures, why Will ye cross His love and die? A - men.

2 Sinners, turn! Why will ye die?
 God your Saviour asks you why,
 God, who did your souls retrieve,
 God, who died that ye might live.
 Will ye let Him die in vain,
 Crucify the Lord again?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn! Why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why,
 God, who all your lives hath strove,
 Wooed you to embrace His love.
 Will ye not the grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
 Will ye grieve your God and die?

Salvation Offered

217 CONSOLATOR (Alma) 11, 105.

S. Webb, 1792

1. COME, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish;

Come to the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;

Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;

Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal. A - men.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
 "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of life, see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
 Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing
 Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

Salvation Offered

218 NEWCASTLE 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

H. L. Morley

1. E - TER - NAL Light! e - ter - nal Light! How pure the soul must be,
When, placed with - in Thy search - ing sight, It shrinks not, but with
calm de - light Can live, and look on Thee! A - men.

2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

3 Oh, how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam?

4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode,—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An advocate with God.

5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love.

Salvation Offered

219 ST. GODRIC 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

J. B. Dykes, 1862

1. THY works, not mine, O Christ, Speak glad - ness to this heart; They

tell me all is done; They bid my fear de - part, To whom, save

Thee, who canst a - lone For sin a - tone, Lord, shall I flee! A - men.

2 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins, that none in heaven
Or earth could bear but God.
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

3 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few.
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

4 Thy righteousness, O Christ,
Alone can cover me;
No righteousness avails
Save that which is of Thee.
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

H. Bonar, 1857

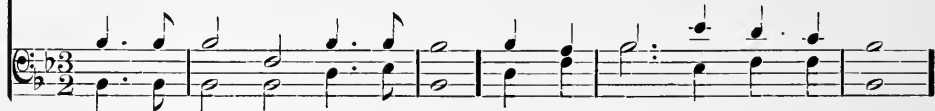
Salvation Accepted

220 TOPLADY 7s. 6l.

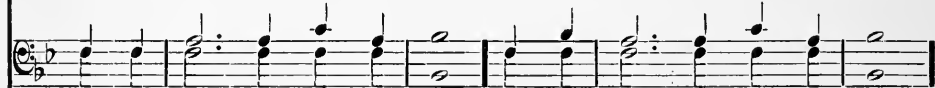
T. Hastings, 1830



1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,



Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A - men.



2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

A. M. Toplady, 1776

Salvation Accepted

221 WOODWORTH L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1849

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - men.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

C. Elliott, 1836

ST. CRISPIN L. M.

(Second Tune)

G. J. Elvey (1816—1893)

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - men.

Salvation Accepted

222 HOLLINGSIDE 7s. 8l.

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. JE - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last! A - men.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity!

Salvation Accepted

MARTYN 7s. 8l.

(Second Tune)

S. B. Marsh, 1834

FINE.

1. { JE - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
 While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high! }
 D. C. — Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last! A - men.

D. C.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

223 COWPER C. M.

L. Mason, 1830

1. THERE is a foun - tain fill'd with blood Drawn from Emmanuel's veins, And sin - ners, plung'd be -
 neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains. A - men.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious
 blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor, lisping, stammering
 tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

W. Cowper, 1771

Salvation Accepted

224 INTERCESSION, NEW 7s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain

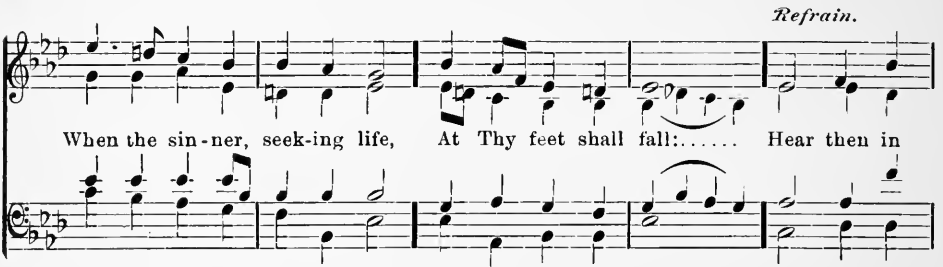
W. H. Callcott, 1867
Last 2 l. fr. Mendelssohn, 1846



1. WHEN the wea-ry, seek-ing rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the heav-y - la - den cast



All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seek-ing peace, On Thy name shall call;



Refrain.

When the sin-ner, seek-ing life, At Thy feet shall fall:..... Hear then in



love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwell - ing - place on high. A-men.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man, from his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:

(Refrain)

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:

(Refrain)

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

Salvation Accepted

4 When the child, with loving heart,
Youth, or maiden fair;
When the aged, trusting still,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;

When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:

(Refrain)

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

H. Bonar, 1866 *Ab.*

225 MARGARET 8, 8, 8, 8, 6

A. L. Peace, 1885

1. O Love that wilt not let me go.... I rest my

wea-ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe,

That in Thine o-ccean depths its flow May rich-er, full-er be. A-men.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

G. Matheson, 1882

Salvation Accepted

226 DENVER C. M. 81.

H. Houseley, 1896

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1. I bow my fore-head to the dust, I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trem-bling self dis-trust, And pray'r without a claim.
No off-ring of mine own I have, Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave, And plead His love for love. A-men.

- 2 I dimly guess, from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight;
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.
And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.
- 3 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercies underlies.

- And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar:
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.
- 4 I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.
And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee.

Salvation Accepted

227 PRINCE (St. Catherine) L. M. 61. Arr. fr. F. Mendelssohn (1809-1847) Attrib. to F. H. Hemy, 1865 Alt by J. G. Walton, 1871 (?)

1. JE - SUS, Thy bound-less love to me No thought can reach, no tongue de - clare;

Oh, knit my thank-ful heart to Thee And reign with-out a ri - val there.

Thine wholly, Thine a-lone, I am, Be Thou a-lone my constant flame. A - men.

2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone;
Oh, may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange fires far from my soul remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

4 Still let Thy love point out my way;
What wondrous things Thy love hath
Still lead me, lest I go astray; [wrought!
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies:
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise.
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee.

5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that dark final hour
Of death, be Thou my guide, and friend,
That I may love Thee without end.

P. Gerhardt, 1653. Tr. J. Wesley, 1739; verse 3, l. 7, alt

Salvation Accepted

228 EVEN ME P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 3 With Refrain

W. B. Bradbury, 1862

1. { LORD, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scat't'ring full and free, — }
 { Show'r's the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let some por - tion fall on me, }

E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some por - tion fall on me. A - men.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
 Sinful though my heart may be;
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
 Let Thy mercy light on me, even me!

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
 Let me love and cling to Thee;
 I am longing for Thy favor;
 Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh call me,
 even me!

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
 Thou canst make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me, even
 me!

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
 Magnify them all in me, even me!

6 Pass me not! this lost one bringing,
 'T is but one more, Lord, for Thee;
 All my heart to Thee is springing;
 Blessing others, oh bless me, even me!

E. Codner, 1860

229 RAPHAEL C. M.

Arr. fr. Donizetti (1797—1848)

1. I've found the Pearl of great - est price, My heart doth sing for joy;

And sing I must; for Christ is mine, Christ shall my song em - ploy. A - men.

Salvation Accepted

230 LANGRAN 105.

J. Langran, 1862

1. WEA - ry of earth and la - den with my sin, I look at heav'n and long to en - ter in,

But there no e - vil thing may find a home; And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come." A - men.

- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
- 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."
- 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.
- 5 'T was He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child.
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.
- 6 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord,
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

S. J. Stone, 1866

(RAPHAEL) C. M.

- 2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
A Prophet full of light,
My great High-Priest before the Throne,
My King of heavenly might.
- 3 For He indeed is Lord of lords,
And He the King of kings;
He is the Sun of righteousness,
With healing in His wings.
- 4 Christ is my Peace; He died for me,
For me He gave His blood;
And as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered Himself to God.
- 5 Christ Jesus is my All in all,
My Comfort and my Love,
My Life below, and He shall be
My Joy and Crown above.

Salvation Accepted

231 LEBANON S. M. 81.

J. Zundel, 1855

1. I was a wan-d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold;
 I did not love my Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con-trolled.
 I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home;
 I did not love my Fa-ther's voice; I loved a-far to roam. A - men.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
 The Father sought His child,
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild:
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famished and faint, and lone;
 They bound me with the bands of love;
 They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
 'Twas He that made me whole;

'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep,
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
 I would not be controlled;
 But now I love the Shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love the fold;
 I was a wayward child,
 I once preferred to roam;
 But now I love my Father's voice,
 I love, I love His home.

Salvation Accepted

232 LUX MUNDI 7s, 6s. 8l.

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

Not too fast.

1. We stand in deep re - pent - ance Be - fore Thy throne of love;

O God of grace, for - give us, The stain of guilt re - move;

Be - hold us while with weep - ing We lift our eyes to Thee,

And, all our sins sub - du - ing, Our Fa - ther, set us free. A - men.

2 O shouldst Thou from us, fallen,
Withhold Thy grace to guide,
Forever we should wander
From Thee, and peace, aside;
But Thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve Thee,
With thankful, joyous heart.

3 Our souls—on Thee we cast them,
Our only refuge Thou!
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow:
Thou bear'st the trusting spirit
Upon Thy loving breast,
And givest all Thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest.

Tr. R. Palmer, 1834

Salvation Accepted

233 AURELIA 7s, 6s. 8l.

S. S. Wesley, 1864

1. I LAY my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;

He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load:

I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains

White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a stain re - mains. A - men.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
 All fullness dwells in Him;
 He heals all my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem:
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy child:
 I long to be with Jesus
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints His praises,
 To learn the angels' song,

Salvation Accepted

234 CONSTANCE 8s, 7s. 81. Irregular

Arthur Sullivan, 1875

1. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him;

And 'round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,

For I am His and He is mine, For ev - er and for ev - er. A - men.

2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
 He bled, He died to save me;
 And not alone the gift of life,
 But His own self He gave me.
 Naught that I have mine own I'll call,
 I'll hold it for the Giver;
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
 Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
 All power to Him is given,
 To guard me on my onward course,
 And bring me safe to heaven:

Eternal glory gleams afar,
 To nerve my faint endeavor:
 So now to watch, to work, to war;
 And then to rest for ever.

4 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend,
 So kind and true and tender!
 So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
 So mighty a Defender!
 From Him, who loves me now so well,
 What power my soul shall sever?
 Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
 No: I am His for ever.

Salvation Accepted

235 HOLLINGSIDE 7s. 8l.

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. JE - SUS, mer - ci - ful and mild, Lead me as a help - less child:

On no oth - er arm but Thine Would my wea - ry soul re - cline.

Thou art read - y to for - give, Thou canst bid the sin - ner live;

Guide the wand'rer, day by day, In the strait and nar - row way. A - men

2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling-place;
All Thy promises are sure,
Ever shall Thy love endure;
Then what more can I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in Thee I see;
Thou art all in all to me.

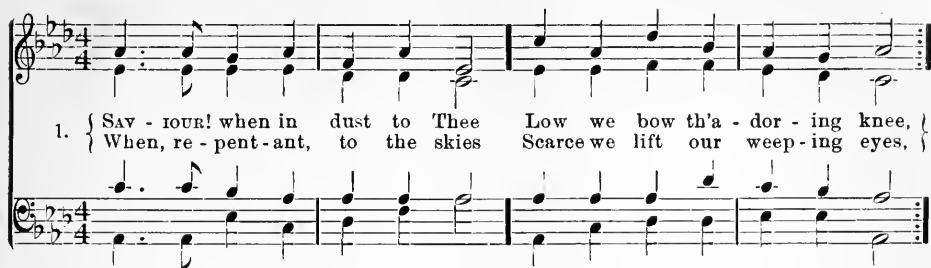
3 Jesus, Saviour all divine,
Thou hast made me truly Thine;
Thou hast bought me by Thy blood;
Reconciled my heart to God.
Hearken to my humble prayer,
Let me Thine own image bear,
Let me love Thee more and more.
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

T. Hastings, 1858

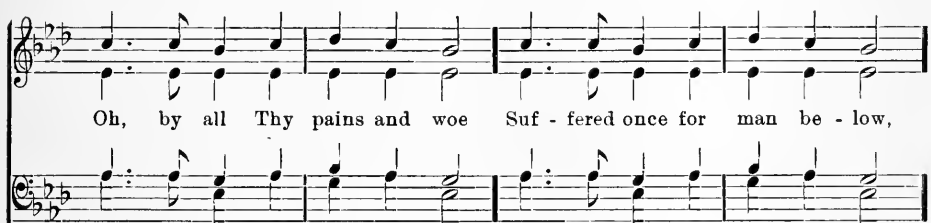
Salvation Accepted

236 SPANISH HYMN 7s. 81.

Spanish Melody



1. { SAV - IOUR! when in dust to Thee Low we bow th'a - dor - ing knee, {
 { When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes, {



Oh, by all Thy pains and woe Suf - fered once for man be - low,



Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny! A - men.

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
 By Thy life of want and tears,
 By Thy days of sore distress
 In the savage wilderness,
 By the dread mysterious hour
 Of the insulting tempter's power:
 Turn, oh turn a favoring eye,
 Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the sacred grief that swept
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
 By the boding tears that flowed
 Over Salem's loved abode;
 By the anguished sigh that told;
 Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
 From Thy seat above the sky,
 Hear our solemn litany!

4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
 By Thine agony of prayer,
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
 By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
 Listen to our humble cry,
 Hear our solemn litany!

5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
 By the sad sepulchral stone;
 By the vault, whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God:
 Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn litany!

Salvation Accepted

237

FAITH C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1867

1. Oh, gift of gifts! oh, grace of faith! My God, how can it be

That Thou, who hast dis - cern - ing love, Shouldst give that gift to me? A-men.

- 2 How many hearts Thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine,
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of Thine!
- 3 Ah, grace, into unlikeliest hearts,
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.
- 4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light;
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright!
- 5 Oh, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death?

F. W. Faber, 1849

238

FRANCONIA S. M.

J. G. Ebeling (c. 1620—1676)

1. BE - HOLD what won - drous grace, The Fa - ther hath be - stowed;

On sin - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God. A-men.

- 2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

Salvation Accepted

239 SEYMOUR 7s.

Arr. fr. C. M. von Weber, 1826



1. DEPTH of mer - cy, can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?



Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare? A - men.

2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face,
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled His relentings are,
Me He now delights to spare;

Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His
God is love: I know, I feel; [hands;
Jesus lives and loves me still.

C. Wesley, 1740

240 DORRANCE 8s, 7s.

I. B. Woodbury, 1848



1. TAKE my heart, O Father! take it; Make and keep it all Thine own;



Let Thy Spir - it melt and break it— This proud heart of sin and stone. A - men.

2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

3 Ever let Thy grace surround me,
Strengthen me with power divine,

Till Thy cords of love have bound me:
Make me to be wholly Thine.

4 May the blood of Jesus heal me
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path of heaven.

Salvation Accepted

242 ST. PHILIP 7s. 3l.

W. H. Monk, 1861

1. LORD, in this Thy mer - cy's day, Ere the time shall
pass a - way, On our knees we fall and pray. A - men.

- 2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that day of doom appears.
- 3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.
- 4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

- 5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.
- 6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us when we see Thy face,
With Thy ransomed ones a place.
- 7 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love shall then be known
By the pardoned, round Thy throne.

I. Williams, 1844

243 BARTLETT 7s.

John I. Romig

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, hear my cry; Ho - ly Sav - iour, bend Thine ear;
Ho - ly Spir - it, come Thon nigh; Fa - ther, Sav - iour, Spir - it hear. A - men.

- 2 Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean;
Father, Son, and Spirit, save.
- 3 Father, let me taste Thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;

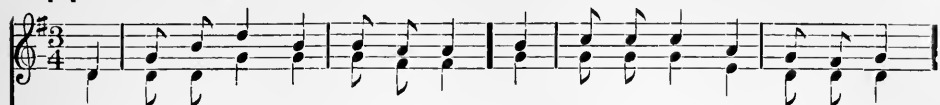
- Spirit, come my heart to move;
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.
- 4 Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God.

Salvation Accepted

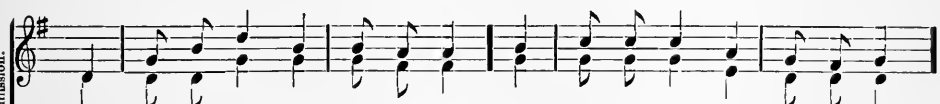
244 SOLID ROCK L. M. 61.

W. B. Bradbury (1816—1868)

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1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je - sus' blood and righteousness;



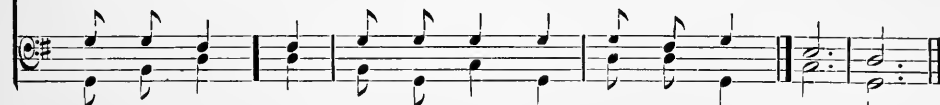
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name:



On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is



sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand. A - men.



2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil;
On Christ, the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

E. Mote

Salvation Accepted

245 HOLBORN HILL L. M.

St. Alban's Tune Book, 1865

1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie? A - men.

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still: my heart, awake!

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay.
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

G. Tersteegen, 1735. Tr. S. B. Findlater, 1855

246 WOODWORTH L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1849

1. With bro-ken heart, and con - trite sigh, A trembling sin - ner, Lord, I cry;

Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free; O God, be mer - ci - ful to me! A - men.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His Cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me!

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me!

Salvation Accepted

247 DALEHURST C. M.

A. Cottman, 1872

1. AP-PROACH, my soul, the mer - cy-seat, Where Je - sus an - swers pray'r;

There hum-bly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there. A-men.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died!

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

5 Oh, wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy precious name.

J. Newton, 1779

248 GRATITUDE L. M.

Thos. Hastings (1784—1872)

1. My God, how end-less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - ery eve-ning new,

And morn-ing mer-cies from a - bove Gen-tly dis - til like ear-ly dew. A - men.

2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

I. Watts, 1709

Faith and Consecration

249 OLIVET 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

L. Mason, 1832

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine!

Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way,

Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A - men.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

R. Palmer, 1830

Faith and Consecration

250 HOLY OFFERINGS 7, 7, 7, 8, 8, 8, 8

R. Redhead (1820—)

1. Ho - ly of - frings, rich and rare, Of - fer - ings of praise and prayer,

Pur - er life and pur - pose high, Clasp - ed hands, up - lift - ed eye, Low - ly

acts of ad - o - ra - tion To the God of our sal - va - tion— On His

al - tar laid we leave them: Christ, pre - sent them! God, re - ceive them! A - men,

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Promises in sorrow made,
Left, alas! too long unpaid;
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
Never into action wrought—
Long withheld, we now restore them
On Thy holy altar pour them:
There in trembling faith to leave them,
Christ, present them! God, receive them!</p> | <p>4 Homage of each humble heart
Ere we from Thy house depart;
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy;
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!</p> |
| <p>3 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be
Could we cling more close to Thee,
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help Thy grace in its prevailings—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!</p> | <p>5 To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, holy! holy! holy!
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!</p> |

Faith and Consecration

251 BETHANY 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

L. Mason, 1856

1. NEAR-ER, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my

God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! A-men.

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Faith and Consecration

HORBURY 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4 (Second Tune)

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. NEAR-ER, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth

me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee! A - men.

252 NETTLETON 8s, 7s. 8l.

J. Wyeth, 1812

1. { COME, Thou fount of ev - ery bless-ing. Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. }
 D. C. Praise the mount; I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of God's un-changing love! A - men.

Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure;
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed with precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart; O take and seal it,
 Seal it from Thy courts above.

R. Robinson, 1758

Faith and Consecration

253 DISCIPLE (Ellesdîe) 8s, 7s. 8l.

Arr. fr. W. A. Mozart, by H. P. Main

1. JE - SUS, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;

Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.

Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known,

Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own. A - men.

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me:
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee Abba, Father;
I have stayed my heart on Thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Faith and Consecration

4 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find, in every station,
 Something still to do or bear.
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
 What a Father's smile is thine,
 What a Saviour died to win thee:
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

H. F. Lyte, 1825

254 PROPRIOR DEO 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. MORE love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the pray'r I make

On bend - ed knee. This is my earn - est plea, More love, O

Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee! A - men.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
 Sought peace and rest;
 Now Thee alone I seek;
 Give what is best;
 This all my prayer shall be,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
 Send grief and pain;
 Sweet are Thy messengers,
 Sweet their refrain,

When they can sing with me,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
 Whisper Thy praise;
 This be the parting cry,
 My heart shall raise,—
 This still its prayer shall be,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

Faith and Consecration

255 SOMETHING FOR THEE 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

T. E. Perkins

1. SAV-IOUR, Thy dy-ing love Thou gav-est me, Nor should I aught with-hold,

Dear Lord, from Thee, In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-fill its vow,

Some of-f'ring bring Thee now, Some-thing for Thee. A-men.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee.
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

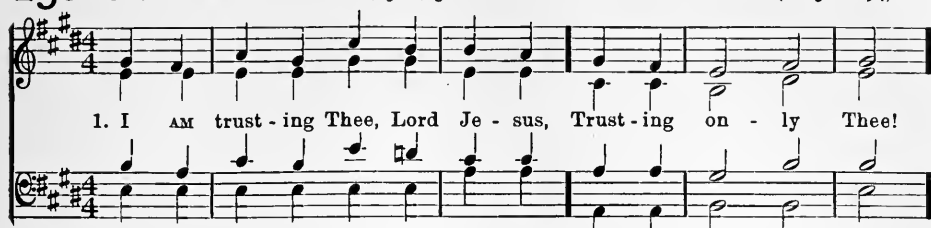
4 All that I am and have,
Thy gifts so free,
In joy, in grief, through life,
O Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

S. D. Phelps, 1867

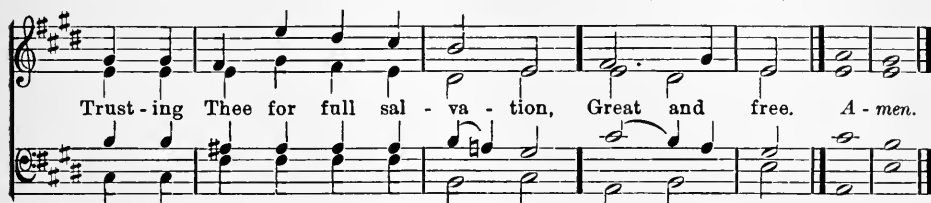
Faith and Consecration

256 ST. HELEN'S P. M. 8, 5, 8, 3

R. P. Stewart (1825—1894)



1. I AM trust-ing Thee, Lord Je-sus, Trust-ing on-ly Thee!



Trust-ing Thee for full sal-va-tion, Great and free. A-men.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,

Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

F. R. Havergal, 1874

257 ALDERSGATE S. M.

G. P. Merrick, 1887



1. JE-SUS, I live to Thee, The lov-li-est and best; My



life in Thee, Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest. A-men.

2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;

To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven for ever mine.

Faith and Consecration

258 BAXTER 6s. 8l.

U. C. Burnap, 1872



1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be!



Lead me by Thine own hand; Choose out my path for me.



I dare not choose my lot; I would not, if I might;



Choose Thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a - right. A - men.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine: so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness, or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great, or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

H. Bonar, 1857

Faith and Consecration

259 BEN RHYDDING S. M.

A. R. Reinagle (1799—1877)

1. Nor all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain, Could

give the guilt - y con-science peace, Or wash a - way the stain. A - men.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

I. Watts, 1799

260 LASTINGHAM 7s, 6s.

A. Gray, 1895

1. In full and glad sur - ren - der I give my - self to Thee,

Thine ut - ter - ly and on - ly, And ev - er - more to be. A - men.

2 O Son of God who lov'st me,
I will be Thine alone,
Myself and my possessions
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

3 Reign over me, Lord Jesus;
O make my heart Thy throne:

It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.

4 Oh, come and reign, Lord Jesus,
Rule over everything;
And keep me always loyal,
And true to Thee, my King.

Faith and Consecration

261 BREMEN 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

T. Hastings (1784—1872)

1. O LORD, how hap-py should we be If we could cast our cares on Thee,

If we from self could rest; And feel at heart that One a - bove,

In per-fect wisdom, per-fect love, Is work-ing for the best. A - men.

2 How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine Almighty arms!

4 We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

J. Anstice, 1836

Faith and Consecration

262 SHELTERING WING L. M.

J. Barnby, 1883

1. LORD, I am Thine, en - tire - ly Thine, Purchased and saved by blood di - vine;

With full con-sent Thine I would be, And own Thy sovereign right in me. A - men.

- 2 Thine would I live, Thine would I die, 3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
 Be Thine through all eternity; That bought my guilty soul for God,
 The vow is past beyond repeal; Thee my new Master now I call,
 Now will I set the solemn seal. And consecrate to Thee my all.

S. Davies, publ., 1769

263 MABYN 8s, 7s.

A. H. Brown (1830—)

1. YES, for me, for me He car - eth With a broth-er's ten - der care;

Yes, with me, with me He shar-eth Ev - ery bur - den, ev - ery fear. A - men.

- 2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,
 Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
 Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth
 From the perils of the way.

- 3 Yes, for me He standeth pleading
 At the mercy-seat above;
 Ever for me interceding,
 Constant in untiring love.

- 4 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth;
 I in Him, and He in me!
 And my empty soul He filleth,
 Here and through eternity.

- 5 Thus I wait for His returning,
 Singing all the way to heaven;
 Such the joyful song of morning,
 Such the tranquil song of even.

H. Bonar, 1844

Faith and Consecration

264 ELTON 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

F. C. Maker (1844—)

1. DEAR Lord and Fa-ther of man-kind, For-give our feverish ways; Re-clothe us in our right-ful mind; In pur-er lives Thy ser-vice find, In deep-er rev-erence, praise. A-men.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee.

4 Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above!
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love.

5 Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire:
Speak thro' the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

J. G. Whittier, 1872

(Second Tune)

ETERNAL LIGHT 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

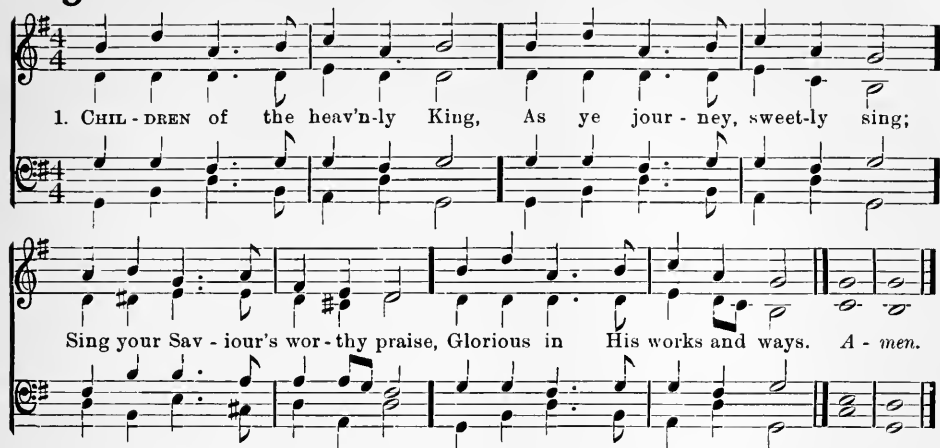
M. B. Foster (1851—)

1. DEAR Lord and Father of man-kind, For-give our fever-ish ways; Reclothe us in our right-ful mind; In pur-er lives Thy ser-vice find, In deep-er rev-erence, praise. A-men.

Faith and Consecration

265 PLEYEL'S HYMN 7s.

I. J. Pleyel, 1790



1. CHILDREN of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;
Sing your Sav-our's wor-thy praise, Glorious in His works and ways. A-men.

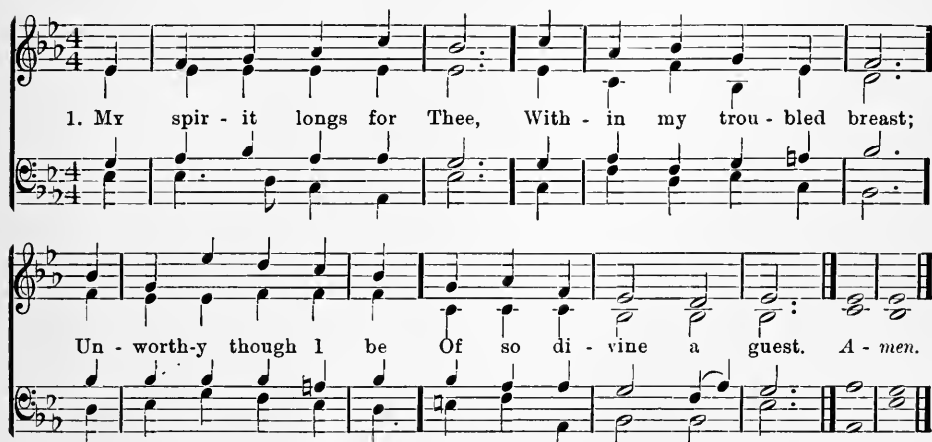
- 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

- 4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

J. Cennick, 1742 Ab.

266 MOSELEY 6s.

H. Smart (1813—1879)



1. My spir-it longs for Thee, With-in my trou-bled breast;
Un-worth-y though I be Of so di-vine a guest. A-men.

- 2 Of so divine a guest,
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from Thee.
- 3 Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;

- In all that I can see,
No rest is to be found.
- 4 No rest is to be found
But in Thy blessed love:
O let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above.

John Byrom, 1773

Faith and Consecration

267 ST. PETER'S, OXFORD C. M.

A. R. Reinagle, 1826

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear! It
soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear. A-men.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast!
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and King;

My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton, 1779

268 HENDON 7s.

H. A. C. Malan, 1827

1. CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground. Christ, the spring of all my joy, Still in Thee may
I be found, Still for Thee my pow'rs employ, Still for Thee my pow'rs em-ploy. A-men.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it Christ to live.
3 When I touch the blessèd shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;

Death's dark stream shall nevermore
Part from Thee my ravished soul.
4 Thus, oh, thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it Christ to live,
Let me know it gain to die.

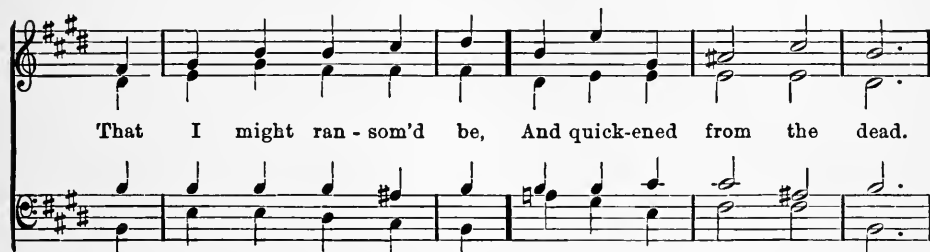
Faith and Consecration

269 FALCONER 6s. 61.

A. C. Falconer (1850—)



1. THY life was giv'n for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,



That I might ran-som'd be, And quick-ened from the dead.



Thy life was giv'n for me: What have I giv'n for Thee? A-men.

2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me:
Have I spent one for Thee?

4 And Thou hast brought to me,
Down from Thy home above,
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love.
Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
What have I brought to Thee?

3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me:
Have I left aught for Thee?

5 Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent!
Thou gavest Thyself for me;
I give myself to Thee.

F. R. Havergal, 1858

Faith and Consecration

270 ST. BEDE C. M. 61.

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. FA - THEE, I know that all my life Is por-tioned out for me;
The chang-es that are sure to come, I do not fear to see;
I ask Thee for a pres-ent mind, In-tent on pleas-ing Thee. A-men.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
To wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

6 In service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

Faith and Consecration

271 CEASELESS PRAISE 7s. 8l.

Anon.

1. TAKE my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;

Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise;

Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;

Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee. A - men.

2 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou should choose.

3 Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne;
Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

F. R. Havergal, 1874

Faith and Consecration

272 ADORO L. M. 61.

J. Barnby, 1872

1. Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me, blest Sav - iour,

when I call; Hear me, and from Thy dwell - ing - place

Slower.
Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace, Je - sus, my Lord, I

Thee a - dore: Oh, make me love Thee more and more. A - men.

2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought:
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

So far exceeding hope or thought.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,

4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong:
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

Love and Gratitude

273 LOVING-KINDNESS L. M.

Wm. Caldwell, 1830

1. A - WAKE, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re -

deem - er's praise: He just - ly claims a song from me, His

lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free! Lov - ing - kind - ness,

lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free! A - men.

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

5 Then shall I mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Love and Gratitude

274 MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE 11s.

Adoniram J. Gordon

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,

For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou;

If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. A - men.

2 I love Thee, because Thou hast first lovèd me,
And purchased my pardon, on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight;
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

Anon.

Love and Gratitude

275 GOUNOD (Muriel) 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

C. Gounod (1818—1893)



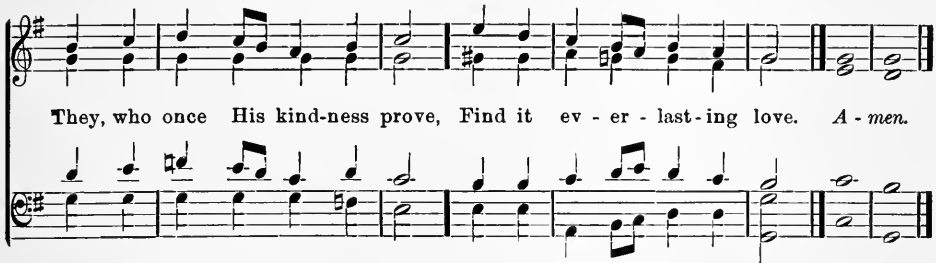
1. ONE there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well de - serves the name of Friend;



His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end:



They, who once His kind - ness prove, Find it ev - er - last - ing love. A - men.



2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abased,
"Friend of sinners" was His name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

J. Newton, 1779

276

Love and Gratitude

FLEMMING 8, 8, 8, 6

Arr. fr. F. F. Flemming (1778—1832)

1. O Ho-ly Sav-iour, friend un - seen, Since on Thine arm Thou bidst me lean;
Help me, throughout life's changing scene, By faith to cling to Thee. A - men.

2 Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss;
My joy, my recompense be this,
Each hour to cling to Thee!

3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

4 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"
5 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee!

C. Elliott, 1836

277

POSEN 7s.

G. G. Strattner (1650—1705)

1. SAV - IOUR, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;
Sweet-er les - son can - not be, Lov - ing Him who first loved me. A - men.

2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee;
Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

J. E. Leeson, 1842

Love and Gratitude

278 ST. BERNARD C. M.

W. H. Walter (1825—1893)

1. JE - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;

But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest. A - men.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize shall be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux (c. 1130 or 1140) Tr. E. Caswall

279 BOARDMAN C. M.

L. Devereux. Arr. G. Kingsley, 1839

1. JE - sus, these eyes have nev - er seen That ra - diant form of Thine;

The veil of sense hangs dark be-tween Thy bless-ed face and mine! A - men.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes un-
When slumbers o'er me roll, [sought
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord!—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal
All glorious as Thou art!

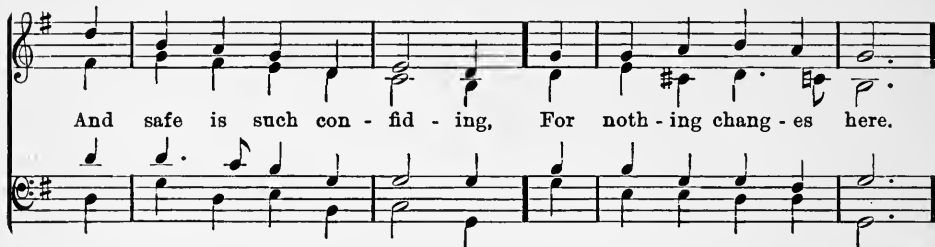
Love and Gratitude

280 HOLY CHURCH 7s, 6s. 81.

A. H. Brown (1830—)



1. In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;



And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here.



The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,



But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-mayed? A - men.

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Love and Gratitude

281 ARIEL 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

Mozart. Arr. L. Mason, 1836



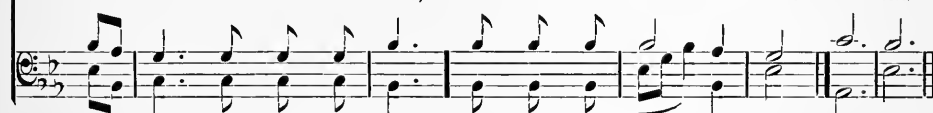
1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth,



Which in my Sav - iour shine, { I'd soar, and touch the heav'n-ly strings, }
And vie with Ga - briel while he sings }



In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine. A - men.



2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

S. Medley, 1789

Love and Gratitude

282 UNION SQUARE 7s, 6s. 81.

J. B. Dykes, 1872

1. I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav - iour of the lost,
Whose won - drous love re - deemed me, At such tre - men - dous cost;
Thy right - eous - ness, Thy par - don, Thy pre - cious blood must be
My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea. A - men.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,
For, oh, the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song:
How could I do without Thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear;
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee!

5 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

Love and Gratitude

283 SPITTA 7s, 6s. 81.

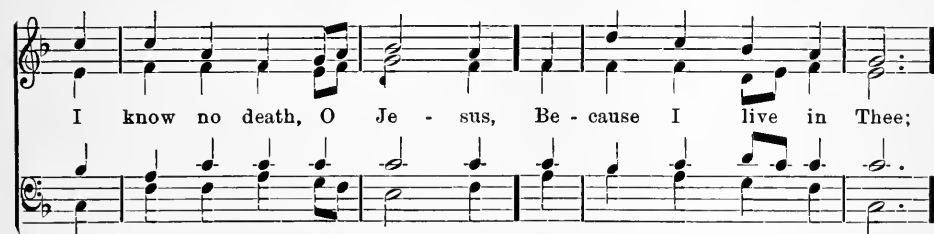
H. P. Danks



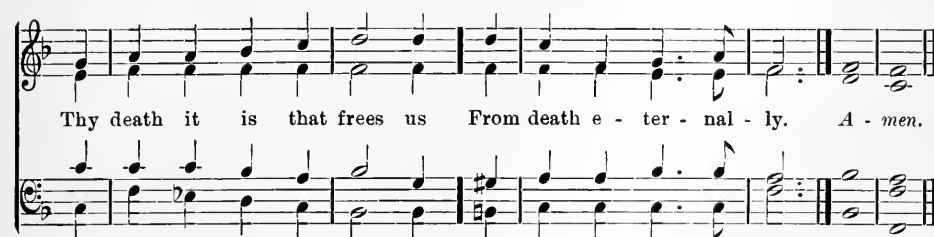
1. I KNOW no life di - vid - ed, O Lord of life from Thee;



In Thee is life pro - vid - ed, For all man - kind and me:



I know no death, O Je - sus, Be - cause I live in Thee;



Thy death it is that frees us From death e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me;
If Thou, my God and teacher,
Vouchsafe to be my own.
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.

3 Lord! with this truth impress me,
And write it on my heart,
To comfort, cheer, and bless me,
That Thou my Saviour art;
Without Thy love to guide me,
I should be wholly lost;
The floods would quickly hide me,
On life's wide ocean tost.

(German) C. J. P. Spitta, 1836 7r. R. Massie, 1869

Love and Gratitude

284 BEATITUDO C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,

A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood, So free - ly shed for me. A - men.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above:
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

C. Wesley, 1742

285 NAOMI C. M.

Arr. by L. Mason, 1836

1. FA - THER, what-e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov' - reign will de - nies,

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:— A - men.

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine.
And crown my journey's end."

Love and Gratitude

286 ESSEX 7s. 5l.

Thomas Clark (1775—1859)



1. Ask ye what great thing I know That delights and stirs me so? What the high re-



ward I win! Whose the name I glo-ry in? Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied. A-men.

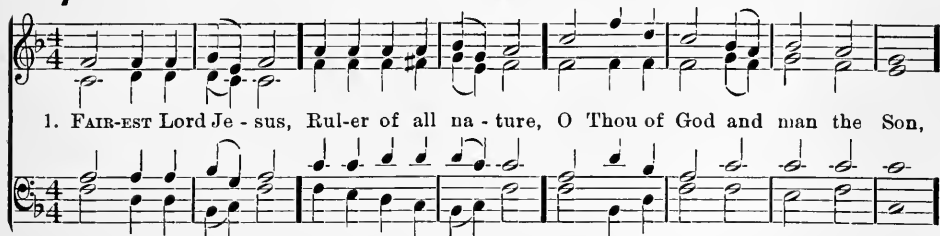
2 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave.
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

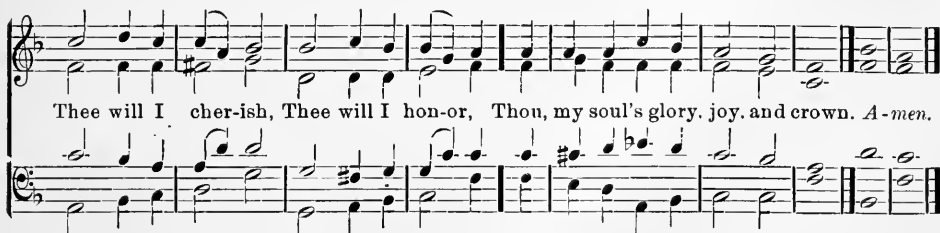
German. 7s. Benjamin H. Kened , 1873

287 CRUSADERS' HYMN 5, 6, 8, 5, 5, 8

German. Arr. by R. S. Willis, 1850



1. FAIR-EST Lord Je-sus, Rul-er of all na-ture, O Thou of God and man the Son,



Thee will I cher-ish, Thee will I hon-or, Thon, my soul's glory, joy, and crown. A-men.

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Love and Gratitude

288 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

H. K. Oliver, 1832

1. JE - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of Thee?

Ashamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days? A - men.

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

J. Grigg, 1765

289 BOOTERSTOWN C. M.

H. Russell

1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame,

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb! A - men.

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

Love and Gratitude

290 ORTONVILLE C. M.

Thos. Hastings, 1837

1. MA - JES-TIC sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'er-flow. A - men.

2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be Thine!

S. Stennett, 1787

291 HOLY CROSS C. M.

Anon.

1. JE - sus! I love Thy charm-ing name, 'Tis mu - sic to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heav'n shall hear. A - men.

2 Yes!—Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;

Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

Love and Gratitude

292 LOVE DIVINE 8s, 7s. 81.

C. F. Le Jeune, 1872

1. LOVE di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down,

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.

Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;

Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trembling heart. A - men.

- 2 Breathe, oh breathe Thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find Thy promised rest;
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, Almighty to deliver!
 Let us all Thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave.

- Thee we would be always blessing;
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
 Pure, unspotted let us be;
 Let us see our whole salvation,
 Perfectly secured by Thee,
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place;
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Love and Gratitude

BEECHER 8s, 7s. 81.

(Second Tune)

J. Zundel, 1870

1. Love di-vine, all loves ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down, Fix in us Thy
hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown. Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion,
Pure, unbound-ed love Thou art; Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, Ent-er every trembling heart. A-men.

293 NEW CALABAR 7s.

J. D. Farrer

1. EARTH has noth-ing sweet or fair, Love-ly forms or beau-ties rare,
But be-fore my eyes they bring Christ, of beau-ty source and spring. A-men.

2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

3 When, as moonlight softly steals,
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,

Then I think: Who made their light
Is a thousand times more bright.

4 Lord of all that's fair to see,
Come, reveal Thyself to me;
Let me, 'mid Thy radiant light,
See Thine unveiled glories bright.

Love and Gratitude

294 QUEBEC (Hesperus) L. M.

H. Baker, 1866

1. O Love di - vine, that stoop'd to share Our sharp-est pang, our bit - t'rest tear,

On Thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain while Thou art near. A - men.

- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us Thou art near.
- 4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear!
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

O. W. Holmes, 1859

295 GREENWOOD S. M.

J. E. Sweetser, 1849

1. SINCE Je - sus is my Friend, And I to Him be - long,

It mat-ters not what foes in - tend, How - ev - er fierce and strong. A - men.

Love and Gratitude

296 LYTE 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

J. P. Holbrook, 1865

1. JE - sus, Thy name I love, All oth - er names a - bove,

Je - sus, my Lord! Oh, Thou art all to me; Noth - ing to

please I see, Noth - ing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord! A - men.

Copyright by J. P. Holbrook

- 2 Thou, blessèd Son of God,
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, how great is Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!
- 3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear,

- What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!
- 4 Soon Thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then Thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

J. G. Deck, 1642

(GREENWOOD) S. M.

- 2 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How they who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find Him near;—
- 3 How God hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.
- 4 My heart for gladness springs;
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it smiles and sings,—
Sees naught but sunshine glad.
- 5 The sun that lights mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

Love and Gratitude

297 WENTWORTH P. M. 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 4

F. C. Maker, 1876

1. My God, I thank Thee, who hast made The earth so bright;

So full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light;

So ma - ny glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right. A - men.

2 I thank Thee too that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

4 For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

A. A. Procter, 1858

Love and Gratitude

298 PURLEIGH 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

A. H. Brown (1830—)

1. O LOVE di-vine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my will-ing heart

All tak-en up by Thee? I thirst, and faint, and die to prove

The great-ness of re-deem-ing love, The love of Christ to me. A-men.

2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

4 Oh, that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

3 God only knows the love of God:
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

5 Thy only love do I require,
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above;
Let earth and heaven and all things go;
Give me Thy only love to know,
Give me Thy only love.

Love and Gratitude

299 SPANISH HYMN 7s. 6l.

Spanish Melody

1. BLESS - ED Sav - iour, Thee I love, All my oth - er joys a - bove;
All my hopes in Thee a - bide, Thou my hope, and naught be - side;
Ev - er let my glo - ry be On - ly, on - ly, on - ly Thee. A - men.

2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,—
Clouds they are that hide my day:
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus, crucified for me.

3 Blessed Saviour, Thine am I,
Thine to live, and Thine to die;
Height, or depth, or earthly power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be
Only, only, only Thee!

G. Duffield (1818—1888)

300 (SPANISH HYMN) 7s. 6l.

1 JESUS, Master, whose I am,
Purchased Thine alone to be,
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me;
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.

2 Other lords have long held sway;
Now Thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,

Is my daily, hourly prayer.
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine;
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let Thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
Oh, be Thou my All in all.

F. R. Havergal (1836—1879)

Love and Gratitude

301 ST. CHRISTOPHER 7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6

F. C. Maker, 1881

1. BE - NEATH the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand, The

shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land; A

home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way, From the

burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day. A - men.

2 Upon the cross of Jesus,
 Mine eye at times can see
 The very dying form of one
 Who suffered there for me.
 And from my smitten heart with tears,
 These wonders I confess,—
 The wonder of His glorious love,
 And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O Cross, thy shadow
 For my abiding-place;
 I ask no other sunshine than
 The sunshine of His face;
 Content to let the world go by,
 To know no gain nor loss,
 My sinful self my only shame,
 My glory all the cross.

Prayer

302 AYNHOE S. M.

J. Nares (1715—1783)

1. BE - HOLD the throne of grace! The prom - ise calls me near; There
Je - sus shows a smil - ing face, And waits to an - swer pray'r. A - men.

- 2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?
3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;

- I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.
4 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to Thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

J. Newton, 1779

303. THEODORA 7s.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1749

1. COME, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer;
He Him - self has bid thee pray, There - fore will not say thee nay. A - men.

- 2 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There Thy blood-bought right maintain
And without a rival reign.

- 4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

Prayer

304 BYEFIELD C. M.

T. Hastings (1784—1872)



1. PRAY'R is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Un - ut - tered or ex - pressed;



The mo - tion of a hid - den fire That trembles in the breast. A - men.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on High.

- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

J. Montgomery, 1818

305 MAKER C. M

F. C. Maker (1844—)



1. WHEN cold our hearts, and far from Thee Our wan - d'ring spir - its stray,



And tho'ts and lips move heav - i - ly, Lord, teach us how to pray. A - men.

- 2 Too vile to venture near Thy throne,
Too poor to turn away,
Our only voice Thy Spirit's groan;
Lord, teach us how to pray.
- 3 We know not how to seek Thy face
Unless Thou lead the way;

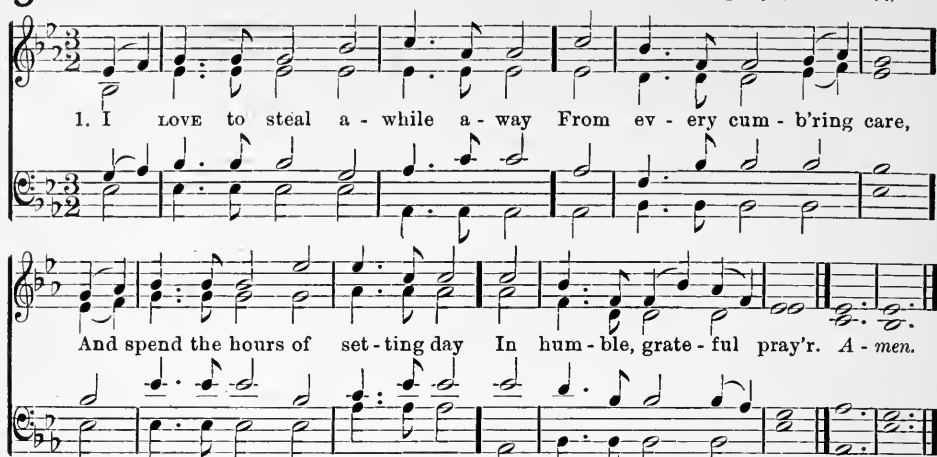
- We have no words, unless Thy grace,
Lord, teach us how to pray.
- 4 Here ev'ry thought and fond desire
We on Thy altar lay,
And when our souls have caught Thy fire,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1837

Prayer

306 SOUTHPORT. C. M.

Geo. Kingsley (1811—1844)



1. I LOVE to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cum - b'ring care,
And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful pray'r. A - men.

- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brightest scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Mrs. P. H. Brown, 1824

307 HORTON 7s.

Xavier Schnyder



1. THEY who seek the throne of grace Find that throne in ev - ery place;
If we live a life of pray'r, God is pres - ent ev - ery - where. A - men.

- 2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,

- 'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere.

Prayer

308 ALMSGIVING 8, 8, 8, 4

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. My God, is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve - ning

star, As that which calls me to.... Thy feet, The hour of pray'r? A - men.

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

5 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

C. Elliott, 1834

309 DENNIS S. M.

Arr. fr. H. G. Nägeli, by L. Mason, 1845

1. How gen - tle God's com-mands, How kind His pre - cepts are! Come,

cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care. A - men.

2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.

Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

P. Doddridge. 1755

Prayer

310 GERMANY L. M.

Arr. fr. Beethoven, 1815

1. PRAISE, Lord, for Thee in Zi - on waits; Pray'r shall be-siege Thy tem - ple gates;

All flesh shall to Thy throne re-pair, And find, thro' Christ, sal - va - tion there. A - men.

2 Our spirits faint; our sins prevail;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail:
O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend.

3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

H. F. Lyte, 1834

311 DALEHURST C. M.

A. Cottman, 1872

1. THERE is an eye that nev - er sleeps Be - neath the wing of night;

There is an ear that nev - er shuts When sink the beams of night. A - men.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the
To bring salvation down! [world,

Aspiration

312 AMSTERDAM 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6

Anon., 1742

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;

Rise from tran - si - to - ry things T'ward heav'n, thy na - tive place:

Sun and moon and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove. A - men.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Forward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

R. Seagrave, 1742

Aspiration

313 ST. RAPHAEL 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

E. J. Hopkins (1818—1901)

1. GUIDE me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand;
Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more. A - men.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death! and hell's destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

W. Williams, 1745

SEGUR 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7 (Second Tune.)

J. P. Holbrook (1822—1888)

1. GUIDE me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand;

Aspiration

Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more. A - men.

314 MARY MAGDALENE 6s, 5s. 81.

J. B. Dykes, 1862

1. PUR-ER yet and pur - er I would be in mind, Dear-er yet and dear - er

Ev - every du - ty find; Hop-ing still, and trust - ing God with-out a fear,

Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear. A - men.

2 Calmer yet and calmer
In the hour of pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light,—

Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

4 Swifter yet and swifter
Ever onward run,
Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I go on.
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast;
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

J. W. von Gœthe (1749—18)

Aspiration

315 SPOHR C. M.

Arr. fr. L. Spohr (1784—1859)

1. AS PANTS the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat - ed in the chase,

So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing grace. A - men.

- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, who will employ

- His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.
- 4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and Thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is Thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Tate and Brady, 1696

316 VESALIUS IIS, IOS.

E. C. Perry (1856—)

1. FA - THER, in Thy mys - terious presence kneeling, Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling love;

For we are weak, and need some deep re - veal - ing Of trust, and strength, and calmness from a - bove. A - men.

- 2 Lord, we have wandered forth through
doubt and sorrow,
And Thou hast made each step an on -
ward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown mor -
row;
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

- 3 Now, Father, now in Thy dear presence
kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love;
Now make us strong; we need Thy deep
revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness
from above.

S. Johnson, 1846

Aspiration

317 ARLINGTON C. M.

T. A. Arne, 1762

1. WHEN I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,

I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes. A - men.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

I. Watts, 1707

318 O GIVE ME REST C. M.

H. C. G. Moule

1. My Sav - iour, Thou hast of - fer'd rest; Oh, give it, then, to me;

The rest of ceas - ing from my - self, To find my all in Thee. A - men.

2 This cruel self, oh, how it strives
And works within my breast,
To come between Thee and my soul,
And keep me back from rest.

4 O Lord, I seek a holy rest,
A vict'ry over sin!
I seek that Thou alone shouldst reign
O'er all without, within.

3 How many subtle forms it takes
Of seeming verity,
As if it were not safe to rest
And venture all on Thee.

5 Work on then, Lord, till on my soul
Eternal light shall break,
And, in Thy likeness perfected,
I, satisfied, shall wake.

Anon.

319 FRANCONIA S. M.

J. G. Ebeling (c. 1620—1676)

1. My times are in Thy hand; My God, I wish them there;

My life, my friends, my soul I leave En - tire - ly to Thy care. A - men.

2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in Thy hand:
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the crucified!
Those hands my cruel sins had pierced
Are now my guard and guide;

5 My times are in Thy hand,
I'll always trust in Thee;
And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall for ever be.

W. F. Lloyd, 1833

320 ST. PETER'S, OXFORD C. M.

A. R. Reinagle, 1826

1. I WOR-SHIP Thee, sweet Will of God, And all Thy ways a - dore; And

ev - 'ry day I live, I seem To love Thee more and more. A - men.

2 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

3 I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

4 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

5 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

F. W. Faber, 1849

Hymns of Peace

321 EVERLASTING LOVE 7s. 8l.

J. Mountain

From Hymns of Consecration and Faith.

1. LOVED with ev - er - last - ing love, Led by grace that love to know;

Spir - it, breath - ing from a - bove, Thou hast taught me it is so!

Oh, this full and per - fect peace! Oh, this trans - port all di - vine!

In a love which can-not cease, I am His and He is mine. A - men.

- 2 Heaven above is softer blue,
Earth around is sweeter green,
Something lives in every hue
Christless eyes have never seen.
Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
Flowers with deeper beauties shine,
Since I know, as now I know,
I am His and He is mine.
- 3 Things which once were wild alarms,
Cannot now disturb my rest;
Closed in everlasting arms,
Pillowed on the loving breast.

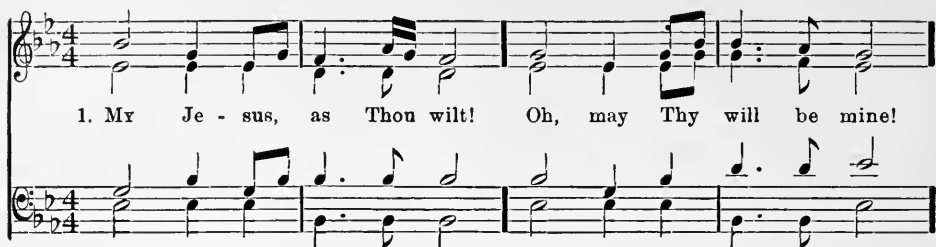
- Oh, to lie forever here,
Doubt and care and self resign,
While He whispers in my ear—
I am His and He is mine!
- 4 His forever, only His,
Who the Lord and me shall part?
Ah, with what a rest of bliss
Christ can fill the loving heart!
Heaven and earth may fade and flee,
First-born light in gloom decline,
But while God and I shall be,
I am His and He is mine.

Wade Robinson

Hymns of Peace

322 JEWETT 6s. 8l.

From C. M. von Weber, 1821



1. Mr Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine!



In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign.



Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,



And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done! A - men.

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!

Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!

All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee;
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

B. Schmolck, 1716 Tr. J. Borthwick, 1854

323 GUIDE 7s. 6l.

M. M. Wells

1. QUI - ET, Lord, my fro - ward heart, Make me teach - a - ble and mild. A - men.
D. C. - From dis - trust and en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleas - es Thee.

FINE.

Up - right, sim - ple, free from art, Make me as a wean - ed child:

D. C.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;—
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

J. Newton, 1779

324 ETERNITY S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)

1. HERE I can firm - ly rest, I dare to boast of this, That

God, the high - est and the best, My Friend and Fa - ther is. A - men.

2 Naught have I of my own,
Naught in the life I lead;
What Christ hath given, that alone
I dare in faith to plead.

3 I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and His blood;

It is through Him that I have found
My soul's eternal good.

4 His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind He reigns,
My care and sadness He dispels,
And soothes away my pains.

325 BOYLSTON S. M.

L. Mason, 1832

1. STILL with Thee, O my God, I would de - sire to be,

By day, by night; at home, a - broad, I would be still with Thee. A - men.

2 With Thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

J. D. Burns, 1857

326 PAX TECUM vos. 2 l.

G. T. Caldbeck, 1877

1. PEACE, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin:....

The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in. A - men.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed:
To do the will of Jesus,—this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round:
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away:
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown:
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours:
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect peace.

327 FATHER, TO THEE WE LOOK 11s, 10s.

P. C. Lutkin, 1897

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1. FA - THER, to Thee we look in all our sor - row,

Thou art the foun - tain whence our heal - ing flows;

Dark though the night, joy com - eth with the mor - row;

Safe - ly they rest, who on Thy love re - pose. A - men.

2 When fond hopes fail, and skies are dark before us,
When the vain cares that vex our life increase,
Comes with its calm the thought that Thou art o'er us,
And we grow quiet, folded in Thy peace.

3 Naught shall affright us, on Thy goodness leaning,
Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;
Chastened by pains, we learn life's deeper meaning,
And in our weakness, Thou dost make us strong.

4 Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows,
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain!
Yet shalt Thou praise Him, when these darkened furrows,
Where now He plougheth, wave with golden grain.

F. L. Hosmer

328 LIKE A RIVER, GLORIOUS 6s, 5s. 8l.

J. Mountain

1. LIKE a riv - er, glo - rious Is God's per - fect peace,

O - ver all vic - to - rious, In its bright in - crease;

Per - fect, yet it flow - eth Full - er ev - 'ry day,—
CHO.—Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah, Hearts are ful - ly blest;

Per - fect, yet it grow - eth Deep - er all the way. A - men.
Find - ing, as He prom - ised, Per - fect peace and rest.

2 Hidden in the hollow
Of His blessed hand,
Never foe can follow,
Never traitor stand;
Not a surge of worry,
Not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry
Touch the spirit there.—*Cho.*

3 Every joy or trial
Falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial
By the Sun of Love.
We may trust Him fully,
All for us to do;
They who trust Him wholly,
Find Him wholly true.—*Cho.*

Frances R. Havergal

329 SUBMISSION, No. 2 10s, 4s.

A. L. Peace, 1889

1. I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be

A pleas - ant road; I do not ask that Thou wouldst

take from me Aught of its load. A - men.

- 2 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead :
 Lead me aright,
 Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
 Through peace to light.
- 3 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
 Full radiance here ;
 Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
 Without a fear.
- 4 I do not ask my cross to understand,
 My way to see ;
 Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
 And follow Thee.
- 5 Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
 Like quiet night.
 Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
 Through peace to light.

A. A. Procter, 1862

Hymns of Peace

330. BROWNELL L. M. 61.

F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)

1. THE Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me
with a shep - herd's care; His pres - ence shall my wants sup - ply,
And guard me with a watch - ful eye; My noon - day walks He
shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend. A - men.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Hymns of Peace

331 GORTON S. M.

Arr. fr. Beethoven (1770—1827)

1. THE Lord my Shep-herd is; I shall be well sup-plied: Since
He is mine and I am His, What can I want be-side? A-men.

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

I. Watts, 1719

332 DOMINUS REGIT ME 8s, 7s. Irregular

J. B. Dykes, 1868

THE King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er;
I noth-ing lack if I am His And He is mine for-ev-er. A-men.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

H. W. Baker, 1868

Hymns of Peace

333 MASTER MINE S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, c. 1848

1. DEAR Lord and Mas - ter mine, Thy hap - py ser - vant see; My

Con-queror, with what joy di - vine Thy cap - tive clings to Thee. A - men.

2 I would not walk alone,
But still with Thee, my God;
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of Thee the road.

3 The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on Thy breast;
The conflicts that Thy strength employ
Make me divinely blest.

4 Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep Thy servant true;
My guardian and my Guide divine,
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through.

5 My Conqueror and my King,
Still keep me in Thy train;
And with Thee Thy glad captive bring,
When Thou return'st to reign.

T. H. Gill, 1859

334 ALDERSGATE S. M.

G. P. Merrick, 1887

1. JE - sus, my strength, my hope, On Thee I cast my care, With

hum - ble con - fi - dence look up, And know Thou hear'st my pray'r. A - men.

2 Give me a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;

3 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,

For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I rest upon Thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.

C. Wesley, 1742

335 ST. HUGH C. M.

E. J. Hopkins, 1862

1. Thy home is with the hum - ble, Lord! The sim - ple are the best;

Thy lodg - ing is in child - like hearts; Thou mak - est there Thy rest. A - men.

2 Dear Comforter! eternal Love!
If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,
I'll build a house for Thee.

3 Who made this breathing heart of mine
But Thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but Thee,
And let it be Thy rest!

Frederic W. Faber (1814—1863)

336 XAVIER C. M.

J. Stainer, 1875

1. THERE is a safe and se - cret place Be - neath the wings di - vine,

Re - served for all the heirs of grace; Oh, be that ref - uge mine. A - men.

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

4 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.

5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

H. F. Lyte, 1834

337 BENTLEY 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. Hullah, 1867

1. SOME - TIMES a light sur - pris - es The Chris - tian while he sings;

It is the Lord, who ris - es With heal - ing in His wings;

When com - forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain

A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it af - ter rain. A - men.

- 2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let th'unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too;

- Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.
- 4 Though vine, nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

Trial and Conflict

338 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7s.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1848

1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Christians, on - ward go;

Fight the fight, main - tain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life. A - men.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly arm of clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.
3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;

Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.
4 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

H. K. White, 1806

339 VIGILATE 7, 7, 7, 3

W. H. Monk, 1868

1. CHRIS-TIAN, seek not yet re - pose, Cast thy dreams of ease a - way;

Thou art in the midst of foes: Watch... and pray. A - men.

2 Gird Thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Near thee lurks the evil one;
Watch and pray.
3 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they watch each warrior's way;
All with one deep voice exclaim,
Watch and pray.

4 Hear, above all these, thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
Watch and pray.
5 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
Watch and pray.

C. Elliott, 1836

Trial and Conflict

340 ONWARD 5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5

W. C. Filby (1836—)

1. BREAST the wave, Chris - tian, When it is strong - est;

Watch for day, Chris - tian, When the night's long - est;

On - ward and on - ward still, Be thine en - deav - or;

The rest that re - main-eth, Will be for ev - er. A - men.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee;
He who hath promised
Faltereth never;
He who hath loved so well,
Loveth for ever.

3 Lift thine eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done,
Praise Him for ever.

J. Stammers, 1839

Trial and Conflict

341 ST. ANDREW OF CRETE 6s, 5s. 81.

J. B. Dykes (1823-1876)

p
J = 96.
1. CHRIS - TIAN, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,
p
How the hosts of dark - ness Com - pass thee a - round?
cres. *dim.*
f
J = 112.
Chris - tian, up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;
f
Smite them, Christ is with thee, Sol - dier of the cross. A - men.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,

How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?

Christian, never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Thou shalt win at last.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,

How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?

Always watch and prayer?"

Christian, answer boldly:

"While I breathe I pray:"

Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,

O My servant true;

Thou art very weary,

I was weary too;

But that toil shall make thee

Some day all Mine own,

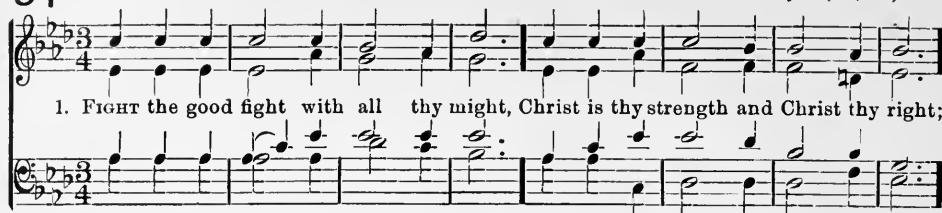
And the end of sorrow

Shall be near My throne."

Trial and Conflict

342 PENTECOST L. M.

William Boyd, (1846—)



1. Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength and Christ thy right;



Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.</p> <p>3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;</p> | <p>Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.</p> <p>4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.</p> |
|--|--|

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863

343 WINTERBOURNE 8, 8, 8, 4

W. E. Evill, 1890



1. My God, my Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home, in life's rough way,



Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done." A - men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"</p> <p>3 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy good Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,—
"Thy will be done!"</p> | <p>4 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"</p> <p>5 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"</p> |
|---|--|

Trial and Conflict

344 SILVER STREET S. M.

I. Smith, c. 1770

1. Sol - DIERS of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on; Strong

in the strength which God sup - plies, Thro' His e - ter - nal Son. A - men

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

C. Wesley, 1749 AB.

345 LABAN S. M.

L. Mason, 1830

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a - rise;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies. A - men.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:

Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

G. Heath, 1782

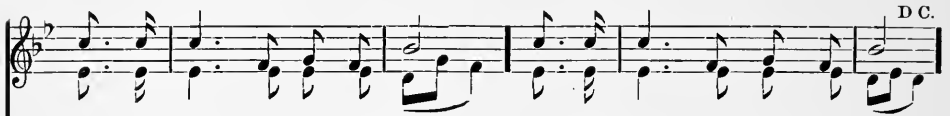
Trial and Conflict

346 PILOT 7s. 61.

J. E. Gould, 1871



1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
D.C.—Chart and com-pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me. A - men.



Un-known waves be fore me roll,.... Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;



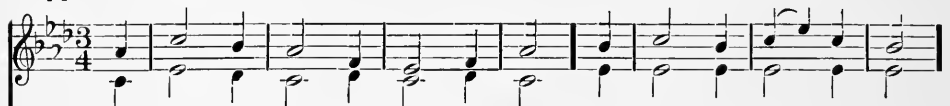
2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar,
"Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

E. Hopper, 1871

347 BALERMA C. M.

R. Simpson, 1833



1. O THOU, from whom all good - ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;



In all my sor - rows, conflicts, woes, Good Lord, re - mem-ber me. A - men.



Trial and Conflict

348 SELVIN S. M.

Arr. by L. Mason

1. If through un - ruf - fled seas, Tow'rd heav'n we calm - ly sail,

With grate-ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fa - v'ring gale;

With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fa - v'ring gale. A - men.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to Thy control;

Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

A. M. Toplady, 1772

(BALERMA) C. M.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon speak, new peace-impart;
Good Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day;
Good Lord, remember me.

4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me.

5 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.

T. Haweis and T. Cotterill, 1792 Ab.

Trial and Conflict

349 ST. PETERSBURG L. M. 61.

D. S. Bortniansky

1. WHEN gath'ring clouds a - round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few,

On Him I lean, who not in vain Ex - perien'c'd ev - 'ry hu - man pain;

He sees my wants, al - lays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears. A - men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.</p> | <p>4 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.</p> |
| <p>3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe,—
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.</p> | <p>5 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,—
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.</p> |
- 6 And oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last;
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Trial and Conflict

350 WAVERTREE L. M. 61.

W. Shore, 1840

1. { SUR-ROUND-ED by un - numbered foes, A-against my soul the bat - tle goes! }
 Yet though I wea - ry, sore dis-trest, I know that I shall reach my rest; }

I lift my tear-ful eyes a - bove,—His ban-ner o - ver me is love! A - men.

2 Its sword my spirit will not yield,
 Though flesh may faint upon the field;
 He waves before my fading sight
 The branch of palm, the crown of light;
 I lift my brightening eyes above,—
 His banner over me is love!

3 My cloud of battle-dust may dim,
 His veil of splendor curtain Him,
 And in the midnight of my fear
 I may not feel Him standing near;
 But, as I lift mine eyes above,
 His banner over me is love!

G. Massey, 1869

351 LEAD ME ON 7, 7, 7, 6

C. C. Converse

1. TRAV'LING to the bet - ter land, O'er the des - ert's scorching sand,

Fa - ther! let me grasp Thy hand; Lead me on, lead me on! A - men.

2 When at Marah, parched with heat,
 I the sparkling fountain greet,
 Make the bitter water sweet;
 Lead me on, lead me on!

3 Through the water, through the fire,
 Never let me fall or tire,
 Every step brings Canaan nigher:
 Lead me on, lead me on!

4 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
 Never let me fear or shrink;
 Hold me, Father, lest I sink:
 Lead me on, lead me on!

5 When the victory is won,
 And eternal life begun,
 Up to glory lead me on!
 Lead me on, lead me on!

Anon., 1876

Trial and Conflict

352 PENITENCE 6s, 5s. 81.

S. Lane, 1878

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de -

ni - al I de - part from Thee; When Thou sees't me wav - er, With a

look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. A - men.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;

Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

J. Montgomery, 1834 Alt. Mrs. Hutton and G. Thring

Trial and Conflict

353 EIRENE IIS, IOS.

F. R. Havergal, 1871

1. COME un - to Me, when shad - ows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad

heart is wea - ry and dis - tressed, Seek - ing for com - fort from your heavenly

Fa - ther, Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest. A - men.

2 Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned,

3 Large are the mansions in Thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed:
Come unto Me all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!

C. H. Esling, 1839

354 ARMAGEDDON 6s. 5s. 12 l.

Arr. J. Goss, 1871

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers

Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?

Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,

By Thy grace Di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine, A - men.

2 Fierce may be the conflict,
 Strong may be the foe,
 But the King's own army
 None can overthrow:
 Round His truth unchanging,
 Victory is secure;
 For His standard ranging,
 Makes the triumph sure.
 Joyfully enlisting
 By Thy grace Divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Chosen to be soldiers
 In an alien land,
 Chosen, called, and faithful,
 For our Captain's band;
 In the service royal
 Let us not grow cold;
 Let us be right loyal,
 Noble, true, and bold.
 Master, Thou wilt keep us,
 By Thy grace Divine,
 Always on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, always Thine.

F. R. Havergal, 1877

355 ALL SAINTS, No. 2 C. M. 81.

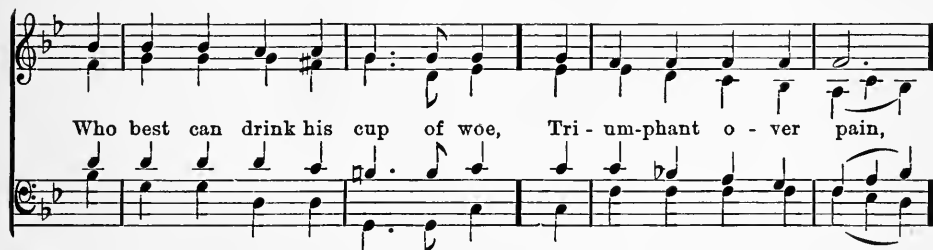
H. S. Cutler, 1872



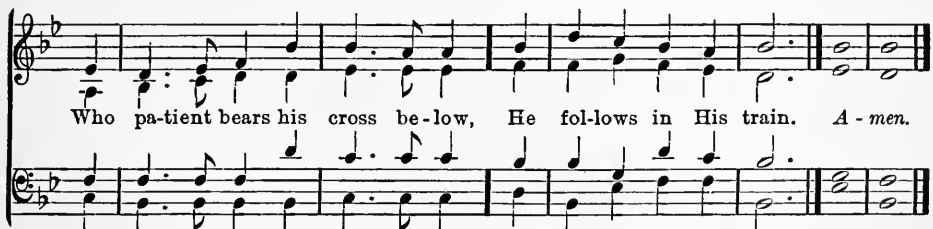
1. THE Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain,



Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train. A - men.

2 That martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave;
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on Him to save;
 Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
 Who follows in His train?

3 A noble band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came,
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
 knew
 And mocked the torch of flame;

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane,
 They bowed their necks the stroke to
 feel:

Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the throne of God rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed.
 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
 Through peril, toil, and pain;
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train.

R. Heber, 1827

356

WEBB 7s, 6s. 81.

G. J. Webb, 1830



1. STAND up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;



Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,



Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A - men.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day.
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:

Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

Hymns of Service

357 MARION S. M. With Refrain

A. H. Messiter, 1883

1. RE - JOICE, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks and sing;

Your fes - tal ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King,

Refrain.

Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing. A - men.

Re - joice, re - joice,

2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free, exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

3 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.

4 Your clear hosannas raise,
And alleluias loud ;
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

5 With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

6 Yes on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as we go ;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

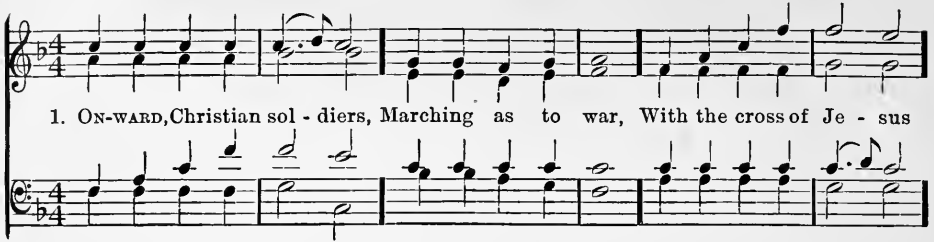
7 Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

8 At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

E. H. Plumtre, 1865 *Ab.*

358 ST. GERTRUDE 6s, 5s. 81. With Refrain

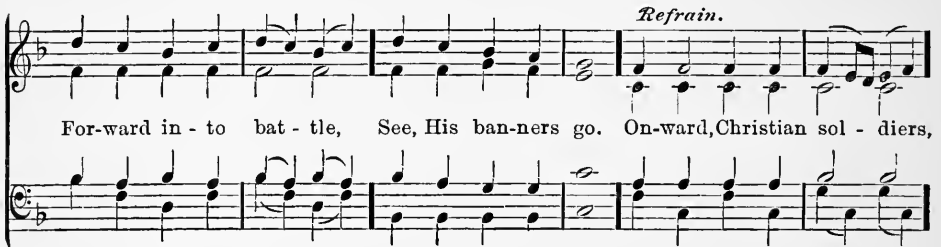
Arthur Sullivan, 1871



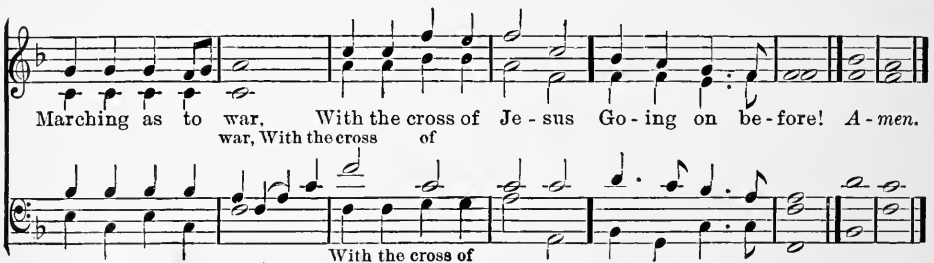
1. ON-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus



Go - ing on be - fore! Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;



Refrain.
For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go. On - ward, Christian sol - diers,



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! A - men.
war, With the cross of

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!
Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

Thymns of Service

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

S. Baring-Gould, 1865

359 ROCKINGHAM (OLD) L. M.

E. Miller, 1790

1. LORD, speak to mè, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone;

As Thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy err - ing chil - dren lost and won. A - men.

2 Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

5 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

3 Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

6 Oh, fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

4 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

7 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

F. R. Havergal, 1872

Hymns of Service

360 ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. William's Coll., 1762

1. A CHARGE to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, A
nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky. A - men.

- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,

- And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!
4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

C. Wesley, 1762

361 NEWLAND S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1858

1. Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand; To
doubt and fear give thou no heed; Broad-cast it o'er the land. A - men.

- 2 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,

- Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.
4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And Heaven cry, "Harvest Home."

362 MAITLAND C. M.

G. N. Allen, 1849

1. MUST Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me. A - men.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

T. Shepherd, 1692 Alt.

363 PENKIVELL 6s, 5s.

H. G. Trembath (1845—)

1. CHRIS - TIAN, work for Je - sus, Who on earth for thee...
La - bored, wea - ried, suf - fered, Died up - on the tree. A - men.

2 Work with lips so fervid
That thy words may prove
Thou hast brought a message
From the God of love.

3 Work with heart that burneth,
Humbly at His feet,
Priceless gems to offer,
For His crown made meet.

4 Work with prayer unceasing,
Borne on faith's strong wing,
Earnestly beseeching
Trophies for the King.

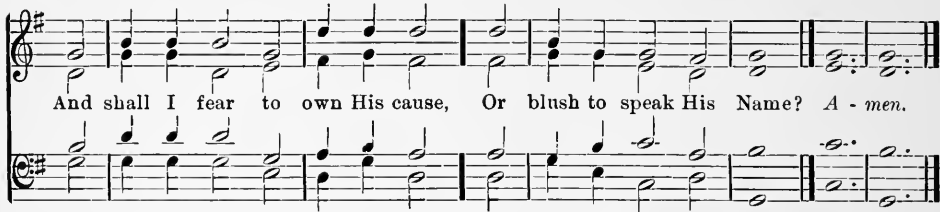
5 Work while strength endureth,
Until death draw near;
Then thy Lord's sweet welcome
Thou in heaven shalt hear.

364 MARLOW C. M

J. Chetham, 1718



1. AM I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb?



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His Name? A-men.

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;

- I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.


I. Watts, 1724

365 LONDON (NEW) C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1635



1. I'M not a-shamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend His cause,



Maintain the hon-or of His word, The glo-ry of His cross. A-men.

- 2 Jesus, my God! I know His name;
His name is all my trust:
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure,

- What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

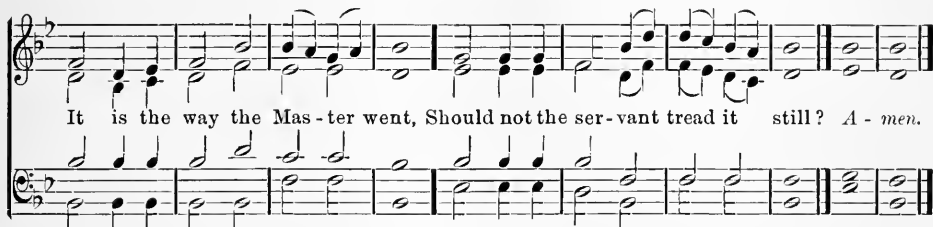
Isaac Watts, 1709

366 ERNAN L. M.

L. Mason, 1850



1. Go, la-bor on; spend and be spent,—Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;



It is the way the Mas-ter went, Should not the ser-vant tread it still? A-men.

2 Go, labor on; 't is not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises: what are men?

3 Go, labor on, while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on.
Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.

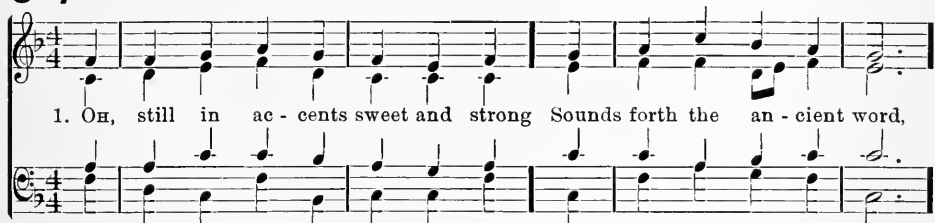
4 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

H. Bonar, 1843

367 ST. ETHELDREDA C. M.

T. Turton (1780—1864)



1. Oh, still in ac-cents sweet and strong Sounds forth the an-cient word,



"More reap-ers for white har-vest fields, More laborers for the Lord." A-men.

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath His sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,

We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

4 O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred,
To do Thy will we come;
Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

Hymns of Service

368

MARCH TO VICTORY P. M. Irregular

J. Barnby, 1869

S:

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His

lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His

FINE. Last verse only.

holy arm spread o'er us. o'er us. *Amen.*

- 1. We come in the might of the Lord of light,
- 2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high,
- 3. And the choir of an - gels with song a - waits
- 4. Then on - ward we march, our arms to prove,

His arm

With ar - mor bright to meet Him; And we put to flight the ar - mies of night,
Our hel - met is His sal - va - tion, Our ban - ner, the cross of Cal - va - ry,
Our march to the gold - en Zi - on; For our Cap - tain has brok - en the bra - zen gates,
With the banner of Christ before us, With His eye of love look - ing down from a - bove,

D.S.

That the sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him.
Our watch - word, the In - car - na - tion, Our watch - word, the Incar - na - tion. } We
And burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron.
And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

369

WATCHWORD (Forward) 6s, 5s. 121.

H. Smart, 1872

Part I. 1. FORWARD! be our watchword, Steps and voic-es joined; Seek the things be-fore us,

Not a look be-hind. Burns the fi-ery pil-lar At our ar-my's head;

Who shall dream of shrink-ing, By our Cap-tain led? For-ward thro' the des-ert,

Thro' the toil and fight! Jor-dan flows be-fore us; Zi-on beams with light. A-men.

- 2 Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind:
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face.
Forward, all the life-time,
Climb from height to height,
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.
- 3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth.
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;

- Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward, through the darkness
Forward, into light!
- 4 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these have uttered
Thought or speech a word.
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

370 CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. fr. R. Schumann, 1839

1. FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly la - bor to pur - sue,

Thee, on - ly Thee, re - solved to know In all I think, or speak, or do. A - men.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
Oh let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day:

5 For Thee delightfully employ [given,
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

C. Wesley, 1749 *Alt.* V. 2, l. 4

371 ST. HUGH C. M.

E. J. Hopkins, 1862

1. THRO' Him, Who all our sick - ness felt, Who all our sor - rows bare,

THRO' Him, in Whom Thy full-ness dwelt, We lift to Thee our pray'r. A - men.

2 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's burdens bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
To soothe another's care.

3 Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove;

Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

4 Complete at length Thy work of grace,
And take us to Thy rest,
Among the saints who see Thy face
To be forever blest.

Hymns of Service

372 HUMMEL C. M.

C. Zeuner, 1832

1. Oh, for a thou - sand tongues to sing My dear Re-deemer's praise,

The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace. A - men.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

C. Wesley, 1739

373 CHRISTMAS C. M.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1728

1. A - WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heav'nly

race demands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown. A - men.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;

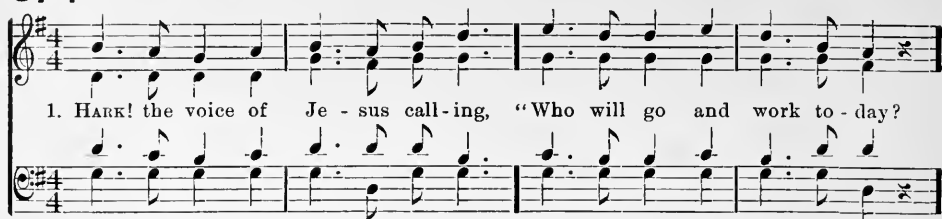
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

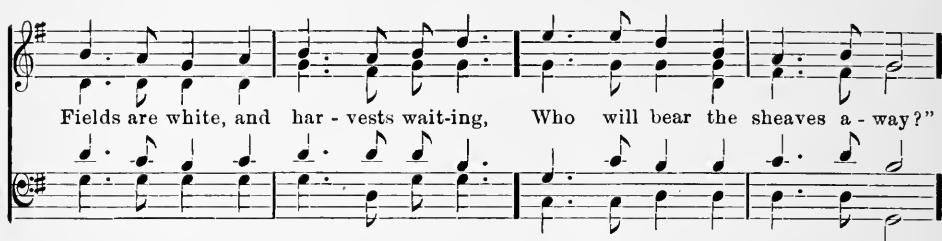
P. Doddridge, 1755

Hymns of Service

374 MISSION SONG 8s, 7s. 8l. Har. by H. P. Main 1869 for P. P. Van Arsdale



1. HARK! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?



Fields are white, and har - vests wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"



Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers thee;



Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me." A - men.

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth—
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

D. March, 1868

375 ELLSWORTH L. M.

J. Barnby (1838—1896)

1. It may not be our lot to wield The sickles in the ripened field;

Nor ours to hear, on summer eves, The reaper's song a-mong the sheaves. A-men.

2 Yet ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

3 And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,

Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

4 But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait, in heaven, their harvest day!

J. G. Whittier

376 DUKE STREET L. M.

J. Hatton (—1793), c. 1790

1. So LET our lips and lives ex - press The ho - ly gos - pel we pro - fess;

So let our work and vir - tues shine, To prove the doc - trine all di - vine. A-men.

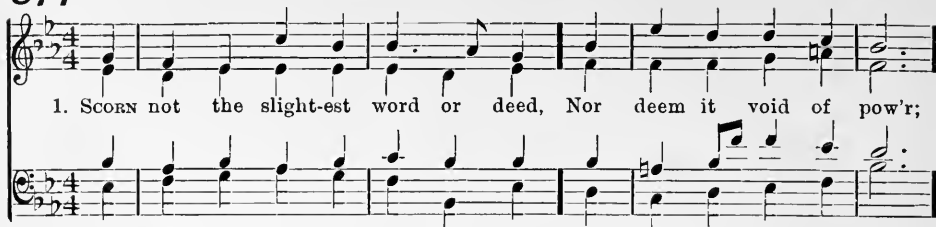
2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on His word.

I. Watts, 1709

377 ST. GILES, FARNBORO C. M.

E. W. Naylor, 1894



1. SCORN not the slight-est word or deed, Nor deem it void of pow'r;



There's fruit in each wind-waft-ed seed, That waits its na-tal hour. A-men.

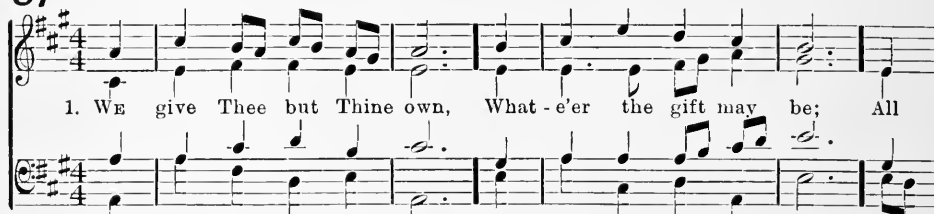
- 2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.
- 3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,

- Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.
- 4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

ANON., 1845

378 CAMBRIDGE S. M.

R. Harrison, 1784



1. WE give Thee but Thine own, What-e'er the gift may be; All



that we have is Thine a-lone. A trust, O Lord, from Thee. A-men.

- 2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blestest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.
- 3 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.
- 4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,

- To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.
- 5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.
- 6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

R. P. Stewart (1825—1894)

1. LORD, lead the way the Sav - iour went, By lane and cell ob - scure,

And let love's treasures still be spent, Like His, up - on the poor. A - men.

2 Like Him through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For Thou hast placed us side by side,
In this wide world of ill,

And, that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make,
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

Wm. Crosswell, 1831

D. E. Jones, 1847

1. HE that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing pre - cious seed in love,

Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, Findeth mer - cy from a - bove. A - men.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary;
Let no fears thy soul annoy;

Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

T. Hastings (1784—1872)

Hymns of Service

381 HUMILITY L. M.

S. P. Tuckerman, 1848

1. LORD! from far-sev-ered climes we come To meet at last in Thee, our Home.

Thou who hast been our guide and guard Be still our hope, our rich re-ward. A-men.

- 2 Defend us, Lord, from every ill.
Strengthen our hearts to do Thy will.
In all we plan and all we do
Still keep us to Thy service true.
- 3 O let us hear the inspiring word
Which they of old at Horeb heard;
Breathe to our hearts the high command,
"Go onward and possess the land!"
- 4 Thou who art Light, shine on each soul!
Thou who art Truth, each mind control!
Open our eyes and make us see
The path which leads to heaven and Thee!

John Hay

382 ST. PIRAN 7s, 5s.

E. J. Hopkins (1818—1901)

1. THINE are all the gifts, O God, Thine the bro-ken bread;

Let the nak-ed feet be shod, And the starv-ing fed. A-men.

383 AUSTRIA 8s, 7s. 8l.

F. J. Haydn, 1797

1. { WE are liv - ing, we are dwell - ing, In a grand and aw - ful time, }
 { In an age of a - ges tell - ing; To be liv - ing is sub - lime. }

Hark, the wak - ing up of na - tions, Gog and Ma - gog to the fray:

Hark, what soundeth? is cre - a - tion Groaning for its lat - ter day? A - men.

2 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding,
 Thou hast but an hour to fight;
 Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
 On, right onward, for the right!

3 On! let all the soul within you
 For the truth's sake go abroad.
 Strike, let every nerve and sinew
 Tell on ages, tell for God.

A. C. Cox, 1840

(ST. PIRAN) 7s, 5s.

2 Let Thy children, by Thy grace,
 Give as they abound,
 Till the poor have breathing-space,
 And the lost are found.

3 Wiser than the miser's hoards
 Is the giver's choice;

Sweeter than the song of birds
 Is the thankful voice.

4 Welcome smiles on faces sad,
 As the flowers of spring;
 Let the tender hearts be glad
 With the joy they bring.

J. G. Whittier, 1878

384 RUTH 6s, 5s. 8l.

S. Smith (1821- —), 1870

1. On our way re-joic-ing, As we home-ward move,
 Heark-en to our prais-es, O Thou God of love!
 Is there grief or sad-ness, Firm our trust shall be;
 Is our sky be-cloud-ed, Light shall come from Thee. A-men.

2 If with honest-hearted
 Love for God and man,
 Day by day Thou find us
 Doing what we can;
 Thou who giv'st the seed-time
 Wilt give large increase.
 Crown the head with blessings,
 Fill the heart with peace.

3 On our way rejoicing
 Gladly let us go;
 Conquered hath our Leader,
 Vanquished is our foe!

Christ without, our safety;
 Christ within, our joy;
 Who, if we be faithful,
 Can our hope destroy?

4 Unto God the Father
 Joyful songs we sing;
 Unto God the Saviour
 Thankful hearts we bring;
 Unto God the Spirit
 Bow we and adore,
 On our way rejoicing
 Now and evermore!

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863

385 ST. RAPHAEL 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

E. J. Hopkins (1818—1901)



1. In the vine-yard of the Fa - ther Dai - ly work we find to do;



Scattered fruit our hands may gath - er, Though we are but weak and few;



Lit - tle clus - ters Help to fill the bas - ket too. A - men.



2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning,
So we work, and watch, and pray;
Gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way:

4 Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till sin's dominion falling,
Christ shall in His kingdom come,
And His children
Reach their everlasting home.

3 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessed story
Of the gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

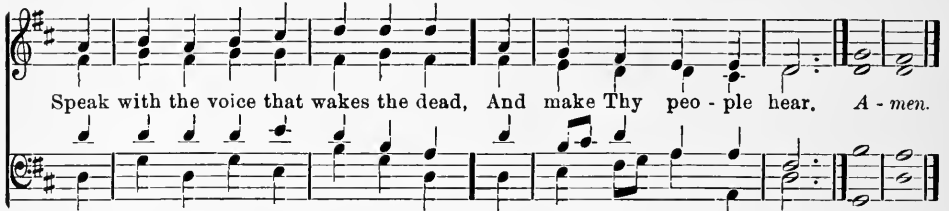
5 Steadfast, then, in each endeavor,
Heavenly Father, may we be;
And for ever, and for ever,
We will give the praise to Thee;
Alleluia!
Singing, all eternity.

Thomas McKellar, 1845

Hymns of Service

386 SWABIA S. M.

German Arr. W. H. Havergal, 1849



- 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smoldering embers now
By Thine almighty breath.
- 3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the bread of life,
Oh, may our spirits be!

- 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious Name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.
- 5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

A. Midlane, 1858

387 ST. MICHAEL S. M.

The Geneva Psalter, 1543 (L. Bourgeois)



- 2 While many crowd Thy house,
How few, around Thy board,
Meet to recount their solemn vows,
And bless Thee as their Lord!
- 3 Thou, Thou alone canst give
Thy gospel sure success;

- Canst bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.
- 4 Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love!
Then shall this people all be Thine,
This church like that above.

G. W. Bethune (1805-1862)

Hymns of Service

388 WORK SONG 7, 6, 7, 5 81.

L. Mason, 1864

1. WORK for the night is com - ing; Work thro' the morn - ing hours;

Work while the dew is spark - ling; Work 'mid spring - ing flowers;

Work while the day grows bright - er, Un - der the glow - ing sun;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done. A - men.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon :
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies ;
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more ;
Work, while night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

A. L. Coghill, c. 1860 *All.*

hymns of Service

389 ALMSGIVING 8, 8, 8, 4

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. O LORD of heav'n and earth and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry be;

How shall we show our love to Thee, Who giv - est all? A - men.

2 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

4 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousand-fold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee
Who givest all.

3 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have, as treasure without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

5 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all!

C. Wordsworth, 1872

390 ALEXANDRIA C. M.

W. Arnold, 1791

1. LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be for - giv'n,

So let Thy life our pat - tern be, And form our souls for heav'n. A - men.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
Father, Thy will be done!

3 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,

4 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

J. H. Gurney, 1838 4b.

391 SAWLEY C. M.

James Walch, 1860

1. FOUNTAIN of good, to own Thy love Our thank-ful hearts in - cline;
What can we ren - der, Lord, to Thee, When all the worlds are Thine? A - men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before the Father's face.</p> <p>3 In each sad accent of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited, and cheered.</p> | <p>4 Help us then, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
And joy to do Thy will;
Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfil.</p> <p>5 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see;
And while we minister to them,
Would do it as to Thee.</p> |
|--|---|

P. Doddridge, 1755 E. Osler, 1836

392 LAST HOPE 7s.

L. M. Gottschalk, 1854 Ad. by H. P. Main, 1865

1. LORD, as we Thy name pro - fess, May our hearts Thy love con - fess;
And in all our praise of Thee, May our lips and lives a - gree. A - men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Make us resolute to do
What Thou showest to be true;
Make us hate and shun the ill,
Loyal to Thy holy will.</p> <p>3 May Thy yoke be meekly worn,
May Thy cross be bravely borne;</p> | <p>Make us patient, gentle, kind,
Pure in life and heart and mind.</p> <p>4 Gracious Saviour, heavenly Friend,
On Thy grace our souls depend;
Let that grace our needs supply
While we live and when we die.</p> |
|--|--|

Missions—Home

393 REGENT SQUARE 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

H. Smart, 1867

1. SAINTS of God! the dawn is bright'ning, Tok-en of our coming Lord; O'er the earth the

field is whit'ning; Loud-er rings the Master's word: Pray for reapers, pray for reapers

In the har-vest of the Lord! A-men. 3 Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo! they wait for Thy salvation;
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come;
By Thy Spirit
Bring Thy ransomed people home.

2 Now, O Lord, fulfil Thy pleasure,
Breathe upon Thy chosen band,
And, with Pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land;
Faithful reapers
Gathering sheaves for Thy right hand.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come;
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal Harvest-Home.
Saints and angels
Shout the world's great Harvest-Home.

Mrs. Mary Hamlin Maxwell, 1849

394 ELMHURST 8, 8, 8, 6

E. D. Drewett, 1887

1. SEND Thou, O Lord, to ev-ery place Swift mes-sen-gers be-fore Thy face,

The her-aids of Thy wondrous grace, Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come. A-men.

Missions—Home

395 ROBERTS (Farmer) 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. Farmer (1836—)

1. OUR country's voice is plead-ing, Ye men of God, a - rise! His pro-vi-dence is
lead - ing, The land be-fore you lies; Day-gleams are o'er it bright'ning, And promise
clothes the soil; White fields, for harvest whit'ning, In - vite the reaper's toil. A - men.

2 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, His cross beholding,
In Him are fully blest.

Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy scepter shall obey.

Mrs. Maria F. Anderson, 1848

(ELMHURST) 8, 8, 8, 6

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Send men whose eyes have seen the King,
Men in whose ears His sweet words ring;
Send such Thy lost ones home to bring;
Send them where Thou wilt come.</p> <p>3 To bring good news to souls in sin;
The bruised and broken hearts to win;
In every place to bring them in;
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.</p> | <p>4 Thou who hast died, Thy victory claim;
Assert, O Christ, Thy glory's name,
And far to lands of pagan shame,
Send men where Thou wilt come.</p> <p>5 Gird each one with the Spirit's sword,
The sword of Thine own deathless word;
And make them conquerors, conquering
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come. [Lord,</p> <p>6 Raise up, O Lord the Holy Ghost,
From this broad land a mighty host,
Their war-cry, "We will seek the lost,
Where Thou, O Christ, wilt come!"</p> |
|---|---|

Mrs. Merrill E. Gates, 1889

Missions—Home

396 CONQUEROR 8s, 7s. 8l.

H. F. Hemy (1818—)

1. GOOD-LY were thy tents, O Is - rael, Spread a - long the riv - er's side,

Bright thy star which rose pro-phet - ic, Her - ald of do - min - ion wide;

Fair - er are the homes of free - men, Scattered o'er our broad do - main;

Bright-er is our ris - ing day-star, Ushering in a pur - er reign. A - men.

2 Welcome to the glorious freedom,
Which our fathers hither brought;
Welcome to the priceless treasure,
Which with constant faith they sought,—
See, from every nation gathering,
Swarming myriads through our coasts,
Hear, with steady steps advancing,
Ceaseless tread of countless hosts.

3 God of nations! our Preserver,
Hear our prayers, our counsels bless;
Lift o'er all Thy radiant banner,
On these souls Thy love impress;
From Thy throne of boundless blessing,
O'er our land Thy Spirit pour;
In the grandeur of Thine empire,
Reign supreme from shore to shore!

Samuel Wolcott (1813—1886)

Missions—Thorne

397 HOLBORN HILL L. M.

St. Alban's Tune-Book

1. Look from Thy sphere of end - less day, O God of mer - cy and of might;
In pit - y look on those who stray Be-night-ed, in this land of light. A - men.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee.

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the harden'd old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

W. C. Bryant, 1859

398 DEDHAM C. M.

W. Gardiner, 1830

1. Lord! while for all man-kind we pray, Of ev - ry clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our na - tive land, The land we love the most. A - men.

2 Oh, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee:
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

John R. Wreford (1800—1881)

Missions—Foreign

399 WESLEY 115, 105.

L. Mason, 1830

1. HAIL to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing, Joy to the
lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hush'd be the ac - cents of sor - row and
mourn-ing, Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign. A - men.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

T. Hastings, 1832

400 (MISSIONARY HYMN) 7s, 6s. 81.

1 Now be the Gospel banner
In every land unfurled,
And be the shout, hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings.
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and valleys, greeting,
The song responsive raise.

T. Hastings (1784—1872)

Missions—Foreign

401 MISSIONARY HYMN 7s, 6s. 81.

L. Mason, 1823



1. From Greenland's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's co - ral strand,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand;



From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A - men.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

Missions—Foreign

402 MOSCOW 108.

A. F. Lwoff, 1833

1. Rise, crown'd with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise; Ex - alt thy

tow-ring head and lift thine eyes; See heav'n its spark - ling por - tals wide dis -

play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day. A-men.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn :
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains ;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

A. Pope, 1720

Missions—Foreign

403 WATCHMAN 7s. 8l.

L. Mason, 1830

1. WATCHMAN, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are,

Trav - 'ler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry - beam - ing star.

Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope fore - tell?

Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el. A - men.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

J. Bowring, 1825

Missions—Foreign

404 WEBB 7s, 6s. 81.

G. J. Webb, 1830

1. THE morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;

The sons of earth are wak - ing, To pen - i - ten - tial tears;

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far

Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war. A - men.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

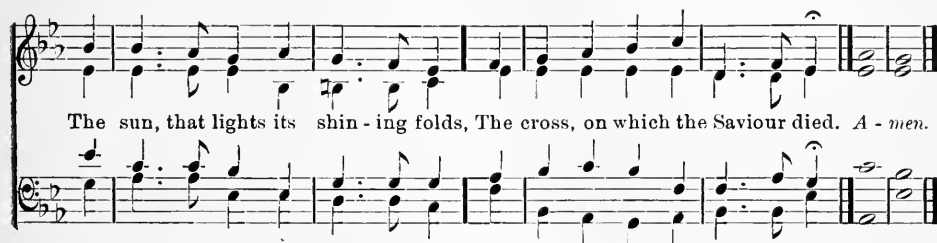
3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord is come!"

S. F. Smith, 1832

Missions—Foreign

405 WALTHAM L. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1872



2 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

3 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

4 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

5 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

G. W. Doane, 1848

406 (WEBB) 7s, 6s. 8l.

1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:

Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The heavenly dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.

5 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
His great, best name of Love!

J. Montgomery, 1821

Missions—Foreign

407 LUDWIGSBURG 8s, 7s. 8l.

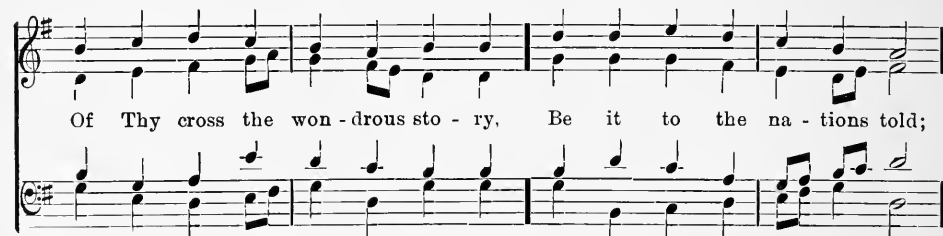
L. Bourgeois, 1556



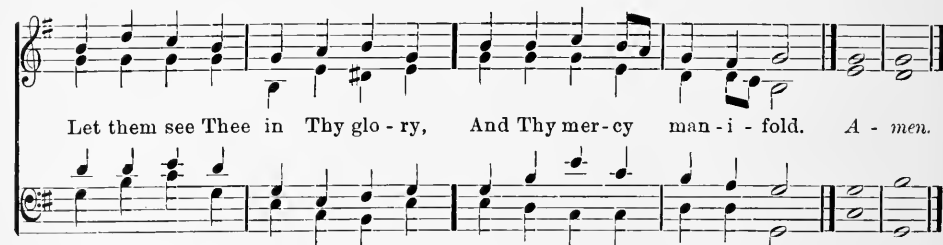
1. SAV - IOUR, sprin - kle ma - ny na - tions; Fruit - ful let Thy sor - row be;



By Thy pains and con - so - la - tions, Draw the Gen - tiles un - to Thee.



Of Thy cross the won - drous sto - ry, Be it to the na - tions told;



Let them see Thee in Thy glo - ry, And Thy mer - cy man - i - fold. A - men.

2 Far and wide, though all unknow-
ing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest,
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain;
Thee, they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the
sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light.
Give the word! and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

Missions—Foreign

408 ZION 8 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

T. Hastings, 1830

1. On the mountain's top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands,

Wel - come news to Zi - on bear - ing, Zi - on long in hos - tile lands:

Mourn - ing cap - tive, God Him - self will loose thy bands,

Mourn - ing cap - tive, God Him - self will loose thy bands. A - men.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;

Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blessed;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest!

T. Kelly, 1806

Missions—Foreign

409 ST. MICHAEL S. M.

The Geneva Psalter, 1543 (L. Bourgeois)

1. How beau-teous are their feet, Who stand on Zi-on's hill;

Who bring sal-va-tion on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal! A-men.

- 2 How charming is their voice;
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light;

- Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

I. Watts, 1707

410 WALMSLEY C. M.

H. Walmsley Little

1. THE Lord will come and not be slow, His foot-steps can-not err;

Be-fore Him right-eous-ness shall go, His roy-al har-bin-ger. A-men.

- 2 Mercy and truth that long were missed,
Now joyfully are met; [kissed,
Sweet peace and righteousness have
And hand in hand are set.
- 3 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

Missions—Foreign

411 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

C. H. Zeuner, 1832

1. YE Christian her-alds, go pro-claim Sal - va - tion thro' Em - man - uel's name;

To dis-tant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Sha-ron there. A - men.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

B. H. Draper, 1803

412 WARRINGTON L. M.

R. Harrison (1748—1810)

1. JE - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour-neys run;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A - men.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

3 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

I. Watts, 1719

Missions—Foreign

413 HEREFORD C. M. 81.

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)

1. LIFT up your heads, ye gates of brass, Ye bars of i - ron yield,

And let the King of Glo - ry pass; The cross is in the field;

That ban - ner, bright-er than the star That leads the train of night,

Shines on their march, and guides from far, His ser - vants to the fight. A-men.

- 2 A holy war those servants wage;
 Mysteriously at strife,
 The powers of heaven and hell engage
 For more than death or life.
 Ye armies of the living God,
 His sacramental host,
 Where hallowed footsteps never trod
 Take your appointed post:
- 3 Tho' few and small and weak your bands,
 Strong in your Captain's strength
 Go to the conquest of all lands;
 All must be His at length.

- Those spoils at His victorious feet
 You shall rejoice to lay,
 And lay yourselves, as trophies meet,
 In His great judgment-day.
- 4 Then fear not, faint not, halt not now;
 In Jesus' Name be strong;
 To Him shall all the nations bow,
 And sing with you this song:
 "Uplifted are the gates of brass,
 The bars of iron yield;
 Behold the King of Glory pass;
 The cross hath won the field."

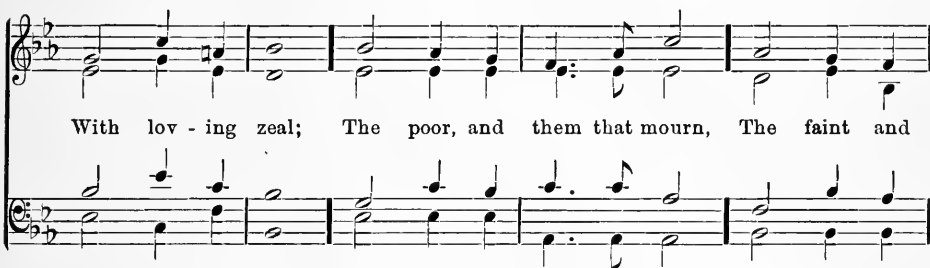
Missions—Foreign

414 CUTTING 6s, 4s.

W. F. Sherwin (1826—1887)



1. CHRIST for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring,



With lov - ing zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and



o - ver-borne, Sin - sick and sor - row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal. *A - men.*

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

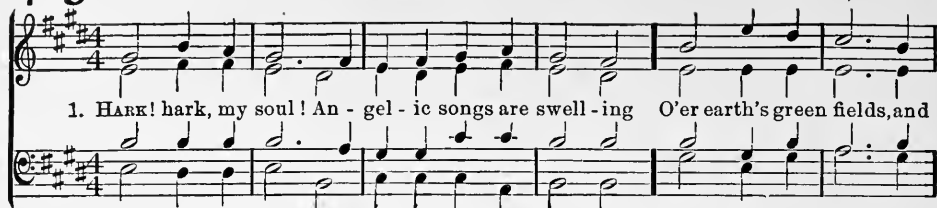
4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

S. Wolcott (1813—1886)

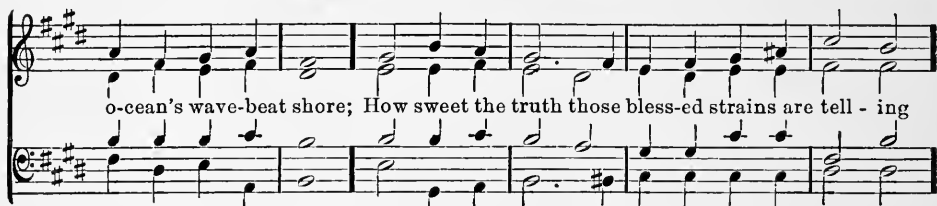
Hymns of Hope

415 PILGRIMS IIS, IOS. With Refrain

H. Smart, 1868



1. HARK! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and



o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing



Refrain.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,



An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night! A - men.

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.—*Ref.*
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—*Ref.*
- 4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—*Ref.*
- 5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—*Ref.*

Hymns of Hope

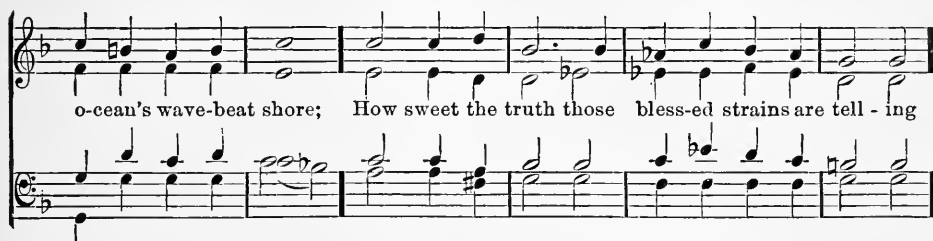
(Second Tune)

VOX ANGELICA 11s, 10s. With Refrain

J. B. Dykes, 1868



1. HARK! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and



o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing



Refrain.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,



cres. 3 An - gels of light, *f* 3 Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night! Sing -



cres. - ing *rall.* Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims, the pil - grims of the night! A - men.

416 O QUANTA IOS.

Ancient

1. Oh, what the joy and the glo - ry must be, ... Those end-less
 Sab - baths the bless - ed ones see! Crown for the val - iant, to
 wea - ry ones rest; God shall be all, and in all ev - er blest. A-men.

- 2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
 What are the peace and the joy that they own?
 Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
 All that they feel could as fully declare!
- 3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
 Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;
 Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
 Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.
- 4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
 We the sweet anthems of Zion shall sing;
 While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
 Thy blessèd people eternally raise,
- 5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
 Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
 One and unending is that triumph-song
 Which to the angels and us shall belong.
- 6 Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
 We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
 Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
 Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.
- 7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
 Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
 Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;
 Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One.

417 ALFORD 7, 6, 8, 6 81.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. TEN thou - sand times ten thou - sand In spark - ling rai - ment bright,

The ar - mies of the ran -omed saints Throng up the steeps of light:

'Tis fin - ished! all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin:...

Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in. A - men.

- 2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
Oh, day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
Oh, joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!
- 3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!

- Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.
- 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power, and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home:
Show in the heav'ns Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

418 HOMELAND 7s, 6s. 81.

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. THE Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of souls free-born!

No gloom-y night is known there, But aye the fade-less morn:

I'm sigh-ing for that Coun-try, My heart is ach-ing here;

There is no pain in the Homeland, To which I'm drawing near. A - men.

2 My Lord is in the Homeland,
 With angels bright and fair;
 No sinful thing nor evil,
 Can ever enter there;
 The music of the ransomed
 Is ringing in my ears,
 And when I think of the Homeland,
 My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the Homeland
 Are waiting me to come
 Where neither death nor sorrow
 Invade their holy home:
 O dear, dear native Country!
 O rest and peace above!
 Christ bring us all to the Homeland
 Of His eternal love.

H. R. Haweis, 1872

419 PARADISE, No. 1 8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6

J. Barnby, 1866

1. O PAR - A - DISE, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;

Where loy - al hearts and true,
Where loy - - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

All rap - ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? A-men.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth

As on Thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above,
Where loyal hearts, etc.

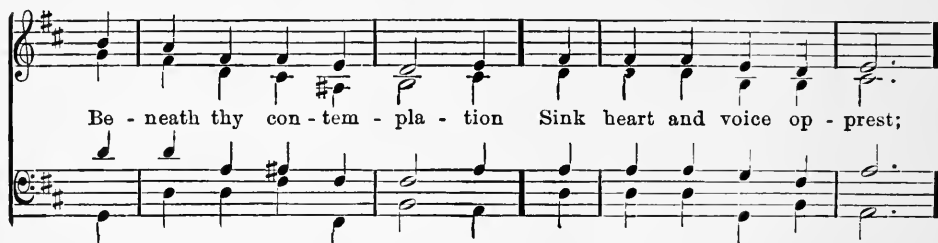
F. W. Faber, 1862. H. A. & M., 1863

420 EWING 7s, 6s. 8l.

A. Ewing, 1853



Part IV.1. JE - RU - SA - LEM the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,



Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest;



I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there;



What ra - dian-cy of glo - ry! What bliss be-yond com-pare! A - men.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All-jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,—
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;

And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Hymns of Hope

(EWING)

Additional verses from *HORA NOVISSIMA* (Neale's translation), often sung, and generally to EWING

Part I.

- 1 THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;—
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
- 2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.
- 3 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest!
Strive, man, to win that glory,
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

Part II.

- 1 BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!
- 2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
And He Whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him,
Shall have Him for their own.
- 3 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope;
But there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow.

Part III.

- 1 FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
- 2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And smiles have no alloy;
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart,
And none, O Peace, O Sion,
Can sing thee as thou art.
- 3 The cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
The ransomed people raise:
Upon the Rock of Ages
They build thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

Part V.

- 1 JERUSALEM the glorious!
The glory of th' elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect:
E'en now by faith I see thee,
E'en here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.
- 2 Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
- 3 I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, yes!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be and thou art!

421 MATERNA C. M. 81.

S. A. Ward, 1882

Copyright, 1882, by S. A. Ward

1. O MOTH-ER dear, Je - ru - sa-lem! When shall I come to thee?

When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?....

O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!....

In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil. A - men.

2 No murky cloud o'er shadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God Himself gives light,
O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?

3 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant
As nowhere else are seen. [flowers]

Right through thy streets, with silver
The living waters flow, [sound,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

4 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

D. Dickson (1583-1663)
(Founded on "F. B. P." MSS., 16th or 17th Cent.)

422 FELIX (Raynolds) 11s, 10s.

F. Mendelssohn (1809—1847)

1. WE would see Je - sus; for the shad - ows length-en A - cross this

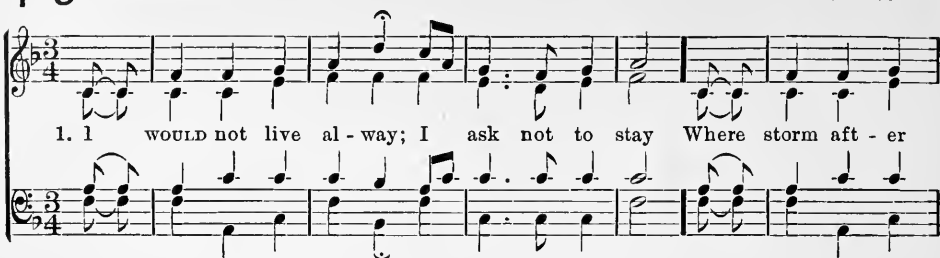
lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to

strength-en, For the last wea - ri - ness, the fi - nal strife. A - men.

- 2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace:
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.
- 3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing;
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
- 4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.
- 5 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.
- 6 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

423 FREDERICK IIS.

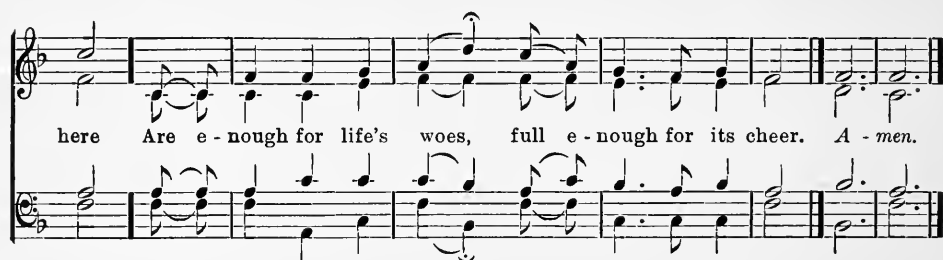
G. Kingsley, 1833



1. I would not live al- way; I ask not to stay Where storm aft- er



storm ris-es dark o'er the way: The few lu- rid mornings that dawn on us



here Are e- nough for life's woes, full e- nough for its cheer. A- men.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God?
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

W. A. Muhlenberg, 1896

Hymns of Hope

424 RUTHERFORD 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 5

Chrétien D'Urhan, 1834
Har. E. F. Rimbault, 1867

1. THE sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of Heav - en breaks,

The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.

Oh! dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land. A - men.

2 Oh, Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams of earth I've tasted;
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted with His love:

I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace;
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Emmanuel's land.

425 SARUM 10, 10, 10 With Alleluia

J. Barnby, 1869

1. For all the saints who from their labors rest, Who Thee by
faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy name, O Je - sus,
be for - ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

- 2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their light of light. Alleluia!
- 3 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold. Alleluia!
- 4 Oh, blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!
- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!
- 7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia!
- 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Alleluia!

Hymns of Hope

426 ELVET C. M.

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. THERE is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;
In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain. A - men.

2 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

3 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

4 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumined eyes:

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

I. Watts, 1707

427 BRADFIELD C. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1872

1. LET saints on earth in con - cert sing With those to glo - ry gone;
For all the ser - vants of our King In earth and heav'n are one. A - men.

2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;

Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven.

428 DOLCE DOMUM S. M.

R. S. Ambrose, 1876

1. ONE sweet-ly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;

Near-er, my home, to-day, am I Than e'er I've been be-fore. A-men.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer to-day the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross,
Nearer to gain the crown.

4 But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,

There rolls the deep and unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

5 Ev'n now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.

6 Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my power of faith!
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

P. Cary, 1852

429 OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. fr. a Gregorian Chant, by L. Mason, 1824

1. "FOR - EV - ER with the Lord!" A-men! so let it be! Life

from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im-mor-tal-i-ty! A-men.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

Hymns of Hope

4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

5 Then, then I feel, that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

6 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

J. Montgomery, 1835

430 PAX DEI ros.

J. B. Dykes, 1868

1. Go down, great sun, in - to thy gold - en west. The day is
done, the hours of la - bor past; The night's dark shad - ows
deep-en all a - round; The day is o - ver; rest has come at last. A - men.

2 And so our life to even-tide draws nigh,
Our days of change their course have almost run;
And soon the storms of winter will be past,
And then comes summer, and the unsetting sun.

3 And in that holier world of joy and peace,
Our sun shall rise upon a land so blest,
That none in this poor world have words to tell
How great the joy of that pure heavenly rest.

E. Husband, 1871

Thymns of Hope

431 ELTON 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

F. C. Maker (1844-)

1. THERE is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers giv'n; There is a joy for

souls distressed, A balm for ev'ry wounded breast, 'Tis found a-bove, in heav'n. A - men.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

W. B. Tappan, 1818

432 SOUTHWELL C. M.

H. S. Irons, 1861

1. JE - RU - SA - LEM, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me,

When shall my la - bors have an end In joy, and peace, and thee? A - men.

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
And pearly gates behold; [walls
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou City of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, thro' rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

Anon. (ascribed to J. Montgomery), Eckington Coll., c. 1796
(based on "F. B. P." in MSS. of the 16th or 17th Cent.)

433 CASTLE RISING C. M. 81.

F. A. J. Hervey, 1867

1. THE ro - seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The brightness of the day,

The crim - son of the sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way:

Oh, for the pearl - y gates of heav'n! Oh, for the gold - en floor!

Oh, for the Sun of right-eous-ness That set - teth nev - er - more. A - men.

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint:
Oh, for a heart that never sins,
Oh, for a soul washed white,
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire:
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord!
Oh, by Thy life laid down!
Oh, that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1852

434 ST. EDMUND 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

Arthur Sullivan (1842—1900)

1. We are but stran-gers here, Heaven is our home;

Earth is a des-ert drear, Heaven is our home.

Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round us on ev-ery hand,

Heaven is our fa-ther-land, Heaven is our home. A-men.

2 What though the tempests rage?

Heaven is our home;

Short is our pilgrimage,

Heaven is our home.

And Time's wild wintry blast

Soon shall be overpast;

We shall reach home at last:

Heaven is our home.

3 There at our Saviour's side,

Heaven is our home,

May we be glorified:

Heaven is our home.

There are the good and blest,

Those we love most and best,

Grant us with them to rest:

Heaven is our home.

4 Grant us to murmur not,

Heaven is our home.

Whate'er our earthly lot,

Heaven is our home.

Grant us at last to stand

There at Thine own right hand,

Jesus, in fatherland:

Heaven is our home.

Hymns of Hope

435 SHINING SHORE 8s, 7s. With Refrain

G. F. Root, 1855

1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger,

Would not de-tain them, as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan-ger;

Refrain.

For, oh, we stand on Jor-dan's strand; Our friends are pass-ing o-ver;

And just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis-cov-er. A-men.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
 Our heavenly home discerning;
 Our absent Lord has left us word,
 "Let every lamp be burning:"—*Ref.*

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
 We need not cease our singing;
 That perfect rest nought can molest,
 Where golden harps are ringing :—*Ref.*

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
 Each cord on earth to sever;
 Our King says, "Come!" and there's our home,
 Forever, oh, forever :—*Ref.*

The Burial of the Dead

436 REQUIEM 4s, 6s. 81.

J. Barnby, 1869

1. SLEEP thy last sleep, Free from care and sor - row; Rest, where none weep,

Till th'e - ter - nal mor - row; Though dark waves roll O'er the si - lent

riv - er, Thy faint - ing soul Je - sus can de - liv - er. A - men.

2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin and sadness;
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness:
Under the sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest:
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

The Burial of the Dead

437 REST L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1843, arr.

1. A - SLEEP in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;

A calm and un - disturbed re - pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes. A - men.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mrs. M. Mackay, 1832

438 ST. HUGH C. M.

E. J. Hopkins, 1862

1. THE grave it - self a gar - den is, Where lov - liest flow'rs a - bound;

Since Christ, our nev - er - fad - ing life, Sprang from that ho - ly ground. A - men.

2 Oh, give us grace to die to sin,
That we, O Lord, may have
A holy, happy rest in Thee,
A Sabbath in the grave.

3 Thou, Lord, baptized in Thine own
And buried in the grave, [blood,
Didst raise Thyself to endless life,
Omnipotent to save.

4 Baptized into Thy death we died,
And buried were with Thee,
That we might live with Thee to God,
And ever blest might be.

5 Lord, thro' the grave and gate of death
May we, with Thee, arise
To an eternal Easter-day
Of glory in the skies!

C. Wordsworth, 1862

The Burial of the Dead (For a Child)

439 ST. MILLICENT 7, 7, 4

Arthur Sullivan (1842—1900)

1. LET no tears to-day be shed; Ho-ly is this nar-row bed.

Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

4 Grants the prize without the course;
Crowns, without the battle's force.
Alleluia!

5 God, who loveth innocence,
Hastes to take His darling hence,
Alleluia!

2 Not salvation hardly won,
Not the meed of race well run:—
Alleluia!

6 Christ, when this sad life is done,
Join us to Thy little one.
Alleluia!

3 But the pity of the Lord
Gives His child a full reward;
Alleluia!

7 And in Thine own tender love,
Bring us to the ranks above.
Alleluia!

Anon. *Paris Missal*, 1764 Tr. R. F. Littledale, 1865

440 MEINHOLD 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

German

1. GEN-TLE Shep-herd, Thou hast stilled Now Thy lit-tle Lamb's brief weep-ing;

Ah, how peace-ful, pale, and mild, In its nar-row bed 'tis sleep-ing,

And no sigh of an-guish sore Heaves that lit-tle bo-som more. A-men.

The Burial of the Dead

44I MOCCAS S. M.

A. R. Reinagle (1799—1877)

1. It is not death to die; To leave this wea - ry road, And

'midst the broth - er - hood on high To be at home with God. A - men.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

3 It is not death to bear
The wretch that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

H. A. C. Malan, 1832 Tr. G. W. Bethune, 1847

For a Child

(MEINHOLD) 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

1 GENTLE Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping,
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny, heavenly plain
Dost Thou now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving:
Then the gain of death we prove
Though Thou take what most we love.

J. W. Meinhold, 1835. Tr. C. Winkworth, 1858

The Changing Year

442 LEOMINSTER S. M. 81.

Anon. Har. Arthur Sullivan, 1872

Slowly.

1. A FEW more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,
And we shall be with those who rest; A - sleep with - in the tomb;
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day; Oh,
wash me in Thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way. A - men.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

The Changing Year

443 ST. SYLVESTER P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7 (8, 8, 8, 9)

J. B. Dykes, 1862

Slowly.

1. Days and moments swiftly fly - ing Speed us on-ward to the dead:

Oh, how soon shall we be ly - ing Each with - in his nar - row bed!

mf After 3rd and 6th verses. *dim.* *p*

Life pass - eth soon; Death draweth nigh: Keep us, good Lord, Till Thou ap - pear;

cres. *dim.*

With Thee to live, With Thee to die, With Thee to reign Thro' e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Wake, oh, wake each idle dreamer
Now to make th' eternal choice!

3 Mark we whither we are wending;
Ponder how we soon must go
To inherit bliss unending
Or eternity of woe.

4 As a shadow life is floating;
As a vapor so it flies;

For the bygone years retreating,
Pardon grant, and make us wise;

5 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin;
Stay not in our work nor slumber
Till Thy holy rest we win.

6 Soon before the Judge all-glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

E. Caswall, 1858

The Changing Year

444 BENEVENTO 7s. 81.

S. Webbe, 1792

1. WHILE with cease-less course the sun Hast - ed through the for - mer year,

Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here:

Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;

We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle, none can know. A - men.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise:
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

The Changing Year

445 DEVA 6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain.

E. J. Hopkins, 1888

1. STAND-ING at the por-tal Of the opening year, Words of com-fort meet us,

Hush-ing ev-ry fear; Spok-en thro' the si-lence By our Fa-ther's voice,

Refrain.
Ten-der, strong, and faithful, Mak-ing us re-joice. On-ward then, and fear not,

Chil-dren of the day! For His word shall nev-er, Nev-er pass a-way. A-men.

2 "I the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid!
I will keep and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed!
Yea, I will uphold thee
With my own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand."—*Ref.*

3 For the year before us,
Oh, what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;

For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.—*Ref.*

4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break!
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.—*Ref.*

The Changing Year

446

BRISTOL C. M.

E. Hodges, 1819

1. BREAK new-born year, on glad eyes break! Me - lo - dious voic - es move!

On, roll - ing Time! Thou canst not make The Fa - ther cease to love! A - men.

2 Lord, from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight!
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright!

3 O golden then the hours must be!
The year must needs be sweet:
Yes, Lord, with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet.

T. H. Gill, 1855

447

NEW YEAR 6s. 5s.

T. Armstrong

1. Now a new year o - pens, Now we new - ly turn

To the ho - ly Sav - iour, Les - sons fresh to learn. A - men.

2 This the holy lesson
On the year's first day;
Jesus by obedience
Teaches to obey.

3 Of Thy cross thus early,
Tokens Thou dost give;
By Thy wounds Thou healest;
By Thy death we live.

4 Not to suffer only,
Jesus, didst Thou come,
But to leave us way-marks
Pointing to our home.

5 In Thy blessed footsteps,
Ever may we tread;
Safe when keeping near Thee,
By Thy Spirit led.

Samuel C. Clarke, 1881

The Changing Year

448 ST. COLOMB 13, 13, 13, 14, or 7s, 6s. 81. Irregular W. S. Hoyte, 1889

1. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! Be this our joy - ous song;

As on the King's own high - way, We brave - ly march a - long.

From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! O word of stir - ring cheer,

As dawns the sol - emn brightness of An - oth - er glad New Year. A - men.

2 The fullness of His blessing
Encompasseth our way;
The fullness of His promises
Crowns every bright'ning day;
The fullness of His glory,
Is beaming from above,
While more and more we learn to know
The fullness of His love.

3 And closer yet and closer
The golden bonds shall be,
Uniting all who love our Lord
In pure sincerity;
And wider yet and wider
Shall the circling glory glow,
As more and more are taught of God
That mighty love to know.

4 Oh, let our adoration
For all that He hath done,
Peal out beyond the stars of God,
While voice and life are one;
And let our consecration
Be real, and deep, and true:
Oh, even now our hearts shall bow,
And joyful vows renew.

5 Now onward, ever onward,
From strength to strength we go,
While grace for grace abundantly
Shall from His fullness flow,
To glory's full fruition,
From glory's foretaste here,
Until His very presence crown
Our happiest New Year.

Children's Services

449 SAMUEL 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1. HUSHED was the eve-ning hymn, The tem-ple courts were dark; The

p

This system contains the first line of the musical score. It features a vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, with lyrics '1. HUSHED was the eve-ning hymn, The tem-ple courts were dark; The'. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The system concludes with a repeat sign.

lamp was burn-ing dim Be-fore the sa-cred ark; When sud-den-

This system contains the second line of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'lamp was burn-ing dim Be-fore the sa-cred ark; When sud-den-'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. The system concludes with a repeat sign.

ly a voice di-vine Rang thro' the si-lence of the shrine. A-men.

This system contains the third line of the musical score. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics 'ly a voice di-vine Rang thro' the si-lence of the shrine. A-men.'. The piano accompaniment also concludes. The system ends with a final double bar line.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 Oh! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 Oh! give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits,
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 Oh! give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

Children's Services

450 UNITY 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 4

S. P. Warren, 1886

With spirit.

1. COME, let us all u - nite and sing, "God is love." Let

heav'n and earth their prais - es bring: "God.... is love;" Let

ev - ery soul from sin a - wake, Each in his heart sweet mu - sic make,

And sweet - ly sing for Je - sus' sake, "God.... is love." A - men.

2 O tell to earth's remotest bound

"God is love!"

In Christ is full redemption found:

God is love,

His blood can cleanse our sins away;

His Spirit turns our night to day,

And leads our soul with joy to say,

"God is love."

3 What though our heart and flesh should

God is love, [fail:

Through Christ we shall o'er death pre-

God is love. [vail:

In Jordan's swell we need not fear,

For Jesus will be with us there

Our souls above the waves to bear:

God is love.

4 In heaven we shall sing again,

"God is love,"

Yes, this shall be our noblest strain,

"God is love."

While endless ages roll along,

In concert with the heav'nly throng,

This still shall be our sweetest song,

"God is love."

Children's Services

451 CHILDREN'S PRAISES C. M. With Refrain H. E. Matthews, 1854



1. A - round the throne of God in heaven Thou - sands of chil - dren stand,



Chil - dren whose sins are all for - given, A ho - ly, hap - py band,



Sing - ing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high." A - men.

- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."
- 3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;
How came those children there,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high?"
- 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."
- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

Children's Services

452 JESU, BONE PASTOR 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

J. H. Willcox (1827—1875)

From The Tucker Hymnal, by permission

1. SAV-IOUR, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care;

In Thy pleas - ant pas - tures feed us; For our use Thy folds pre - pare:

Bless - ed Je - sus! Bless - ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. A - men.

2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessèd Jesus,
Hear the children, when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus,
Early let us turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor;
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Children's Services

453 SWEET STORY 11, 8, 11, 9 Irregular

English

1. I.... THINK when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When

Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as

lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then. A - men.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven:
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home,
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

Jemima Luke, 1841

Children's Services

454 RUTH 6s, 5s. 8l.

S. Smith (1821- —), 1870

1. SUM - MER SUNS are glow - ing O - ver land and sea;

Hap - py light is flow - ing, Boun - ti - ful and free;

Ev - ery thing re - joic - es In the mel - low rays;

All earth's thou - sand voic - es Swell the psalm of praise. A - men.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled;
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness,
Thy pure radiance pour,
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more:

And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee,
Death with Thee is bright;
Light of light! Shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

Children's Services

455 HOLY NIGHT P. M.

Franz Gruber (1787—1863)

1. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! Through the dark - ness beams a light,

Yon - der, where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who, in si - lent sleep,

Rallentando.

Rests in heaven - ly peace, Rests in heaven - ly peace. A - men.

2 Silent night! holiest night!
Darkness flies, and all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing:
"Alleluia! hail the King!
Jesus the Saviour is here!"

3 Holiest night! peaceful night!
Child of heaven, oh, how bright
Thou didst smile when Thou wast born;
Blessèd was that happy morn,
Full of heavenly joy.

4 Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star, O lend thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus the Saviour is here!

5 Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star, O lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Alleluia to our King!
Jesus our Saviour is here!

Children's Services

456

ST. THERESA

6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain

Arthur Sullivan (1842—1900)

1. BRIGHTLY gleams our ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, Wav - ing on Christ's

sol-diers To their home on high. Marching thro' the des-ert, Glad-ly thus we pray,

Still with hearts u - nit - ed Sing-ing on our way. Brightly gleams our ban - ner,

Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing on Christ's soldiers To their home on high. A - men.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet:
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.—*Ref.*

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:

Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.—*Ref.*

4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.—*Ref.*

Children's Services

457 EDGBASTON C. M.

A. R. Gaul, 1870

1. DEAR Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing Thou must be,

To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard A lit - tle child like me. A - men.

- 2 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did,
When I was but a child:
- 3 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

- 4 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.
- 5 Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest too:
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

F. W. Faber, 1849

458 ELLINGHAM 7s.

S. N. Godfrey

1. GEN - TLE Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;

Pit - y my sim - plic - i - ty; Suf - fer me to come to Thee. A - men.

- 2 Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my Example be:
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.
- 3 Fain I would be as Thou art,
Give me Thine obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

- 4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.
- 5 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

C. Wesley, 1742

Children's Services

459 ANGEL VOICES 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 4, 3

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. AN - GEL voic - es, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,

An - gel harps, for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;

Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee Lord of might. *A - men.*

2 Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us,
And will hear us?
Yes, we can.

4 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

3 Yea, we know Thy love rejoices .
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise combine:
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity:
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

National

460 AMERICA 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

H. Carey, 1743

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing;
Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the Pil - grims' pride,
From ev - ery moun - tain side Let free - dom ring. A - men.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,

Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

S. F. Smith, 1832

461 (AMERICA) 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state!

C. T. Brooks, 1834 J. S. Dwight, 1844

National

462 NATIONAL HYMN 105.

G. W. Warren, 1892

Voices alone.

ff *Trumpets, before each verse.* 1. God of our fa - thers, Whose al-migh - ty hand

With Organ.

Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band Of shin - ing worlds in

Allegro.

splendor thro' the skies, Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise. A - men.

- 2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.
- 3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.
- 4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

D. C. Roberts, 1876

Rational

463 BEVAN 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

J. Goss (1800—1880)

1. To THEE our God we fly For mer - cy and for grace; Oh, hear our

low - ly cry, And hide not Thou Thy face. O Lord, stretch forth Thy

might - y hand, And guard and bless our Fa - ther - land. A - men.

- 2 Arise, O Lord of hosts,
Be jealous for Thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.
- 3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.
- 4 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

- 5 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.
- 6 The pastors of Thy fold
With grace and power endue,
That faithful, pure, and bold,
They may be pastors true:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.
- 7 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy majesty:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

National

464 WYVILL L. M. 61.

Z Wyvill (1762—1837)

1. God of our fa - thers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat - tle line,

Be - neath whose aw - ful hand we hold Do - min - ion o - ver palm and pine,—

Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for - get—lest we for - get! A - men.

2 The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

4 If drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

3 Far-called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Rudyard Kipling, 1897

National

465 GARFIRTH 7s, 6s. 8l.

R. P. Stewart, 1868

1. O BEAU-TI-FUL, my coun-try! Be thine a no-bler care,

Than all thy wealth of com-merce, Thy har-vest wav-ing fair,....

Be it thy pride to lift up The man-hood of the poor;

Be thou to the op-press-ed Fair free-dom's o-open door. A-men.

2 For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright;
Grand memories on thee shine,
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled, flows in thine.

3 O beautiful, our country!
Round thee in love we draw,
Thine is the grace of freedom,
The majesty of law.
Be righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be peace the crowning gem.

F. L. Hosmer

National—Memorial

466 OUR SOLDIER HEROES SLEEPING 7s, 6s. 8l. With Refrain

Maro L. Bartlett

1. THEY 'LL nev - er cross the val - leys, Or crys - tal wa - ters sweet, They 'll nev - er face the

foe - man, When charg - ing ar - mies meet; O'er mountains, vast and hoar - y, O'er

hill and grass - y plain, Our sol - dier he - roes sleep - ing, Shall nev - er march a - gain.

Refrain.

They 'll nev - er march a - gain, They 'll nev - er march a - gain, Our sol - dier he - roes sleep - ing,

Shall nev - er march a - gain. A - men.

2 We'll call our hosts together,
From over land and sea,
They'll never hear the trumpet,
Or sound of reveille;
Our country's flag shall lead them,
A host as strong and brave,
As they who sleep in silence,
Where flowers o'er them wave.—*Ref.*

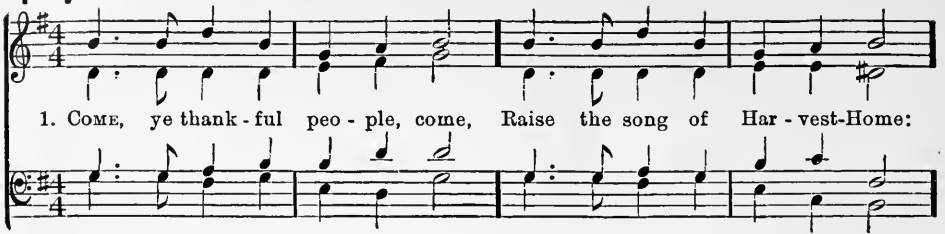
3 They fought and won the battle,
Those hero boys of ours,
And we are left to weep them
And strew their graves with flow'rs;
They've won the Palms of Glory,
They wear the Rose of Grace,
Beneath His crown of sunlight
Their souls shall see His face.—*Ref.*

4 Their feet shall cross the valleys,
And Eden's rivers sweet,
They'll lie beside the fountains
Where angels joyful meet;
But 'mid their country's battles,
O'er any earthly plain,
Our soldier heroes sleeping,
Shall never march again.—*Ref.*

Thanksgiving

467 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7s. 81.

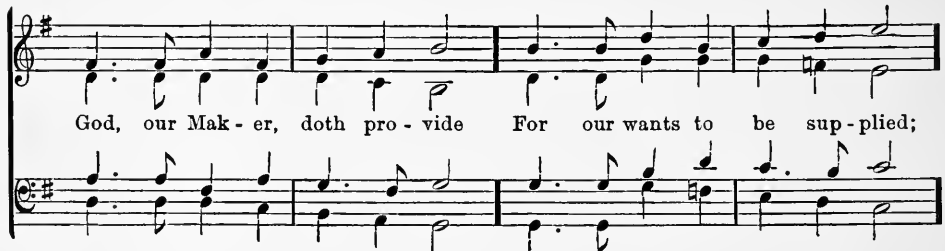
G. J. Elvey, 1838




1. COME, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-Home:



All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;



God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;



Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-Home. A-men.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;

Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His Garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
To Thy final Harvest-Home!
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy Presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home!

Thanksgiving

468 ST. ALBAN 6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain

Arr. fr. F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)
by J. B. Dykes



1. EARTH be-low is teem-ing, Heaven is bright a-bove; Ev-ery brow is beam-ing



In the light of love; Ev-ery eye re-joice, Ev-ery thought is praise;

Refrain.



Hap-py hearts and voic-es Gladden nights and days. O Al-might-y giv-er!



Boun-ti-ful and free, As the joy in har-vest Joy we be-fore Thee. A-men.

2 For the sun and showers,
For the rain and dew,
For the nurturing hours
Spring and Summer knew;
For the golden Autumn,
And its precious stores,
For the love that brought them
Teeming to our doors.—*Ref.*

3 Earth's broad harvest whitens
In a brighter sun
Than the orb that lightens
All we tread upon;
Send out laborers, Father!
Where fields ripening wave,
All the nations gather,
Gather in and save.—*Ref.*

Thanksgiving

469 DUKE STREET L. M.

J. Hatton (—1703), c. 1790



1. O God, be-neath Thy guid-ing hand, Our ex-iled fa - thers cross'd the sea;



And when they trod the win-t'ry strand, With pray'r and psalm they worship'd Thee. *A-men.*

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer:

Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward, through all ages, bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;

And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

L. Bacon, 1833

470 SILVER STREET S. M.

I. Smith, c. 1770



1. STAND up, and bless the Lord, Ye peo - ple of His choice; Stand



up, and bless the Lord your God, With heart and soul and voice. *A - men.*

2 Oh, for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to Heaven our thought!

3 God is our strength and song
And His salvation ours;

Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

4 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

Thanksgiving

471 DIX 7s. 6l.

Arr. fr. C. Köcher (1786—1872)

1. { PRAISE to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days; }
 Boun - teous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy; }

All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless - ings flow. A - men.

- 2 All the plenty summer pours;
 Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
 Flocks that whiten all the plain;
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 3 Peace, prosperity, and health,
 Private bliss, and public wealth,
 Knowledge with its gladdening streams,

- Pure religion's holier beams:
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
 May we give Thee of our best;
 And by deeds of kindly love
 For Thy mercies grateful prove;
 Singing thus through all our days,
 Praise to God, immortal praise.

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld, 1772 *Alt. & Ab.*

472 MONKLAND 7s.

J. B. Wilkes, 1861

1. PRAISE, O praise our God and King! Hymns of ad - o - ra - tion sing;

For His mer - cies still en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure. A - men.

- 2 Praise Him that He made the sun
 Day by day his course to run;
 And the silver moon by night,
 Shining with her gentle light.
- 3 Praise Him that He gave the rain
 To mature the swelling grain;
 And hath bid the fruitful field
 Crops of precious increase yield.

- 4 Praise Him for our harvest-store,
 He hath filled the garner-floor;
 And for richer food than this,
 Pledge of everlasting bliss.
- 5 Glory to our bounteous King;
 Glory let creation sing;
 Glory to the Father, Son,
 And blest Spirit, Three in One.

Thanksgiving

473 NUN DANKET 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6

J. Crüger, 1640

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voice - es,

Who wondrous things hath done, In Whom His world re - joice - es;

Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way

With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. A - men.

2 Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

M. Rinkart, 1644 Tr. C. Winkworth, 1858

Thanksgiving

474 HEATHLANDS 7s. 6l.

H. Smart (1813—1879)

1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau - ty of the skies,

For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies,

Christ, our God, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate-ful praise. A - men.

2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

4 For Thy Church, that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love:
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

5 For Thyself, best Gift Divine!
To our race so freely given,
For that great, great love of Thine,
Peace on earth and joy in heaven;
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

F. S. Pierpoint, 1864

Matrimony

475 ST. GILES 7s, 6s.

J. Stainer (1840—)

1. THE voice that breath'd o'er E - den, That ear - liest wed - ding day,....

The pri - mal mar-riage bless - ing, It hath not pass'd a - way.... A - men.

2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The three-fold grace is said.

4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In thine eternal bands.

3 Be present, loving Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side:

5 Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal.

J. Keble, 1857 Ab.

476 O PERFECT LOVE 11s, 10s.

Arr. fr. J. Barnby, 1889

1. O PER-FECT Love, all human tho't transcending, Low-ly we kneel in pray'r be-fore Thy throne,

That theirs may be the love which knows no ending, Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one. A - men.

Matrimony

2 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Dorothy F. Blomfield, 1883

477 UNION SQUARE 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. B. Dykes, 1872

1. O LOVE di - vine and gold - en, Mys - te - rious depth and height,

To Thee the world be - hold - en, Looks up for life and light;

O love di - vine and gen - tle, The bless - er and the blest,

Be - neath Thy care pa - ren - tal The world lies down in rest. A - men.

2 God bless these hands united;
God bless these hearts made one!
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on,—

Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright home above,
And there for ever sharing
Its joy where "God is Love."

J. S. B. Monsell, 1862

The Ministry

478 TOULON 105.

The Geneva Psalter, 1543 (L. Bourgeois)

1. God of the proph-ets! bless the proph-ets' sons; E - li - jah's
 man - tle o'er E - li - sha cast; Each age its sol - emn task may
 claim but once; Make each a no - bler, stronger than the last! A - men.

2 Anoint them prophets! Make their ears attent
 To Thy divinest speech; their hearts awake
 To human need; their lips make eloquent
 To assure the right, and every evil break.

3 Anoint them priests! Strong intercessors they
 For pardon, and for charity and peace!
 Ah, if with them the world might pass, astray,
 Into the dear Christ's life of sacrifice!

4 Anoint them kings! aye kingly kings, O Lord!
 Anoint them with the spirit of Thy Son!
 Theirs, not a jewelled crown, a blood-stained sword;
 Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a kingdom won!

5 Make them apostles! Heralds of Thy cross;
 Forth may they go to tell all realms Thy grace;
 Inspired of Thee, may they count all but loss,
 And stand at last with joy before Thy face.

6 O mighty age of prophet-kings, return!
 O truth, O faith, enrich our urgent time!
 Lord Jesus Christ, again with us sojourn;
 A weary world awaits Thy reign sublime!

The Ministry

479 SAINTS' DAYS 7s, 6s. 8l.

Samuel Smith (1821—), 1870

1. LORD of the liv - ing har - vest That whit - ens o'er the plain,

Where an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold - en grain;

Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These hearts to trust and love,

And deign with them to hast - en Thy king - dom from a - bove. A - men.

2 As laborers in Thy vineyard
Still faithful may they be,
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee;
To ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call them home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,
And fill their souls with light;
Clothe them in spotless raiment,
In vesture clean and white;

Within Thy sacred temple
Be with them where they stand,
To guide and teach Thy people
Throughout our native land.

4 Be with them, God the Father!
Be with them, God the Son!
And God the Holy Spirit!
Most blessed Three in One!
Make them a holy priesthood,
Thee humbly to adore,
And fill them with Thy fullness
Both now and evermore!

The Ministry

480 ST. MICHAEL S. M.

The Geneva Psalter, 1543 (L. Bourgeois)

1. YE ser - vants of the Lord, Each in his of - fice wait,

Ob - serv - ant of His heavenly word And watchful at His gate. A - men.

- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.
- 3 Watch! 't is your Lord's command;
And, while we speak, He's near:

- Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

P. Doddridge, 1755 Ab.

481 HOLLEY L. M.

G. Hews, 1835

1. Pour out Thy Spir - it from on high; Lord, Thine or - dain - ed ser - vants bless;

Grac - es and gifts to each sup - ply, And clothe Thy priests with righteousness. A - men.

- 2 Within Thy temple when they stand
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
The angels of the churches be.
- 3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;
- 4 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep;
- 5 Then, while their work is finished here,
In humble hope their charge resign,
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine.

Church Building

482 ST. ANNE C. M.

W. Croft, 1708

1. O Thou, whose own vast tem - ple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea,
Ac - cept the walls that hu - man hands Have raised to wor-ship Thee. A - men.

2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these walls t'abide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by Thy side.

3 May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way;

And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise, [storm
While, round these hallowed walls, the
Of earth-born passion dies.

W. C. Bryant, 1835

483 LEIPSIC L. M.

J. H. Schein (1586—1630)

1. O LORD of hosts, whose glo-ry fills The bounds of the e - ter - nal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands, To dwell in tem-ples made with hands, A - men.

2 Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious corner-stone.

3 The heads that guide endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,

That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

4 But now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever-blessed Trinity!

Church Building

484 REGENT SQUARE 8s, 7s. 6l.

H. Smart, 1867



1. CHRIST is made the sure foun-da-tion, Christ the head and cor-ner-stone,



Chos-en of the Lord, and pre-cious, Bind-ing all the church in one;



Ho-ly Zi-on's help for ev-er, And her con-fi-dence a-lone. A-men.

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy people as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls away.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

Anon. (Latin, 6th or 7th Cent.) T. J. M. Neale, 1851

Church Building

485 HAREWOOD 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

S. S. Wesley, 1868

1. CHRIST is our cor - ner - stone, On Him a - lone we build;

With His true saints a - lone The courts of heav'n are filled; On His great

love our hopes we place, Of pres - ent grace and joys a - bove. A - men.

2 Oh, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise,
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim in joyful song
Both loud and long, that glorious name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower, on all who pray,
Each holy day, Thy blessing pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

Church Building

486 ST. FULBERT C. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1852

1. A - RISE, O King of grace, a - rise, And en - ter to Thy rest;

Lo, Thy church waits with longing eyes, Thus to be owned and blest. A - men.

2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine,
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne;
And, as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

I. Watts, 1719

487 HEBRON L. M.

L. Mason, 1830

1. JE - sus, where'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold Thy mer - cy - seat;

Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev - ery place is hallow'd ground. A - men.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.

3 Yet everywhere Thou guid'st Thine own,
To raise for Thee an earthly throne;
And where Thy name Thou dost record,
There Thou wilt come and bless them, Lord.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Behold, at Thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come, with Thy glory fill the place,
And bless us with a large increase.

Temperance

488 DAY OF REST 7s, 6s. 81.

J. W. Elliott (1833—)

1. O thou be - fore whose pres - ence Nought e - vil may come in,

Yet who dost look in mer - cy Down on this world of sin;

O give us no - ble pur - pose To set the sin - bound free,

Unison. Harmony.

And Christ-like ten - der pit - y To seek the lost for Thee. A - men.

Man. Ped.

- 2 Fierce is our subtle foeman:
The forces at his hand
With woes that none can number
Despoil the pleasant land;
All they who war against them,
In strife so keen and long,
Must in their Saviour's armor
Be stronger than the strong.
- 3 So hast Thou wrought among us
The great things that we see:
For things that are we thank Thee,
And for the things to be.

- For bright hope is uplifting
Faint hands and feeble knees,
To strive beneath Thy blessing
For greater things than these.
- 4 Lead on, O love and mercy,
O purity and power,
Lead on till peace eternal
Shall close this battle-hour:
Till all who prayed and struggled
To set their brethren free,
In triumph meet to praise Thee,
Most Holy Trinity.

For Those at Sea

489 MELITA L. M. 61.

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. E - TER - NAL Fa-ther! strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the rest-less wave,
Who bid'st the might-y o - cean deep Its own ap-point-ed lim - its keep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in per - il on the sea. A-men.

2 O Saviour, whose almighty word,
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,

And gavest light, and life, and peace;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go,
Thus ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

W. Whiting, 1860

490 ALBANO C. M.

V. Novello, 1800

1. O LORD, be with us when we sail Up - on the lone - ly deep,

For Those at Sea

Our guard, when on the si-lent deck The night-ly watch we keep. A-men.

- 2 We need not fear, though all around,
'Mid rising winds, we hear
The multitude of waters surge;
For Thou, O God, art near.
- 3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
The ocean and the land,
All, all are Thine, and held within
The hollow of Thy hand.
- 4 As when on blue Gennesareth
Rose high the angry wave,
- And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save;
- 5 So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts
To whisper, "Peace, be still."
- 6 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

E. A. Dayman, 1865

491 CARDIFF 12s.

Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

1. WHEN thro' the torn sail the wild tem-pest is streaming, When o'er the dark
wave the red light-nig is gleam-ing, Nor hope lends a ray the poor sea-man to
cher-ish, We fly to our Mak-er:—"Help, Lord, or we per-ish!" A-men.

- 2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now, seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Help Lord, or we perish!"
- 3 And, oh, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Arise in Thy strength, Thy redeemed to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer: "Help, Lord, or we perish!"

For Those at Sea

492 SAFE HOME 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. SAFE home, safe home in port! Rent cord-age, shat-tered deck, Torn sails, pro-

vi-sions short, And on-ly not a wreck: But oh! the joy up-

on the shore To tell our voy-age per-ils o'er! A-men.

2 The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell,
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well.
But He may smile at troubles gone,
Who sets the victor-garland on!

3 No more the foe can harm;
No more the leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp.
And yet how nearly he had failed,—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penn'd;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with Wounded Side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5 The exile is at Home!
O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins, and doubts and fears.—
What matter now (when so men say)
The King has wiped those tears away?

6 O happy, happy Bride!
Thy widowed hours are past,
The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all His Own at last!
The sorrows of thy former cup
In full fruition swallowed up.

St. Joseph of the Studium, c. 830 Tr. J. M. Neale, 1863

493 SAVOY CHAPEL 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. B. Calkin (1827—)

1. FROM all Thy saints in war - fare, For all Thy saints at rest,

To Thee, O bless - ed Je - sus, All prais - es be ad - dress'd.

Thou, Lord, didst win the bat - tle That they might con - q'rors be;

Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry Are lit with rays from Thee. A - men.

2 Apostles, prophets, martyrs,
And all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment,
Who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, passed on before us,
Saviour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps,
Would serve Thee more and more.

3 Then praise we God the Father,
And praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit,
Eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number
Fall down before the throne,
And honor, power, and glory
Ascribe to God alone.

Earl Nelson, 1867

Hymns for Reunions

494 NEWLAND S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1858

1. DEAR Sav-iour, we are Thine, By ev-er-last-ing bands;

Our names, our hearts, we would resign; Our souls are in Thy hands. A-men.

2 To Thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;

If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
They never shall prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee, our head;
Shall form in us Thine image bright,
That we Thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near Thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If He in heaven has fixed His throne,
He'll fix His members there.

P. Doddridge, 1755

495 BOYLSTON S. M.

L. Mason, 1832

1. BLEST be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;

The fel-low-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove. A-men.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;

But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

J. Fawcett, 1772

Hymns for Reunions

496

BELMONT C. M.

W. Gardiner, 1812,

1. How sweet, how heav'n-ly is the sight, When those who love the Lord

In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful - fill His word. A - men.

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!

When sorrow flows from every eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3 Let love in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;

And union sweet, and dear esteem
In every action glow.

4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;

And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain (1761-1796)

497

QUAM DELECTA 6s.

H L. Jenner

1. We love the place, O God, Where - in Thine hon - or dwells;

The joy of Thine a - bode All oth - er joys ex - cels. A - men.

2 We love the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
For Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen ones to greet.

3 We love Thine altar, Lord,
Its mysteries revere;
For there in faith adored,
We find Thy presence near.

4 We love Thy holy word,
The lamp Thou gav'st to guide
All wanderers home, O Lord,
Home to their Father's side.

5 Then let us sing the love
To us so freely given,
Until we sing above
The triumph song of heaven!

Wm. Bullock. 1854

500 DUNDEE C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1564

1. How sweet and aw - ful is the place, With Christ with - in the doors,
While ev - er - last - ing love dis - plays The choic - est of her stores. A - men.

- 2 When all our hearts, and all our songs, 4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
Join to admire the feast, That sweetly drew us in;
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,— Else we had still refused to taste,
“Lord, why was I a guest?” And perished in our sin.
- 3 “Why was I made to hear Thy voice, 5 Pity the nations, O our God!
And enter while there's room, Constrain the earth to come;
When thousands make a wretched choice, - Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And rather starve than come?” And bring the strangers home.

L. Watts (1674—1748)

501 WAREHAM L. M.

W. Knapp, 1564


1. How pleas - ant, how di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, Thy dwell - ings are!
With long de - sire my spir - it faints, To meet th'as - sem - blies of Thy saints. A - men.

- 2 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around Thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 3 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.
- 4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate; [road
God is their strength, and through the
They lean upon their helper, God.
- 5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

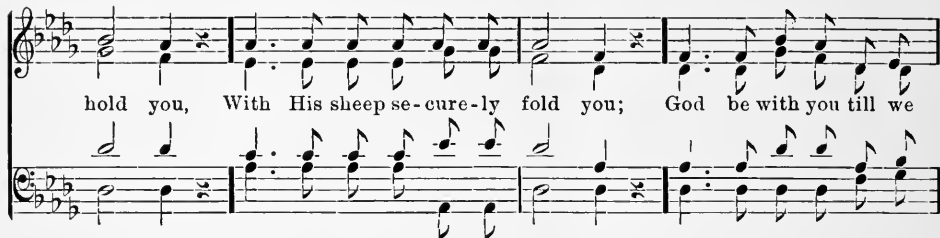
L. Watts, 1719

502 GOD BE WITH YOU P. M.

William G. Tomer



1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— By His counsels guide, up -



hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we



meet a - gain! Till we meet!... Till we meet!

Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!



Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet!.....

Till we meet! Till we meet!



Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain! A - men.

Till we meet a - gain!

Hymns for Reunions

- 2 God be with you till we meet again!—
 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
 Daily manna still provide you;
 God be with you till we meet again!
- 3 God be with you till we meet again!—
 When life's perils thick confound you,
 Put His loving arms around you;
 God be with you till we meet again!
- 4 God be with you till we meet again!—
 Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you;
 God be with you till we meet again!—

J. E. Rankin

503 EARLHAM 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4

J. Booth (1852—)

1. LORD of the worlds a - bove, How pleas - ant and how fair The
 dwell - ings of Thy love, Thine earth - ly tem - ples are! To Thine a - bode
 My heart as - pires, With warm de - sires To see my God. A - men.

2 Oh, happy souls who pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 Oh, happy men who pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise Thee still;
 And happy they
 Who love the way
 To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears.
 Oh, glorious seat,
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet!

Hymns for Reunions

504 SILVER STREET S. M.

I. Smith, c. 1770

1. GRACE, 't is a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to mine ear; Heav'n

with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear. A - men.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,

And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

P. Doddridge, 1749

505 SARDIS 8s, 7s.

Arr. fr. L. van Beethoven (1770—1827)

1. MAY the grace of Christ, our Sav - iour, And the Fa - ther's boundless love,

With the Ho - ly Spir - it's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove. A - men

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other, and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

J. Newton, 1779

Hymns for Reunions

506 ST. GILES, FARNBORO C. M.

E. W. Naylor, 1894

1. O God, we praise Thee, and con-fess That Thou the on-ly Lord
 And ev-er-last-ing Fa-ther art, By all the earth a-dored. A-men.

- 2 To Thee, all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
Continually do cry:—
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway!
- 4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,

With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

- 5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.
- 6 Thy honored, true and only Son
And Holy Ghost, the spring
Of never-ceasing joy; O Christ,
Of glory Thou art King.

Anon. (Latin, 5th Cent.) Tr. Tate and Brady, 1703

507 GLORIA PATRI

H. W. Greatorex, 1851

GLO-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the ho-ly Ghost; As it
 was in the be-gin-nig, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end; A-men, A-men.

Selections for Chanting

508 VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO (*Ps. xcvi.*)

W. Boyce (1710—1779)



- 1 O COME let us *sing* | unto * the | Lord || let us heartily *rejoice* in the | strength of |
our sal- | vation.
 - 2 Let us come before His *presence* | with thanks- | giving || and show *ourselves* | glad
in | Him with | psalms.
 - 3 For the *Lord* is a | great — | God || and a *great* | King a- | bove all | gods.
 - 4 In His hand are all the *corners* | of the | earth || and the *strength* of the | hills is |
His — | also.
 - 5 The sea is *His* | and He | made it || and His *hands* pre- | pared * the | dry — | land.
 - 6 O come, let us *worship* and | fall — | down || and *kneel* be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
 - 7 For *He* is the | Lord our | God || and we are the people of His *pasture* and the |
sheep of | His — | hand.—*Ps. xcvi. 1-7.*
 - 8 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty * of | holiness || let the whole *earth* | stand in |
awe of | Him.
 - 9 * For He cometh, for He cometh to | judge the | earth || and with righteousness to
judge the *world* and the | peo-ple | with His | truth.—*Ps. xcvi. 9, 13.*
- Glory be to the *Father* | and * to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |
A- — | men.

* Last half of Double Chant.

509 BENEDICTUS (*Luke i. 68-79*)

J. Barnby (1838—1896)



- 1 BLESSED be the Lord *God* of | Is-ra- | el || for He hath *visited* | and re- | deem-ed *
His | people:
- 2 And hath raised up a *mighty* sal- | va-tion | for us || in the *house* | of His | ser-vant |
David;
- 3 As He spake by the *mouth* of His | ho-ly | Prophets || which have *been* | since the |
world be- | gan;
- 4 That we should be *saved* | from our | enemies || and from the *hand* of | all that |
hate — | us;

Selections for Chanting

- 5 To perform the mercy *promised* to | our fore- | fathers || and to remember His | ho-ly |
Cov-e- | nant;
- 6 To perform the oath which He sware to our forefather | A-bra- | ham || *that* | He
would | give — | us ;
- 7 That we being delivered out of the *hand* of our | en-e- | mies || might *serve* | Him with- |
out — | fear;
- 8 In holiness and *righteous-* | ness be- | fore Him || *all* the | days of | our — | life.
- 9 And thou Child, shalt be called the *Prophet* | of the | Highest || for thou shalt go
before the face of the *Lord* | to pre- | pare His | ways ;
- 10 To give knowledge of *salvation* | unto ' His | people || *for* the re- | mis-sion | of
their | sins,
- 11 Through the tender *mercy* | of our | God || whereby the day-spring *from* on | high
hath | visit- ' ed | us ;
- 12 To give light to them that sit in darkness, and *in* the | shadow ' of | death || and to
guide our *feet* | into ' the | way of | peace.
- Glory be to the *Fa*-ther | and ' to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;
- As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |
A — | men.

510 JUBILATE DEO (Ps. C)

J. Robinson (1682—1762)



- 1 O BE joyful in the *Lord* | all ye | lands || serve the Lord with gladness, and come
before His | pres-ence | with a | song.
- 2 Be ye sure that the *Lord* | He is | God || it is He that hath made us, and not we
ourselves, we are His *people* and the | sheep of | His — | pasture.
- 3 O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and *into* His | courts with | praise ||
be thankful unto *Him* and | speak good | of His | Name.
- 4 For the Lord is gracious, His *mercy* is | ev-er- | lasting || and His truth endureth
from *gener-* | ation ' to | gen-er- | ation.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and ' to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;
- As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |
A — | men.

S. Elvey (1805—1860)

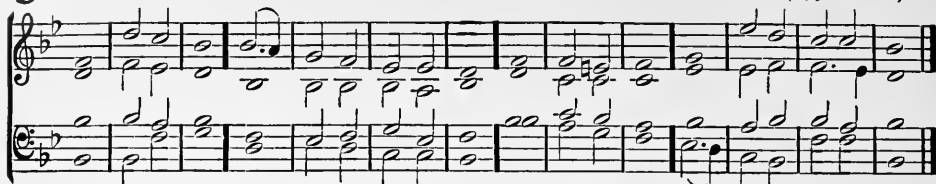
G. A. Macfarren (1813—1887)



Selections for Chanting

511 TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

H. Lawes (1596—1662)



- 1 We praise | Thee O | God || we acknowledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.
- 2 All the earth doth | wor-ship | Thee || the | Fa-ther | ev-er- | lasting.
- 3 To Thee all Angels | cry a- | loud || the Heavens and | all the | Powers there- | in.
- 4 To Thee Cherubim and | Ser-a- | phim || con- | tin-ual- | ly do | cry,
- 5 Holy | Ho-ly | Ho-ly || Lord | God of | Sab-a- | oth;
- 6 Heaven and earth are full of the | Maj-es- | ty || of | Thy — | Glo- — | ry.
- 7 The glorious company | of · the A- | postles || praise | — — | — — | Thee.
- 8 The goodly fellowship | of the | Prophets || praise | — — | — — | Thee.
- 9 The noble | army · of | Martyrs || praise | — — | — — | Thee.
- 10 The holy Church throughout | all the | world || doth | — ac- | knowl-edge | Thee;
- 11 The | Fa- — | ther || of an | in- · finite | Maj-es- | ty;
- 12 Thine a- | dor- · able, | true || and | on- — | — ly | Son;
- 13 * Also the | Holy | Ghost || the | Com- — | fort- — | er.
- 14 Thou art the | King of | Glory | O | — — | — — | Christ.
- 15 Thou art the ever- | last-ing | Son || of | — the | Fa- — | ther.

* Last half of Chant.

R. Cooke (1768—1814)



- 16 When Thou tookest upon Thee to de- | liv-er | man || Thou didst humble Thyself to
be | born — | of a | Virgin.
- 17 When Thou hadst overcome the | sharpness · of | death || Thou didst open the King-
dom of | Heaven · to | all be- | lievers.
- 18 Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God || in the | Glo-ry | of the | Father.
- 19 We believe that | Thou shalt | come || to | be — | our — | Judge.
- 20 We therefore pray Thee | help Thy | servants || whom Thou hast redeemed | with
Thy | pre-cious | blood.
- 21 Make them to be numbered | with Thy | Saints || in | glo-ry | ev-er- | lasting.
- 22 O Lord | save Thy | people || and | bless Thine | her-it- | age.
- 23 Gov- | — ern | them || and | lift them | up for- | ever.

Return to chant in $\text{E}\flat$ at the top of page.

- 24 Day | by — | day || we | mag-ni- | fy — | Thee;
- 25 And we | worship · Thy | Name || ever | world with- | out — | end.
- 26 Vouch- | safe O | Lord || to keep us this | day with- | out — | sin.
- 27 O Lord · have | mercy · up- | on us || have | mercy · up- | on — | us.
- 28 O Lord, let Thy mercy | be up- | on us || as our | trust — | is in | Thee.
- 29 O Lord, in Thee | have I | trusted || let me | nev-er | be con- | founded.

Selections for Chanting

512 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

Old Chant



- 1 GLORY be to | God on | high || and on earth | peace good | will * towards | men.
2 We praise Thee, we bless Thee we | wor-ship | Thee || we glorify Thee, we give
thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



- 3 O Lord God | Heaven- * ly | King || God the | Fa-ther | Al- — | mighty.
4 O Lord, the only begotten Son | Je-sus | Christ || O Lord God, Lamb of God |
Son — | of the | Father,



- 5 That takest away the | sins * of the | world || have mercy up- | on — | us.
6 Thou that takest away the | sins * of the | world || have mercy up- | on — | us.
7 Thou that takest away the | sins * of the | world || re- ceive our | prayer.
8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father || have mercy up- | on — |
us.



- 9 For Thou only | art — | holy || Thou | on-ly | art the | Lord.
10 Thou only, O Christ with the | Ho-ly | Ghost || art most high in the | glory * of |
God the | Father.

Selections for Chanting

513 CANTATE DOMINO (*Ps. xcvi*)

A. R. Reinagle (1799—1877)

J. Battishill (1738—1801)



R. Woodward (c. 1744—1771)



- 1 O SING unto the *Lord* a | new — | song || for *He* hath | done — | mar-vel- | lous | things.
- 2 With His own right hand and *with* His | ho-ly | arm || *hath* He | gotten ' Him- | self the | victory.
- 3 The *Lord* declared | His sal- | vation || His righteousness hath He openly *showed* in the | sight — | of the | heathen.
- 4 He hath remembered His mercy and truth *toward* the | house of | Israel || and all the ends of the world have *seen* the sal- | va-tion | of our | God.
- 5 Show yourselves joyful unto the *Lord* | all ye | lands || *sing* re- | joice and | give — | thanks.
- 6 Praise the *Lord* up- | on the | harp || sing to the *harp* with a | psalm of | thanks- — | giving.
- 7 With *trumpets* | also * and | shawms || O show yourselves *joyful* be- | fore the | Lord the | King.
- 8 Let the sea make a noise, and *all* that | there-in | is || the round *world* and | they that | dwell there- | in.
- 9 Let the floods clap their hands and let the hills be joyful together be- | fore the | Lord || *for* He | cometh * to | judge the | earth.
- 10 With *righteousness* shall He | judge the | world || *and* the | peo-ple | with — | equity. Glory be to the *Father* | and * to the | Son || *and* to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ; As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | A — | men.

514 DEUS MISEREATUR (*Ps. lxxv*)

H. Aldrich (1647—1710)

W. Croft (1678—1727)



Selections for Chanting

Ad. fr. L. v. Beethoven (1770—1827)



- 1 God be merciful unto | us and | bless us || and show us the light of His countenance,
and be | merci-ful | un-to | us ;
- 2 That Thy way may be *known* up- | on — | earth || Thy *saving* | health a- | mong all |
nations.
- 3 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God || *yea* let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.
- 4 O let the nations *rejoice* | and be | glad || for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously,
and govern the | nations · up- | on — | earth.
- 5 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God || *yea* let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.
- 6 Then shall the *earth* bring | forth her | increase || and God, even our own *God*
shall | give — | us His | blessing.
- 7 * *God* | shall — | bless us || and all the *ends* of the | world shall | fear — | Him.
Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |
A- — | men.

* Last half of Double Chant.

515 BONUM EST CONFITERI (Ps. xcii)

P. Hayes (1738—1797)

J. Travers (1703—1758)



S. Matthews



- 1 It is a good thing to give *thanks* | unto · the | Lord || and to sing praises unto Thy
Name | O — | Most — | Highest.
- 2 To tell of Thy loving-kindness *early* | in the | morning || and of Thy *truth* | in the |
night- — | season.
- 3 Upon an instrument of ten *strings* and up- | on the | lute || upon a loud instrument |
and up- | on the | harp.
- 4 For Thou, Lord, hast made me *glad* | through Thy | works || and I will rejoice in giving
praise for the oper- | a-tions | of Thy | hands.
Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |
A- — | men.

Selections for Chanting

516 BENEDIC ANIMA MEA (Ps. ciii. 1-4, 20-22)

W. Russell (1777-1813)



- 1 PRAISE the *Lord* | O my | soul || and all that is within me | praise His | ho-ly | Name.
- 2 Praise the *Lord* | O my | soul || and for- | get not | all His | benefits ;
- 3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin || and *healeth* | all — | thine in- | firmities ;
- 4 Who saveth thy *life* | from de- | struction || and crowneth *thee* with | mercy * and | lov-ing- | kindness ;
- 5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of His, *ye* that ex- | cel in | strength || ye that fulfil His commandment, and hearken unto the | voice — | of His | word.
- 6 O praise the *Lord* all | ye His | hosts || ye servants of | His that | do His | pleasure.
- 7 * O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all *places* of | His do- | minion || praise *thou* the | Lord — | O my | soul.

Glory be to the *Father* | and * to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | A- — | *men*.

* Last half of Double Chant.

517 NUNC DIMITTIS (Luke ii. 29-32)

J. Barnby (1838-1896)



- 1 LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant de- | part in | peace || ac- | cord-ing | to Thy | word.
- 2 For mine | eyes have | seen || Thy — sal- | va- — | tion,
- 3 Which Thou | hast pre- | pared || before the | face of | all — | people ;
- 4 To be a *light* to | lighten * the | Gentiles || and to be the glory of Thy | peo-ple | Is-ra- | el.

Glory be to the *Father* | and * to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | A- — | *men*.

Selections for Chanting

518 RESPONSES TO THE COMMANDMENTS

G. J. Elvey (1816—1893)

p

LORD, have mer-cy, have mer-cy up-on us, and in-cline our hearts to

p After the 10th.

keep this law. Lord, have mer-cy, have mer-cy up-on us, and write all

these Thy laws in our hearts, Thy laws in our hearts, we be-seech Thee.

519 THE LORD'S PRAYER

C. A. Wickes

- 1 OUR *Father* which | art in | heaven || *Hallowed* | be — | *Thy* — | name.
- 2 *Thy* | king-dom | come || Thy will be done in *earth* | as it | is in | heaven.
- 3 Give us this *day* our | dai-ly | bread || and forgive us our *debts* as | we for- give our | debtors.
- 4 And lead us *not* | into * temp- | tation || *but* de- | liv-er | us from | evil:
- 5 For Thine is the kingdom and the | power * and the | glory || *for* | ever. | A- — | men.

Selections for the Choir

520 SOJOURNER 7s, 6s. 81.

R. DeWitt Mallary, 1894

1. A PIL - GRIM and a strang - er, I jour - ney here be - low;
 Far dis - tant is my coun - try, The home to which I go.
 Here I must toil and trav - el, Oft wea - ry and op - pressed,
 But there my God shall lead me To ev - er - last - ing rest. A - men.

2 It is a well-worn pathway,—
 Many have gone before;
 The holy saints and prophets,
 The patriarchs of yore;
 They trod the toilsome journey
 In patience and in faith:
 And them I fain would follow,
 Like them in life and death.

3 So I must hasten forwards,—
 For soon the end will come.
 This land of my sojourning
 Is not my destined home;

That evermore abideth,
 Jerusalem above,
 The everlasting city,
 The land of light and love.

4 There still my thoughts are dwelling,
 'Tis there I long to be!
 Come, Lord, and call Thy servant
 To blessedness with Thee.
 Come, bid my toils be ended;
 Let all my wanderings cease,
 Call from the wayside lodging
 To the sweet home of peace.

Selections for the Choir

521 STELLA (PARKER) 8, 3, 3, 6

Horatio W. Parker



1. ALL my heart this night re - joic - es, As I hear, Far and near,



Sweet - est an - gel voic - es; "Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing,



Till the air Ev - ery - where Now with joy is ring - ing. A - men.

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger!
Brethren, come! from all doth grieve you,
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder!
Love Him Who with love is yearning!
Hail the Star,
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!

4 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee forever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

P. Gerhardt, 1656 Tr. C. Winkworth, 1858

Selections for the Choir

522 GLADNESS, No. 1 (St. Anselm) 7s, 6s. 81.

J. Barnby, 1869

1. OH, HAP - PY band of pil - grims, If on - ward ye will tread With Je -
With Je - sus as your fel - low, To Je - sus as your head!
Oh, hap - py if ye la - bor As Je - sus did for men!
Oh, hap - py if ye hun - ger As Je - sus hunger'd then! A - men.

- 2 The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.
The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn;
- 3 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure;

- What are they but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?
- 4 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize!
To Father, Son, and Spirit,
The God whom we adore,
Be loftiest praises given,
Now and for evermore.

Selections for the Choir

523 GLADNESS, No. 2 (Magdalena) 7s, 6s. 81.

J. Stainer 1875

1. O JE - SUS, we a - dore Thee, Up - on the cross, our King;

We bow our hearts be - fore Thee; Thy gra - cious name we sing;

That name hath brought sal - va - tion, That name, in life our stay,

Our peace, our con - so - la - tion, When life shall fade a - way. A - men.

2 Yet doth the world disdain Thee,
Still pressing by Thy cross.
Lord, may our hearts retain Thee,
Counting all else but loss.
The grief Thy soul endured,
Who can that grief declare?
Thy pains have thus assurèd
That Thou Thy foes wilt spare.

3 Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned Thee,
And nailed Thee to the tree.
Our pride, O Lord, disdained Thee,
Yet deign our hope to be.
O glorious King, we bless Thee,
No longer pass Thee by;
O Jesus, we confess Thee
Our Lord enthroned on high.

Selections for the Choir

524 EIN' FESTE BURG P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 6, 7

Martin Luther, 1529
Har. S. P. W.

1. IN myr - iad forms, by myr - iad names, Men seek to bind and mold Thee;

But Thou dost melt, like wax in flames, The cords that would en - fold... Thee.

Who mad - est life and light, Bring'st morning after night, Who all things did'st create—

No maj - es - ty, nor state, Nor word, nor world can hold Thee! A - men.

2 Great God, to whom since time began
The world has prayed and striven;
Maker of stars, and earth, and man,
To Thee our praise is given.
Of suns Thou art the Sun,
Eternal, holy One;
Who us can help save Thou?
To Thee alone we bow!
Hear us, O God in heaven!

Selections for the Choir

525 GETHSEMANE (Redhead) 7s. 61.

R. Redhead, 1853

1. REST - ING from His work to - day, In the tomb the Sav - iour lay;

Still He slept, from head to feet Shroud - ed in the wind - ing sheet,

Ly - ing in the rock a - lone, Hid - den by the seal - ed stone. A - men.

2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene,
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend;
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmèd cell
None but Thee may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

T. Whytehead, 1842

Selections for the Choir

526 BERTHOLD (Amsterdam) 7s, 6s. 8l.

B. Tours, 1872



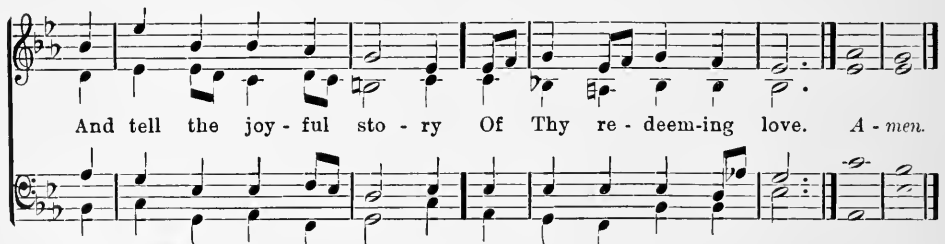
1. To Thee, my God and Sav - iour, My heart ex - ult - ing sings,



Re - joic - ing in Thy fa - vor, Al - mighty King of kings,



I'll cel - e - brate Thy glo - ry, With all Thy saints a - bove,



And tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of Thy re - deem - ing love. A - men.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
 Bedecks the dewy east,
 And when the sun reposes
 Upon the ocean's breast,
 My voice in supplication,
 Well pleasèd, Thou shalt hear;
 Oh, grant me Thy salvation,
 And to my soul draw near.

3 By Thee through life supported,
 I pass the dangerous road,
 With heavenly hosts escorted
 Up to their bright abode;
 There cast my crown before Thee,
 Now all my conflicts o'er,
 And day and night adore Thee—
 What can an angel more?

T. Hawcis, 1792

Selections for the Choir

527 CHENIES 7s, 6s. 8l.

T. R. Matthews, 1855

1. THINE ho - ly day's re - turn - ing, Our hearts ex - ult to see,

And, with de - vo - tion burn - ing, As - cend, our God, to Thee.

To - day with pur - est pleas - ure, Our thoughts from earth with - draw;

We search for sa - cred treas - ure, We learn Thy ho - ly law. A - men.

2 We join to sing Thy praises,
 God of the Sabbath day;
 Each voice in gladness raises
 Its loudest, sweetest lay.
 Thy richest mercies sharing,
 Oh, fill us with Thy love,
 By grace our souls preparing
 For nobler praise above.

R. Palmer, 1834

Selections for the Choir

528 BONAR 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

Arr. fr. J. B. Calkin, 1867
by S. P. Warren, 1896

1. Up - ward where the stars are burn - ing, Si - lent, si - lent

Org.

in their turn - ing Round the nev - er chang - ing pole;

Up - ward where the sky is bright - est, Up - ward where the

blue is light - est, Lift I now my long - ing soul. A - men.

2 Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving,
That must be the home of homes.

4 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him;
With His name the palace rings.

5 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessèd feet:
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

Selections for the Choir

529 VIA DOLOROSA 7s, 6s. 9 l. Irregular

J. B. Dykes, 1874

1. THE way is long and drear - y, The path is bleak and bare, Our feet are

worn and wea - ry, But we will not de - spair. More heav - y was Thy

bur - den, More des - o - late Thy way: O Lamb of God, who tak - est

The sin of the world a - way, Have mer - cy up - on us! A - men.

2 The snows lie thick around us
In the dark and gloomy night,
The tempest roars above us,
The stars have hid their light;
But blacker was the darkness
Round Calvary's cross that day:
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy upon us!

3 Our hearts are faint with sorrow,
Heavy and sad to bear;
We dread the bitter morrow,
But we will not despair.
Thou knowest all our anguish,
And Thou wilt bid it cease:
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Oh give to us Thy peace!

Selections for the Choir

530 TO-DAY 7s, 6s. 81.

J. Barnby, 1883

1. To - DAY Thy mer - cy calls us To wash a - way our sin,

How - ev - er great our tres - pass, What - ev - er we have been;

How - ev - er long from mer - cy Our hearts have turn'd a - way,

Thy pre - cious blood can cleanse us, And make us white to - day. A - men.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin.
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day our Father calls us,
His Holy Spirit waits;
His blessed angels gather
Around the heavenly gates.

No question will be asked us
How often we have come;
Although we oft have wandered,
It is our Father's home.

4 O all-embracing mercy!
O ever-open door!
What should we do without Thee
When heart and eye run o'er?
When all things seem against us,
To drive us to despair,
We know one gate is open,
One ear will hear our prayer.

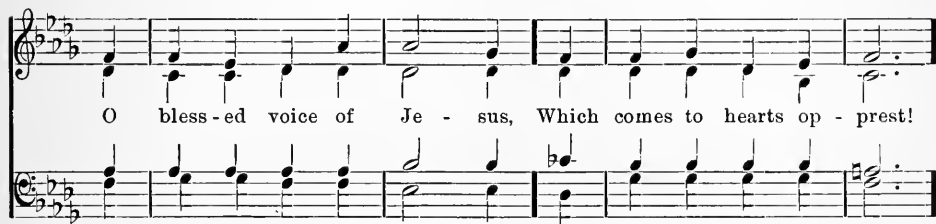
Selections for the Choir

531 BENTLEY 7s, 6s. 81.

J. Hullah, 1867



1. "COME un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."



O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!



It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,



Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can - not cease. A - men.

2 "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night.
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But He has brought us gladness
And songs at break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife,

The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

Selections for the Choir

532 DAVENPORT 7s, 6s. 8l.

M. D. Babcock, 1896

1. O LAMB of God, still keep me Near to Thy wound-ed side;

'Tis on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide.

What foes and snares sur - round me! What doubts and fears with - in!

The grace that sought and found me A - lone can keep me clean. A-men.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding
I feel my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding
The conflict can endure.
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hurtful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall mine eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace:
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

Selections for the Choir

533 COME, LET US PRAY 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8

A. J. Holden, 1883

1. COME, let us pray: 'tis sweet to feel That God Him - self is

near:..... That while we at His foot - stool kneel, His

mer - cy deigns to hear:..... Though sor - rows cloud life's

drear - y way, This is our sol - - ace: let us pray. A - men.

2 Come, let us pray: the burning brow,
The heart oppressed with care,
And all the woes that throng us now,
Will be relieved by prayer;
Our God will chase our griefs away;
Oh, glorious thought!—come, let us pray.

3 Come, let us pray: the mercy-seat
Invites the fervent prayer,
Our Heavenly Father waits to greet
The contrite spirit there:
Oh, loiter not, nor longer stay
From Him who loves us: let us pray.

Anon.

Selections for the Choir

534 CROSSING THE BAR Irregular

J. Barnby, 1893

1. SUN - SET and even - ing star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no

moan - ing of the bar When I put out to sea. 2. But such a

tide as mov - ing seems a - sleep, Too full for sound and foam, When that which

rall.
drew from out the boundless deep Turns a - gain home. 3. Twilight and evening bell,
home. Twi - - - - light and evening bell,

And aft - er that the dark! And may there be no sad - ness of farewell When I em - bark;

Selections for the Choir

cres - - - *cen* - - - *do.* *rit.*

4. For, though from out our bourne of time and place The flood may bear me far, . . .

f
I hope to see my Pi-lot face to face When I have crost the bar. *A-men.*

A. Tennyson, 1899

535 CROSS AND CROWN C. M.

H. Houseley, 1896

Voices in Unison.

In Harmony.

1. MUST Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev-'ry one, And there's a cross for me. *A-men.*

- 2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

- 4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.
- 5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

T. Shepherd, 1692 *Alt.*

Selections for the Choir

536 URBS BEATA 7s, 6s. 81. With Refrain

G. F. Le Jeune, 1887

1. JE - RU - SA-LEM the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be -

neath thy con-tem-pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-prest; I know not, oh, I

know not, What joys a - wait us there; What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry!

Refrain.

Je - ru - - - - sa - lem, the

What bliss be-yond com-pare! Je - ru-sa-lem the gold - en, With milk and hon-ey

gold - en, Be-neath

blest, Be-neath thy con-tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-prest. A-men.

Org.

Selections for the Choir

- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All-jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 3 There is the throne of David,—
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;

And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

- 4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, 12th Cent. Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851

537 BUDLEIGH 108.

T. M. Mudie (1809—1876)

1. I LIFT my heart to Thee, Sav - iour di - vine, For Thou art all to
me, and I am Thine; Is there on earth a clos - er bond than
this, That "my Be - lov - ed's mine, and I am His"? A - men.

- 2 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb, I all things owe;
All that I have and am, and all I know.
All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own; Lord, I am Thine.
- 3 How can I, Lord, withhold life's brightest hour
From Thee; or gathered gold, or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee,
When Thou hast given Thine own dear self for me?
- 4 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep me in Thy love,
Until death's holy sleep shall me remove
To that fair realm, where, sin and sorrow o'er,
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.

Selections for the Choir

538 SUNDOWN 10s. 6l.

J. H. Gower, 1890

p *Voices in Unison.*

1. THE day is gen - tly sink - ing to a close, Fainter and yet more faint the sun - light glows:

Voices in Harmony.

O bright - ness of Thy Father's glo - ry, Thou E - ter - nal Light of light, be with us now:

p *Unison.* *cres.* *Harmony.*

Where Thou art present, darkness cannot be; Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee. A - men.

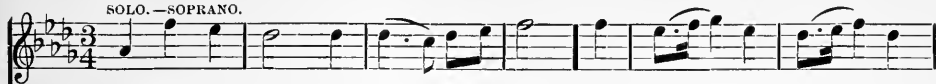
- 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
O conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide;
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide:
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
- 3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail:
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."
- 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

Selections for the Choir

539 STOWELL L. M.

Solon Wilder

SOLO.—SOPRANO.

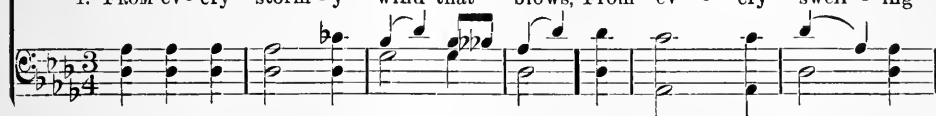


1. FROM ev - ery storm - y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing

CHORUS.



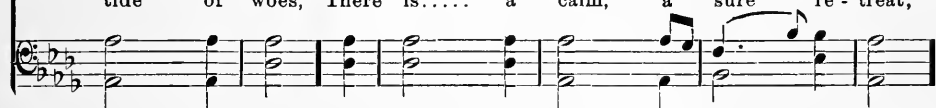
1. FROM ev - ery storm - y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing



tide of woes, There is.... a calm, a sure re - treat;



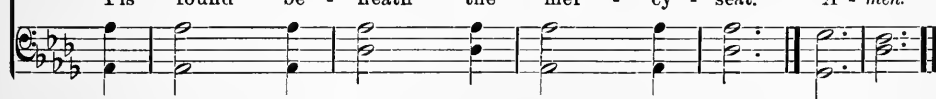
tide of woes, There is.... a calm, a sure re - treat;



'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat. A - men.



'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat. A - men.

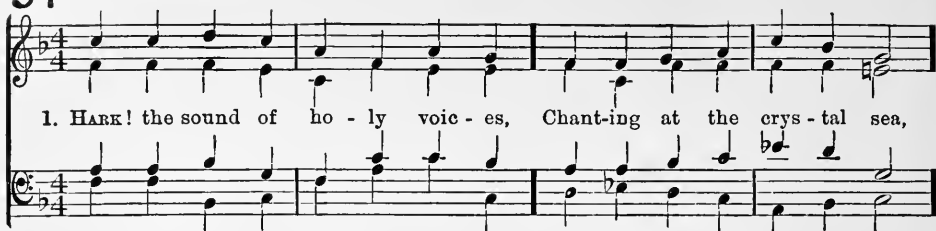


- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Selections for the Choir

540 KITTREDGE 8s, 7s. 81.

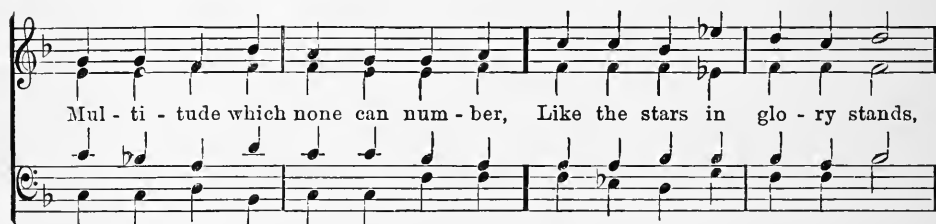
J. Barnby, 1869



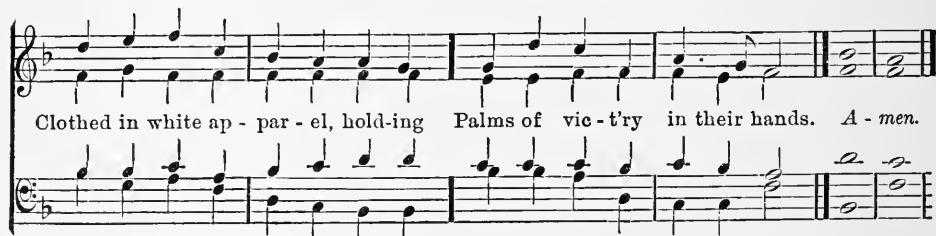
1. HARK! the sound of ho - ly voic - es, Chant-ing at the crys - tal sea,



Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee;



Mul - ti - tude which none can num - ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,



Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold-ing Palms of vic - t'ry in their hands. A - men.

- 2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way for Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr and evangelist;
Sainly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.
- 3 Marching with Thy cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.

- Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.
- 4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessed Trinity.

Selections for the Choir

541 HOLY NIGHT P. M.

J. Barnby, 1868

1. Ho - ly night! peaceful night! Through the darkness beams a light, Ho - ly night!

peace - ful night! Through the dark - ness beams a light, Through the dark - ness

beams a light, Yon - der, where they sweet vig - ils keep O'er the Babe who, in

si - lent sleep, Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace. A - men.

2 Silent night! holiest night!
Darkness flies, and all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing:
"Alleluia! hail the King!
Jesus the Saviour is here!"

3 Holiest night! peaceful night!
Child of heaven, oh, how bright
Thou didst smile when Thou wast born;
Blessèd was that happy morn,
Full of heavenly joy.

4 Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star, O lend thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus the Saviour is here!

5 Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star, O lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Alleluia to our King!
Jesus our Saviour is here!

Selections for the Choir

542 DISMISSAL 8, 8, 8, 6

George Whelpton (1847—)

pp

LORD, let us now de - part in peace, Who in Thy name are gath - ered here;

Dis - close the brightness of Thy face, And be for - ev - er near. A - men.

543 THE SEVEN-FOLD AMEN

J. Stainer (1840—1901)

pp *Slow and sustained.* *cres.* A - - - men, A - - - - - men,

A - men, A - men, A - - - - - men,

A - - - - - men, A - - - - - men, A - men.

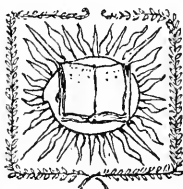
f *dim.* *pp* A - - - - - men, *ppp* *Slower.*

f *dim.* A - - - - - men, A - - - - - men, A - men.

Selections from the Scriptures

Edited by

Charles Carroll Albertson, D.D.



New York
The Century Co.
1907

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Selections from the Scriptures

SELECTION 1

THE BLESSEDNESS OF THE GODLY

PSALMS I, XV

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season:

His leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous:

But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor,

Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the LORD.

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent.

He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

SELECTION 2

GRATEFUL MEDITATION

PSALMS IV, V

HEAR me when I call, O God of my righteousness: thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress;

Have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.

O ye sons of men, how long will ye turn my glory into shame?

How long will ye love vanity, and seek after leasing?

Selections from the Scriptures

But know that the LORD hath set apart him that is godly for himself:

The Lord will hear when I call unto him.

Stand in awe, and sin not: commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.

Offer the sacrifices of righteousness, and put your trust in the Lord.

There be many that say, Who will shew us any good?

Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.

Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased.

I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.

GIVE ear to my words, O LORD: consider my meditation.

Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God: for unto thee will I pray.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O LORD;

In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing:

The Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy:

And in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

Lead me, O LORD, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.

For thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou compass him as with a shield.

SELECTION 3

THE GLORY OF GOD

PSALMS VIII, IX

O LORD our LORD, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies,

That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,

The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him?

And the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,

And hast crowned him with glory and honour.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;

Thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,

And whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

I will praise thee, O LORD, with my whole heart;

I will shew forth all thy marvelous works.

I will be glad and rejoice in thee:

I will sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High.

But the LORD shall endure for ever;

He hath prepared his throne for judgment.

And he shall judge the world in righteousness,

He shall minister judgment to the people in uprightness.

The LORD also will be a refuge for the oppressed,

A refuge in times of trouble.

And they that know his name will put their trust in thee:

For thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.

Sing praises to the LORD, which dwelleth in Zion:

Declare among the people his doings.

SELECTION 4

PRAYER FOR THE OVERTHROW OF EVIL

PSALM X

WHY standest thou afar off, O LORD? why hidest thou thyself in times of trouble?

The wicked in his pride doth persecute the poor: let them be taken in the devices that they have imagined.

For the wicked boasteth of his heart's desire, and blesseth the covetous, whom the LORD abhorreth.

The wicked, through the pride of his countenance, will not seek after God: God is not in all his thoughts.

His ways are always grievous; thy judgments are far above out of his sight: as for all his enemies, he puffeth at them.

He hath said in his heart, I shall not be moved: for I shall never be in adversity.

His mouth is full of cursing and deceit and fraud: under his tongue is mischief and vanity.

He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages: in the secret places doth he murder the innocent: his eyes are set against the poor.

He lieth in wait secretly as a lion in his den: he lieth in wait to catch the poor: he doth catch the poor, when he draweth him into his net.

He croucheth and humbleth himself, that the poor may fall by his strong ones.

He hath said in his heart, God hath forgotten: he hideth his face; he will never see it.

Arise, O Lord; O God, lift up thine hand: forget not the humble.

Wherefore doth the wicked contemn God? he hath said in his heart, Thou wilt not require it.

Thou hast seen it; for thou beholdest mischief and spite, to requite it with thy hand: the poor

committeth himself unto thee;
thou art the helper of the fatherless.

LORD, thou hast heard the desire of the humble; thou wilt prepare their heart, thou wilt cause thine ear to hear:

To judge the fatherless and the oppressed, that the man of the earth may no more oppress.

SELECTION 5

CONFIDENCE IN GOD

PSALMS XVI, XX

PRESERVE me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust. O my soul, thou hast said unto the LORD, Thou art my LORD:

My goodness extendeth not to thee; but to the saints that are in the earth, and to the excellent, in whom is all my delight.

Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god:

Their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take up their names into my lips.

The LORD is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless the LORD, who hath given me counsel:

I have set the Lord always before me because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope.

For thou wilt not leave my soul in

hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy;

At thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

THE Lord hear thee in the day of trouble: the name of the God of Jacob defend thee;

Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion.

Remember all thy offerings, and accept thy burnt sacrifice;

Grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel.

We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners:

The Lord fulfil all thy petitions.

Now know I that the LORD saveth his anointed;

He will hear him from his holy heaven with the saving strength of his right hand.

Some trust in chariots, and some in horses:

But we will remember the name of the Lord our God.

SELECTION 6

THE EXCELLENCY OF GOD'S WORKS AND WORD

PSALM XIX

THE heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the LORD is perfect, converting the soul:

The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the LORD are right, rejoicing the heart:

The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the LORD are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned:

And in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins: let them not have dominion over me.

Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

SELECTION 7

GOD'S LOVING CARE

PSALMS XXIII, XCI

THE LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:

For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:

Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh

in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the LORD, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he has set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him:

I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

SELECTION 8

GOD'S RIGHTEOUSNESS PROCLAIMED

PSALMS XXIV, XCVIII

THE earth is the LORD's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the

seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the LORD? or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the LORD, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors;

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors.

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

O SING unto the LORD a new song: for he hath done marvellous things:

His right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.

The LORD hath made known his salvation:

His righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel:

All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Make a joyful noise unto the LORD,
all the earth:

**Make a loud noise, and rejoice, and
sing praise.**

Sing unto the LORD with the harp;
with the harp, and the voice of a
psalm.

**With trumpets and sound of cor-
net make a joyful noise before the
Lord, the King.**

Let the sea roar, and the fulness
thereof; the world, and they that
dwell therein.

**Let the floods clap their hands: let
the hills be joyful together before
the Lord;**

For he cometh to judge the earth:

**With righteousness shall he judge
the world, and the people with
equity.**

SELECTION 9

PRAYER FOR MERCY AND PARDON

PSALM XXV

UNTO thee, O LORD, do I lift up
my soul.

O my God, I trust in thee:

Let me not be ashamed, let not mine
enemies triumph over me.

**Yea, let none that wait on thee be
ashamed: let them be ashamed
which transgress without cause.**

Shew me thy ways, O LORD; teach me
thy paths.

**Lead me in thy truth and teach
me: for thou art the God of my
salvation; on thee do I wait all
the day.**

Remember, O LORD, thy tender mer-
cies and thy loving kindnesses; for
they have been ever of old.

**Remember not the sins of my
youth, nor my transgressions: ac-
cording to thy mercy remember
thou me for thy goodness' sake, O
Lord.**

Good and upright is the LORD: there-
fore will he teach sinners in the way.

**The meek will he guide in judg-
ment: and the meek will he teach
his way.**

All the paths of the LORD are mercy
and truth unto such as keep his
covenant and his testimonies.

**For thy name's sake, O Lord, par-
don mine iniquity; for it is great.**

What man is he that feareth the
LORD? him shall he teach in the way
that he shall choose.

**His soul shall dwell at ease; and
his seed shall inherit the earth.**

The secret of the LORD is with them
that fear him; and he will shew them
his covenant.

**Mine eyes are ever toward the
Lord; for he shall pluck my feet
out of the net.**

Turn thee unto me, and have mercy
upon me; for I am desolate and af-
flicted.

**The troubles of my heart are en-
larged:**

O bring thou me out of my dis-
tresses.

**Look upon mine affliction and my
pain; and forgive all my sins.**

Consider mine enemies; for they are
many; and they hate me with cruel
hatred.

**O keep my soul, and deliver me: let
me not be ashamed; for I put my
trust in thee.**

Let integrity and uprightness pre-
serve me; for I wait on thee.

Redeem Israel, O God, out of all his troubles.

SELECTION 10

WAITING ON THE LORD

PSALM XXVII

THE LORD is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear?

The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the LORD, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life,

To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion:

In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy:

I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Hear, O LORD, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O LORD, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies: for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the LORD in the land of the living.

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

SELECTION 11

GOD OUR HELPER

PSALMS XXX, CXXIV

I WILL extol thee, O LORD; for thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.

O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.

O LORD, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave: thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.

Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

For his anger endureth but a moment: in his favour is life:

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved.

Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong: thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled.

I cried to thee, O LORD; and unto the LORD I made supplication.

What profit is there in my blood, when I go down to the pit? Shall the dust praise thee? shall it declare thy truth?

Hear, O LORD, and have mercy upon me:

Lord, be thou my helper.

Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing:

Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness;

To the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent.

O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.

IF it had not been the LORD who was on our side, now may Israel say; if it had not been the LORD who was on our side, when men rose up against us:

Then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us:

Then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul:

Then the proud waters had gone over our soul.

Blessed be the LORD, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth. Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers:

The snare is broken, and we are escaped. Our help is in the name

of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

SELECTION 12

PRAYER FOR DELIVERANCE FROM EVIL

PSALM XXXI

IN thee, O LORD, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed: deliver me in thy righteousness.

Bow down thine ear to me; deliver me speedily: be thou my strong rock, for a house of defence to save me.

For thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.

Pull me out of the net that they have laid for me: for thou art my strength.

Into thine hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O LORD God of truth.

I have hated them that regard lying vanities: but I trust in the Lord.

I was a reproach among all mine enemies, but especially among my neighbours, and a fear to mine acquaintance: they that did see me without fled from me.

I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind: I am like a broken vessel.

For I have heard the slander of many: fear was on every side: while they took counsel together against me, they devised to take away my life.

But I trusted in thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my God.

My times are in thy hand: deliver me from the hand of mine enemies, and from them that persecute me.

Make thy face to shine upon thy servant: save me for thy mercies' sake.

Oh how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee;

Which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men!

Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man:

Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.

Blessed be the LORD: for he hath shewed me his marvellous kindness in a strong city.

For I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes: nevertheless thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee.

O love the LORD, all ye his saints: for the LORD preserveth the faithful, and plentifully rewardeth the proud doer.

Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.

SELECTION 13

THE BLESSEDNESS OF FORGIVENESS

PSALMS XXXII, CXXI

BLESSED is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid.

I said, I will confess my transgres-

sions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found:

Surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble;

Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go:

I will guide thee with mine eye.

Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding:

Whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked; but he that trusteth in the LORD, mercy shall compass him about.

Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The LORD is thy keeper: the LORD is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going

out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

SELECTION 14

REJOICING IN THE LORD

PSALM XXXIII

REJOICE in the LORD, O ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright.

Praise the Lord with harp: sing unto him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings.

Sing unto him a new song; play skillfully with a loud noise.

For the word of the Lord is right; and all his works are done in truth.

He loveth righteousness and judgment:

The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

By the word of the LORD were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together as a heap: he layeth up the depth in storehouses.

Let all the earth fear the LORD: let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

The LORD bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought: he maketh the devices of the people of none effect.

The counsel of the Lord standeth for ever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the LORD;

And the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

The LORD looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men: from the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

He fashioneth their hearts alike; he considereth all their works.

There is no king saved by the multitude of a host: a mighty man is not delivered by much strength.

A horse is a vain thing for safety: neither shall he deliver any by his great strength.

Behold, the eye of the LORD is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy; to deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.

Our soul waiteth for the Lord: he is our help and our shield.

For our heart shall rejoice in him, because we have trusted in his holy name.

Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

SELECTION 15

DELIVERANCE FROM FEAR

PSALM XXXIV

I WILL bless the Lord at all times:

His praise shall continually be in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the LORD; the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

I sought the LORD, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

They looked unto him, and were

lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

This poor man cried, and the LORD heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

O taste and see that the LORD is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.

The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger:

But they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me:

I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile: depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of the LORD are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

The righteous cry, and the LORD heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the LORD delivereth him out of them all.

He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.

Evil shall slay the wicked: and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

SELECTION 16

TRUST IN THE LORD

PSALM XXXVII

FRET not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

Trust in the LORD, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

Commit thy way unto the LORD; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

Rest in the LORD, and wait patiently for him:

Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

For evil doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be: yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.

But the meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

The steps of a good man are ordered by the LORD: and he delighteth in his way.

Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

For the Lord loveth judgment, and forsaketh not his saints;

The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom, and his tongue talketh of judgment.

The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide.

I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree.

Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.

But the transgressors shall be destroyed together: the end of the wicked shall be cut off.

But the salvation of the righteous is of the LORD: he is their strength in the time of trouble.

And the Lord shall help them, and deliver them: he shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, because they trust in him.

SELECTION 17

SUBMISSION TO THE WILL OF GOD

PSALM XXXIX

I SAID, I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me.

I was dumb with silence, I held my peace, even from good; and my sorrow was stirred.

My heart was hot within me; while I was musing the fire burned:

Then spake I with my tongue, Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am.

Behold, thou hast made my days as a handbreadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee:

Verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity.

Surely every man walketh in a vain shew: surely they are disquieted in vain:

He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

And now, LORD, what wait I for? my hope is in thee.

Deliver me from all my transgressions: make me not the reproach of the foolish.

I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it.

Remove thy stroke away from me: I am consumed by the blow of thine hand.

When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth:

Surely every man is vanity.

Hear my prayer, O LORD, and give ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace at my tears: for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.

SELECTION 18

THE SOUL'S THIRST FOR GOD

PSALMS XLII, XLIII

AS the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy-day.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me?

Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

O my God, my soul is cast down within me:

Therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts:

All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

Yet the LORD will command his lovingkindness in the daytime,

And in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation: O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.

For thou art the God of my strength: why dost thou cast me off? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me;

Let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles.

Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy:

Yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God my God.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

SELECTION 19

GOD'S KINGDOM

PSALMS XLV, XLVI, XLVIII

MY heart is inditing a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made touching the King: my tongue is the pen of a ready writer.

Thou art fairer than the children of men: grace is poured into thy lips:

Therefore God hath blessed thee for ever.

Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: the scepter of thy kingdom is a right scepter.

Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness: therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations: therefore shall the people praise thee for ever and ever.

GOD is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,

Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

GREAT is the LORD, and greatly to be praised,

In the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.

Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King.

God is known in her palaces for a refuge.

Let mount Zion rejoice,

Let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments.

Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof.

Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following.

For this God is our God for ever and ever:

He will be our guide even unto death.

SELECTION 20

PENITENCE

PSALM LI, ISAIAH XLII

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness:

According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:

Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Make me to hear joy and gladness;

that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation:

And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

O Lord, open thou my lips;

And my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

A BRUISED reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench:

He shall bring forth judgment unto truth.

SELECTION 21

GOD OUR DEFENCE

PSALMS LXI, LXII

HEAR my cry, O God: attend unto my prayer. From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed:

Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings.

For thou, O God, hast heard my vows: thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name.

Thou wilt prolong the king's life: and his years as many generations.

He shall abide before God for ever: O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.

So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows.

TRULY my soul waiteth upon God: from him cometh my salvation.

He only is my rock and my salvation; he is my defence; I shall not be greatly moved.

My soul, wait thou only upon God: for my expectation is from him.

He only is my rock and my salvation: he is my defence; I shall not be moved.

In God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God

Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.

Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie:

To be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity.

Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery:

If riches increase, set not your heart upon them.

God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this; that power belongeth unto God.

Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy: for thou renderest to every man according to his work.

SELECTION 22

PRAISE

PSALMS LXVII, CXI

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us; that thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

Then shall the earth yield her increase: and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

PRAISE ye the LORD.

I will praise the Lord with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation.

The works of the LORD are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

His work is honourable and glorious: and his righteousness endureth for ever.

He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered: the LORD is gracious and full of compassion.

He hath given meat unto them that

fear him: he will ever be mindful of his covenant.

He hath shewed his people the power of his works, that he may give them the heritage of the heathen.

The works of his hands are verity and judgment;

All his commandments are sure.

They stand fast for ever and ever, and are done in truth and uprightness.

He sent redemption unto his people:

He hath commanded his covenant for ever: holy and reverend is his name.

The fear of the LORD is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do his commandments:

His praise endureth for ever.

SELECTION 23

PRAYER FOR HELP

PSALMS LXX, LXXI

MAKE haste, O God, to deliver me; make haste to help me, O LORD.

Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee:

And let such as love thy salvation say continually, Let God be magnified.

But I am poor and needy; make haste unto me, O God: thou art my help and my deliverer; O Lord, make no tarrying.

IN thee, O LORD, do I put my trust: let me never be put to confusion.

Deliver me in my righteousness, and cause me to escape: incline thine ear unto me, and save me.

Be thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort:

Thou hast given commandment to save me; for thou art my rock and my fortress.

Deliver me, O my God, out of the hand of the wicked,

Out of the hand of the unrighteous and cruel man.

For thou art my hope, O Lord God: thou art my trust from my youth.

Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth.

O God, thou hast taught me from my youth: and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works.

Now also when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not; until I have shewed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come.

Thy righteousness also, O God, is very high, who hast done great things: O God, who is like unto thee!

Thou, which hast shewed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth.

Thou shalt increase my greatness, and comfort me on every side.

I will also praise thee with the psaltery, even thy truth, O my God: unto thee will I sing with the harp, O thou Holy One of Israel.

SELECTION 24

THE SANCTUARY

PSALM LXXXIV

HOW amiable are thy tabernacles, O LORD of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my

heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,

Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.

They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

O LORD God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob.

Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory:

No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

SELECTION 25

GOD'S GOODNESS ACKNOWLEDGED

PSALMS LXXXV, XCIII

LORD, thou hast been favourable unto thy land: thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.

Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people; thou hast covered all their sin.

Thou hast taken away all thy wrath: Thou hast turned thyself from the fierceness of thine anger.

Turn us, O God of our salvation, and cause thine anger toward us to cease.

Wilt thou be angry with us for ever? wilt thou draw out thine anger to all generations?

Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in thee?

Shew us thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us thy salvation.

I will hear what God the LORD will speak: for he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints: but let them not turn again to folly.

Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him; that glory may dwell in our land.

Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven.

Yea, the LORD shall give that which is good; and our land shall yield her increase.

Righteousness shall go before him; and shall set us in the way of his steps.

THE LORD reigneth, he is clothed with majesty;

The Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself;

The world also is established, that it cannot be moved.

Thy throne is established of old: thou art from everlasting.

The floods have lifted up, O LORD, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

Thy testimonies are very sure:

Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

SELECTION 26

THE EVERLASTING GOD

PSALM XC

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are three-

score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four-score years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O LORD, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the LORD our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us;

Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

SELECTION 27

GOD'S SUPREMACY

PSALMS XCV, XCIX

O COME, let us sing unto the LORD:

Let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presenee with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the

earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the LORD our maker.

For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

THE LORD reigneth; let the people tremble: he sitteth between the cherubim; let the earth be moved.

The Lord is great in Zion; and he is high above all the people.

Let them praise thy great and terrible name; for it is holy.

Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at his footstool; for he is holy.

Exalt the LORD our God, and worship at his holy hill:

For the Lord our God is holy.

SELECTION 28

PRAISE AND ADORATION

PSALM CIII

BLESS the LORD, O my soul;
And all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the LORD, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The LORD executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

The LORD is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins;

Nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the LORD pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the LORD is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The LORD hath prepared his throne in the heavens;

And his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the LORD, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

Bless the LORD, all his works in all places of his dominion:

Bless the Lord, O my soul.

SELECTION 29

THE GREATNESS OF GOD'S WORK IN NATURE

PSALM CIV

BLESS the LORD, O my soul. O LORD my God, thou art very great;

Thou art clothed with honour and majesty:

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment:

Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters:

Who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:

Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire:

Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever.

Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

There go the ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.

These wait all upon thee; that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

That thou givest them they gather: thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.

Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth.

The glory of the LORD shall endure for ever: the LORD shall rejoice in his works.

He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

I will sing unto the LORD as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord.

SELECTION 30

GOD'S LOVING KINDNESS

FROM PSALM CVII

OH that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the LORD, and his wonders in the deep.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves hereof.

They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble.

They reel two and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.

Then they cry unto the LORD in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people, and praise him in the assembly of the elders.

He turneth rivers into a wilderness, and the watersprings into dry ground;

A fruitful land into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein.

He turneth the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into watersprings.

And there he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation; and sow the fields, and plant vineyards, which may yield fruits of increase.

He blesseth them also, so that they are multiplied greatly; and suffereth not their cattle to decrease.

Again, they are minished and brought low through oppression, affliction, and sorrow.

He poureth contempt upon princes, and causeth them to wander in the wilderness, where there is no way.

Yet setteth he the poor on high from affliction, and maketh him families like a flock.

The righteous shall see it, and rejoice: and all iniquity shall stop her mouth.

Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord.

SELECTION 31

GOD'S GRACIOUSNESS

PSALM CXVI

I LOVE the LORD, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

Gracious is the LORD, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the LORD hath dealt bountifully with thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

I will walk before the LORD in the land of the living.

I believed, therefore have I spoken: I was greatly afflicted: I said in my haste, All men are liars.

What shall I render unto the LORD for all his benefits toward me?

I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord: I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.

Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of his saints.

O Lord, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the LORD.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people, in the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 32

THE WORD OF GOD

[PART I]

PSALM CXIX

BLESSED are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the LORD.

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.

Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!

Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

I will praise thee with uprightness

of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.

With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.

Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

Blessed art thou, O Lord: teach me thy statutes.

With my lips have I declared all the judgments of thy mouth.

I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

SELECTION 33

THE WORD OF GOD

[PART II]

PSALM CXIX

TEACH me, O LORD, the way of thy statutes; and I shall keep it unto the end.

Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.

Make me to go in the path of thy commandments; for therein do I delight.

Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not to covetousness.

Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity; and quicken thou me in thy way.

Stablish thy word unto thy servant, who is devoted to thy fear.

Turn away my reproach which I fear: for thy judgments are good.

Behold, I have longed after thy precepts: quicken me in thy righteousness.

Let thy mercies come also unto me, O LORD, even thy salvation, according to thy word.

So shall I have wherewith to answer him that reproacheth me: for I trust in thy word.

And take not the word of truth utterly out of my mouth; for I have hoped in thy judgments.

So shall I keep thy law continually for ever and ever.

And I will walk at liberty: for I seek thy precepts.

I will speak of thy testimonies also before kings, and will not be ashamed.

And I will delight myself in thy commandments, which I have loved.

My hands also will I lift up unto thy commandments, which I have loved, and I will meditate in thy statutes.

SELECTION 34

THE WORD OF GOD

[PART III]

PSALM CXIX

FOR EVER, O LORD, thy word is settled in heaven.

Thy faithfulness is unto all generations: thou hast established the earth, and it abideth.

They continue this day according to thine ordinances: for all are thy servants.

Unless thy law had been my delights, I should then have perished in mine affliction.

I will never forget thy precepts: for with them thou hast quickened me.

I am thine, save me; for I have sought thy precepts.

The wicked have waited for me to destroy me: but I will consider thy testimonies.

I have seen an end of all perfection: but thy commandment is exceeding broad.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.

I have sworn, and I will perform it, that I will keep thy righteous judgments.

I am afflicted very much: quicken me, O LORD, according unto thy word.

Accept, I beseech thee, the freewill offerings of my mouth, O Lord, and teach me thy judgments.

My soul is continually in my hand: yet do I not forget thy law.

The wicked have laid a snare for me: yet I erred not from thy precepts.

Thy testimonies have I taken as a heritage for ever: for they are the rejoicing of my heart.

I have inclined mine heart to perform thy statutes always, even unto the end.

SELECTION 35

THE HOUSE OF GOD—THE BELIEVER'S JOY

PSALMS CXXII, CXXV, CXXVI

I WAS glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the LORD.

Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together: whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the LORD, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the LORD.

For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

THEY that trust in the LORD shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever.

For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous: lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity.

Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good, and to them that are upright in their hearts.

As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, the LORD shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity: but peace shall be upon Israel.

WHEN the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.

Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing:

Then said they among the heathen,
The Lord hath done great things
for them.

The LORD hath done great things for
us; whereof we are glad.

Turn again our captivity, O Lord,
as the streams in the south.

They that sow in tears shall reap in
joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth,
bearing precious seed, shall doubt-
less come again with rejoicing,
bringing his sheaves with him.

SELECTION 36

HOPE IN THE LORD

PSALMS CXXX, CXXXIX

OUT of the depths have I cried
unto thee, O LORD.

Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears
be attentive to the voice of my
supplications.

If thou, LORD, shouldst mark iniqui-
ties, O LORD, who shall stand?

But there is forgiveness with thee,
that thou mayest be feared.

I wait for the LORD, my soul doth
wait, and in his word do I hope.

My soul waiteth for the Lord
more than they that watch for the
morning: I say, more than they
that watch for the morning.

Let Israel hope in the LORD: for with
the LORD there is mercy, and with him
is plenteous redemption.

And he shall redeem Israel from
all his iniquities.

O LORD, thou hast searched me,
and known me.

Thou knowest my downsitteing and

mine uprising; thou understandest
my thought afar off.

Thou compassest my path and my
lying down, and art acquainted with
all my ways.

For there is not a word in my
tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou
knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and be-
fore, and laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful
for me: it is high, I cannot attain
unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit?
or whither shall I flee from thy pres-
ence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou
art there: if I make my bed in hell,
behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning,
and dwell in the uttermost parts of
the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me,
and thy right hand shall hold me.

SELECTION 37

SUPPLICATION

PSALMS CXLIII, CXLIV

HEAR my prayer, O LORD, give
ear to my supplications: in thy
faithfulness answer me, and in thy
righteousness.

And enter not into judgment with
thy servant: for in thy sight shall
no man living be justified.

Therefore is my spirit overwhelmed
within me: my heart within me is
desolate.

I remember the days of old; I

**meditate on all thy works; I muse
on the work of thy hands.**

I stretch forth my hands unto thee:
my soul thirsteth after thee, as a
thirsty land.

**Hear me speedily, O Lord; my
spirit faileth: hide not thy face
from me, lest I be like unto them
that go down into the pit.**

Cause me to hear thy lovingkind-
ness in the morning; for in thee do I
trust: cause me to know the way
wherein I should walk; for I lift up
my soul unto thee.

**Deliver me, O Lord, from mine
enemies: I flee unto thee to hide
me.**

Teach me to do thy will; for thou
art my God: thy Spirit is good; lead
me into the land of uprightness.

**Quicken me, O Lord, for thy
name's sake: for thy righteous-
ness' sake bring my soul out of
trouble.**

BLESSED be the LORD, my
strength, which teacheth my
hands to war, and my fingers to
fight:

**My goodness, and my fortress; my
high tower, and my deliverer; my
shield, and he in whom I trust;
who subdueth my people under
me.**

LORD, what is man, that thou takest
knowledge of him! or the son of man,
that thou makest account of him!

**Man is like to vanity: his days are
as a shadow that passeth away.**

I will sing a new song unto thee, O
God:

**It is he that giveth salvation unto
kings: who delivereth David his
servant from the hurtful sword.**

SELECTION 38

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING

PSALM CXLV

I WILL extol thee, my God, O King;
and I will bless thy name for ever
and ever.

**Every day will I bless thee; and I
will praise thy name for ever and
ever.**

Great is the LORD, and greatly to be
praised; and his greatness is un-
searchable.

**One generation shall praise thy
works to another, and shall de-
clare thy mighty acts.**

I will speak of the glorious honour
of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous
works.

**And men shall speak of the might
of thy terrible acts: and I will de-
clare thy greatness.**

They shall abundantly utter the
memory of thy great goodness,

**And shall sing of thy righteous-
ness.**

The LORD is gracious, and full of
compassion; slow to anger, and of
great mercy.

**The Lord is good to all: and his
tender mercies are over all his
works.**

And thy works shall praise thee, O
LORD; and thy saints shall bless thee.

**They shall speak of the glory of
thy kingdom, and talk of thy
power;**

To make known to the sons of men
his mighty acts, and the glorious
majesty of his kingdom.

**Thy kingdom is an everlasting
kingdom, and thy dominion en-
dureth throughout all generations.**

The LORD upholdeth all that fall,

And raiseth up all those that be bowed down.

The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season.

Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

The LORD is righteous in all his ways and holy in all his works.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear their cry, and will save them.

The Lord preserveth all them that love him: but all the wicked will he destroy.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the LORD:

And let all flesh bless his holy name forever and ever.

SELECTION 39

GOD'S GOODNESS OUR INHERITANCE

PSALM CXLVII

PRAISE ye the LORD: for it is good to sing praises unto our God;

For it is pleasant; and praise is comely.

The LORD doth build up Jerusalem; he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names.

Great is our Lord, and of great power, his understanding is infinite.

The LORD lifteth up the meek:

He casteth the wicked down to the ground

Sing unto the LORD with thanksgiving;

Sing praise upon the harp unto our God:

Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.

He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.

Praise the LORD, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion.

For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; he hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth: his word runneth very swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them:

He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

He sheweth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgments unto Israel.

He hath not dealt so with any nation: and as for his judgments,

they have not known them. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 40

PRAISE

PSALMS CXLVIII, CL

PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise ye the LORD from the heavens: praise him in the heights.

Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.

Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the LORD: for he commanded, and they were created.

He hath also established them for ever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass.

Praise the LORD from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps:

Fire, and hail; snow, and vapour; stormy wind fulfilling his word:

Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars:

Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl:

Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:

Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children:

Let them praise the name of the LORD: for his name alone is excellent;

His glory is above the earth and heaven.

He also exalteth the horn of his people, the praise of all his saints: even

of the children of Israel, a people near unto him.

Praise ye the Lord.

PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 41

ADVENT

ISA. XI, XLII

AND there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots:

And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord;

And shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the LORD.

And he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears:

But with righteousness shall he

judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth.

And he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.

BEHOLD, the former things are come to pass, and new things do I declare.

Before they spring forth I tell you of them.

Sing unto the LORD a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth, ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein;

The isles, and the inhabitants thereof.

Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift up their voice, the villages that Kedar doth inhabit:

Let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains.

Let them give glory unto the LORD, and declare his praise in the islands.

The Lord is well-pleased for his righteousness' sake; he will magnify the law, and make it honourable.

SELECTION 42

NATIVITY (I)

LUKE II

AND it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Cesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

(And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.)

And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David;

Which is called Bethlehem, (because he was of the house and lineage of David,)

To be taxed with Mary his wife.

And so it was, that, while they were there,

She brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you;

Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

SELECTION 43

NATIVITY (II)

(THE MAGNIFICAT)

LUKE I

AND Mary said, My soul doth magnify the LORD,

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden :

For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is his name.

And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation.

He hath showed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree.

He hath filled the hungry with good things,

And the rich he hath sent empty away.

He hath helped his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy;

As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever.

SELECTION 44

PALM SUNDAY

MARK XI

AND when they came nigh to Jerusalem, and Bethany, at the mount of Olives, he sendeth forth two of his disciples,

And saith unto them, Go your way into the village over against you;

And as soon as ye be entered into it, ye shall find a colt tied, whereon never man sat; loose him, and bring him.

And if any man say unto you, Why do ye this? say ye that the Lord hath need of him; and straightway he will send him hither.

And they went their way, and found the colt tied by the door without in a place where two ways met; and they loose him.

And certain of them that stood there said unto them, What do ye, loosing the colt?

And they said unto them even as Jesus had commanded: and they let them go.

And they brought the colt to Jesus, and cast their garments on him; and he sat upon him.

And many spread their garments in the way; and others cut down branches off the trees, and strewed them in the way.

And they that went before, and they that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna; Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord:

Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, that cometh in the name of the LORD: Hosanna in the highest.

And Jesus entered into Jerusalem, and into the temple; and when he had looked round about upon all things, and now the eventide was come, he went out unto Bethany with the twelve.

SELECTION 45**THE LORD'S SUPPER**

LUKE XXII

THEN came the day of unleavened bread, when the passover must be killed.

And he sent Peter and John, saying, Go and prepare us the passover, that we may eat.

And they said unto him, Where wilt thou that we prepare?

And he said unto them, Behold, when ye are entered into the city, there shall a man meet you, bearing a pitcher of water; follow him into the house where he entereth in.

And ye shall say unto the goodman of the house, The Master saith unto thee, Where is the guestchamber, where I shall eat the passover with my disciples?

And he shall shew you a large upper room furnished: there make ready.

And they went, and found as he had said unto them: and they made ready the passover.

And when the hour was come, he sat down, and the twelve apostles with him.

And he said unto them, With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer:

For I say unto you, I will not any more eat thereof, until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God

And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and said, Take this, and divide it among yourselves:

For I say unto you, I will not drink of the fruit of the vine, until the kingdom of God shall come.

And he took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you; this do in remembrance of me.

Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you.

SELECTION 46**GOOD FRIDAY**

ISA. LIH

WHIO hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the LORD revealed?

For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground:

He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him;

He was despised and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows:

Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities:

The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray;

we have turned every one to his own way;

And the LORD hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth:

He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation?

For he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death;

Because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief;

When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the LORD shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied;

By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong;

Because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors:

And he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

SELECTION 47

EASTER (I)

MARK XVI

AND when the sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, had bought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint him.

And very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun.

And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?

And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away: for it was very great.

And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment; and they were affrighted.

And he saith unto them, Be not affrighted: ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him.

But go your way, tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him, as he said unto you.

And they went out quickly, and fled from the sepulchre; for they trembled and were amazed: neither said they any thing to any man; for they were afraid.

Now when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils.

And she went and told them that had been with him, as they mourned and wept.

And they, when they had heard that he was alive, and had been seen of her, believed not.

After that, he appeared in another form unto two of them, as they walked, and went into the country.

And they went and told it unto the residue: neither believed they them.

Afterward, he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen.

And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.

And they went forth, and preached every where, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following.

SELECTION 48

EASTER (II)

FROM I COR. XV

BEHOLD, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, Then shall be brought to pass the

saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the LORD,

Forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

SELECTION 49

CHILDREN'S SERVICE

HONOR and majesty are before him; strength and beauty are in his sanctuary. (Ps. xevi. 6.)

And upon the top of the pillars was lily work: so was the work of the pillars finished. (I Kings vii. 22.)

I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me. (Prov. viii. 17.)

And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them;

And when he had taken him in his arms, he said unto them,

Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me;

And whosoever shall receive me, receiveth not me, but him that sent me. (Mark ix. 36-37.)

And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them.

But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them,

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.

Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them. (Mark x. 13-16.)

I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake.

I write unto you, little children, because ye have known the Father. (I John ii. 12, 14.)

SELECTION 50

THANKSGIVING (I)

PSALM LXV

PRAISE waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion:

And unto thee shall the vow be performed.

O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

Iniquities prevail against me: as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation;

Who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:

Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power:

Which stilleth the noise of the

seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens:

Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water:

Thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

SELECTION 51

THANKSGIVING (II)

PSALM LXVI

MAKE a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands:

Sing forth the honour of his name: make his praise glorious.

Say unto God, How terrible art thou in thy works! through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee.

All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee; they shall sing to thy name.

Come and see the works of God: he is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.

He turned the sea into dry land: they went through the flood on foot: there did we rejoice in him.

He ruleth by his power for ever; his eyes behold the nations:

Let not the rebellious exalt themselves.

O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard:

Which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.

For thou, O God, hast proved us: thou hast tried us, as silver is tried.

Thou broughtest us into the net; thou laidst affliction upon our loins.

Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water:

But thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.

I will go into thy house with burnt offerings:

I will pay thee my vows, which my lips have uttered, and my mouth hath spoken, when I was in trouble.

Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.

I cried unto him with my mouth, and he was extolled with my tongue.

If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me: but verily God hath heard me: he hath attended to the voice of my prayer.

Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me.

SELECTION 52

JOYFUL THANKSGIVING FOR SALVATION

ISA. XII, XXVI

AND in that day thou shalt say, **O LORD**, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me.

Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation.

Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.

And in that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord, call upon his name, declare his doings among the people, make mention that his name is exalted.

Sing unto the **LORD**: for he hath done excellent things: this is known in all the earth.

Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion: for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.

IN that day shall this song be sung in the land of Judah: We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks.

Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee.

Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.

SELECTION 53

THE CALL OF WISDOM (I)

PROV. IV

WISDOM is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding.

Exalt her, and she shall promote thee: she shall bring thee to honor, when thou dost embrace her.

She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee.

Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings; and the years of thy life shall be many.

I have taught thee in the way of wisdom; I have led thee in right paths.

When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straightened; and when thou runnest, thou shalt not stumble.

Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go: keep her; for she is thy life.

Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men.

Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away.

For they sleep not, except they have done mischief; and their sleep is taken away, unless they cause some to fall.

For they eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence.

But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

SELECTION 54

THE CALL OF WISDOM (II)

JOB XXVIII

BUT where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?

Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living.

The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me.

It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire.

The gold and the crystal cannot equal it: and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold.

No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies.

The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold.

Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?

Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air.

Destruction and death say, We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.

God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof.

For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven:

To make the weight for the winds; and he weigheth the waters by measure.

When he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder; then did he see it, and declare it; he prepared it, yea, and searched it out.

And unto man he said, Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.

SELECTION 55

THE CREATOR REMEMBERED IN YOUTH

ECCLES. XII

REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goes to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter:

Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

SELECTION 56

MISSIONARY SERVICE (I)

ISA. XXXV

THE wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.

Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; he will come and save you.

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped:

Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it:

But it shall be for those: the way-faring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there:

And the ransomed of the LORD shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads:

They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

SELECTION 57

MISSIONARY SERVICE (II)

ISA. LV

HO, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?

Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

Seek ye the LORD while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the LORD.

For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains

and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

SELECTION 58

CHARITY

I COR. XIII

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil:

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail;

whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child. I understood as a child. I thought as a child:

But when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

SELECTION 59

THE SABBATH

THUS the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.

And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made:

And he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.

And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it:

Because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made. (Gen. ii. 1-3.)

Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy.

Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the LORD thy God;

In it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates;

For in six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day:

Wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.
(Ex. xx. 8-11.)

Ye shall keep my Sabbath and reverence my sanctuary. I am the LORD.
(Lev. xix. 30.)

If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day;

And call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the LORD, honorable;

And shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words:

Then shalt thou delight thyself in the LORD;

And I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth,

And feed thee with the heritage of Jacob, thy father; for the mouth of the LORD hath spoken it. (Is. lviii. 13-14.)

And Jesus said unto them, The Son of man is lord also of the Sabbath.
(Luke vi. 5.)

SELECTION 60

TEMPERANCE

WHO hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath

wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. (Prov. xxiii. 29-32.)

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?

If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. (I Cor. iii. 16-17.)

Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain.

And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible.

I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air:

But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway. (I Cor. ix. 24-27.)

It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak. (Rom. xiv. 21.)

Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees;
And make straight paths for your

feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way:

But let it rather be healed.

SELECTION 61

DISCIPLESHIP

FROM JOHN XV

I AM the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.

If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.

These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.

You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit,

and that your fruit should remain; that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you.

These things I command you, that ye love one another.

SELECTION 62

COMFORT

FROM JOHN XIV

LET not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

Thomas saith unto him, LORD, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

Philip saith unto him, Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father?

Believest thou not that I am the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works.

Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also;

And greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

SELECTION 63

THE INTERCESSORY PRAYER OF JESUS

FROM JOHN XVII

THESE words spake Jesus, and lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee:

As thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him.

And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.

I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do.

And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was.

I have manifested thy name unto

the men which thou gavest me out of the world:

Thine they were, and thou gavest them me; and they have kept thy word.

Now they have known that all things whatsoever thou hast given me are of thee.

For I have given unto them the words which thou gavest me; and they have received them, and have known surely that I came out from thee, and they have believed that thou didst send me.

I pray for them: I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me; for they are thine.

And all mine are thine, and thine are mine; and I am glorified in them.

And now I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, and I come to thee.

Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are.

And now come I to thee; and these things I speak in the world, that they might have my joy fulfilled in themselves.

I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil.

Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth.

SELECTION 64

FROM "THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT" (I)

MATT. VI

LAY not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.

But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness.

If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!

No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other.

Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on.

Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns:

Yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

SELECTION 65

FROM "THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT" (II)

MATT. VII

JUDGE not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but con-

siderest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye?

Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:

For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?

Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?

If ye then, being evil, know how to give gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.

SELECTION 66

MORE THAN CONQUERORS

FROM ROM. VIII

THERE is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh :

That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God :

And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long: we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

SELECTION 67

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY

FROM GAL. VI

BRETHREN, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.

But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another.

For every man shall bear his own burden.

Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.

SELECTION 68

GOD'S GIFTS TO HIS CHURCH

FROM EPH. IV

THERE is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling;

One Lord, one faith, one baptism,

One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.

But unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ.

Wherefore he saith, When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men.

(Now that he ascended, what is it but that he also descended first into the lower parts of the earth?

He that descended is the same also that ascended up far above all heavens, that he might fill all things.)

And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers;

For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ:

Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ:

That we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive;

But speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ.

SELECTION 69

SALVATION BY FAITH UNTO GOOD WORKS

FROM EPH. II

AND you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins;

Wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience:

Among whom also we all had our conversation in times past, and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others.

But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us,

Even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ, (by grace ye are saved:)

And hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus:

That in the ages to come he might shew the exceeding riches of his grace, in his kindness toward us, through Christ Jesus.

For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God:

Not of works, lest any man should boast.

For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them.

SELECTION 70

EXHORTATIONS

FROM I THESS. V

LET us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breast plate of faith and love; and for a helmet, the hope of salvation.

For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ,

Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him.

Wherefore comfort yourselves together, and edify one another, even as also ye do.

And we beseech you, brethren, to know them that labour among you, and are over you in the LORD, and admonish you;

And to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake. and be at peace among yourselves.

Now we exhort you, brethren, warn them that are unruly, comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, be patient toward all men.

See that none render evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men.

Rejoice evermore.

Pray without ceasing.

In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.

Quench not the Spirit.

Despise not prophesyings.

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

Abstain from all appearance of evil.

And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly:

And I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.

SELECTION 71

VARIOUS BEATITUDES

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. (Psalm i. 1.)

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the LORD imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile. (Psalm xxxii. 1, 2.)

Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies. (Psalm xl. 4.)

Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the LORD will deliver him in time of trouble.

The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth: and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies.

The LORD will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness. (Psalm xli. 1-3.)

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied

with the goodness of thy house,
even of thy holy temple. (Psalm
lxxv. 4.)

Blessed are they that dwell in thy
house: they will be still praising thee.
(Psalm lxxxiv. 4.)

**Blessed are they that keep his
testimonies, and that seek him
with the whole heart.**

They also do no iniquity: they walk
in his ways. (Psalm cxix. 2, 3.)

**Blessed are those servants, whom
the Lord when he cometh shall
find watching:**

Verily I say unto you, that he shall
gird himself, and make them to sit
down to meat, and will come forth
and serve them.

**And if he shall come in the second
watch, or come in the third watch,
and find them so, blessed are those
servants.** (Luke xii. 37, 38.)

Blessed is the man that endureth
temptation: for when he is tried, he
shall receive the crown of life, which
the LORD hath promised to them that
love him. (Jas. i. 12.)

**Blessed are they that do his com-
mandments, that they may have a
right to the tree of life, and may
enter in through the gates into the
city.** (Rev. xxii. 14.)

SELECTION 72

THE HEAVENLY CITY

FROM REV. XXI

AND I saw a new heaven and a new
earth; for the first heaven and
the first earth were passed away; and
there was no more sea.

And I saw the holy city, new Jeru-

**salem, coming down from God out
of heaven, prepared as a bride
adorned for her husband.**

And I heard a great voice out of
heaven saying,

**Behold, the tabernacle of God is
with men, and he will dwell with
them, and they shall be his people,
and God himself shall be with
them, and be their God.**

And God shall wipe away all tears
from their eyes;

**And there shall be no more death,
neither sorrow, nor crying, neither
shall there be any more pain: for
the former things are passed away.**

And he that sat upon the throne said,
Behold, I make all things new. And
he said unto me, Write: for these
words are true and faithful.

**And he said unto me, It is done.
I am Alpha and Omega, the begin-
ning and the end. I will give unto
him that is athirst of the fountain
of the water of life freely.**

He that overcometh shall inherit all
things; and I will be his God, and he
shall be my son.

**And he carried me away in the
spirit to a great and high moun-
tain, and shewed me that great
city, the holy Jerusalem, descend-
ing out of heaven from God,**

Having the glory of God: and her
light was like unto a stone most
precious, even like a jasper stone,
clear as crystal;

**And I saw no temple therein: for
the Lord God Almighty and the
Lamb are the temple of it.**

And the city had no heed of the sun,
neither of the moon, to shine in it:

For the glory of God did lighten

it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it.

And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.

SELECTION 73

LAST THINGS

FROM REV. XXII

AND he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him:

And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads.

And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the LORD God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

And he said unto me, These sayings are faithful and true: and the Lord God of the holy prophets sent his angel to show unto his servants the things which must shortly be done.

Behold, I come quickly: blessed is

he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book.

And I saw these things, and heard them. And when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed me these things.

Then saith he unto me, See thou do it not: for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God.

And he saith unto me, Seal not the sayings of the prophecy of this book: for the time is at hand.

He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still.

And behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

SELECTION 74

BENEDICTUS

FROM LUKE I

BLESSED be the LORD God of Israel; for he hath visited and redeemed his people,

And hath raised up a horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant David;

As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets, which have been since the world began :

That we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us ;

To perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember his holy covenant ;

The oath which he sware to our father Abraham,

That he would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear,

In holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life.

And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest : for thou shalt go before the face of the LORD to prepare his ways ;

To give knowledge of salvation unto his people by the remission of their sins,

Through the tender mercy of our God ; whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us,

To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace.

SELECTION 75

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

WE praise thee, O God ; we acknowledge thee to be the LORD.

All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.

To thee all angels cry aloud ;

The heavens and all the powers therein ;

To thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,—Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth ;

Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.

The glorious company of the apostles praise thee.

The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise thee.

The noble army of martyrs praise thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee ;

The Father of an infinite majesty ;

Thine adorable, true and only Son ;

Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ ; thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst humble thyself to be born of a virgin.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.

We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge.

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with thy saints, in glory everlasting.

O LORD, save thy people, and bless thine heritage.

Govern them, and lift them up for ever.

Day by day we magnify thee ;

And we worship thy name ever, world without end.

Vouchsafe, O LORD, to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.

O LORD, let thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.

SELECTION 76

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

GLORY be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will toward men!

We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory,

O LORD God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty!

O Lord, the only begotten Son Jesus Christ: O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father,

That takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

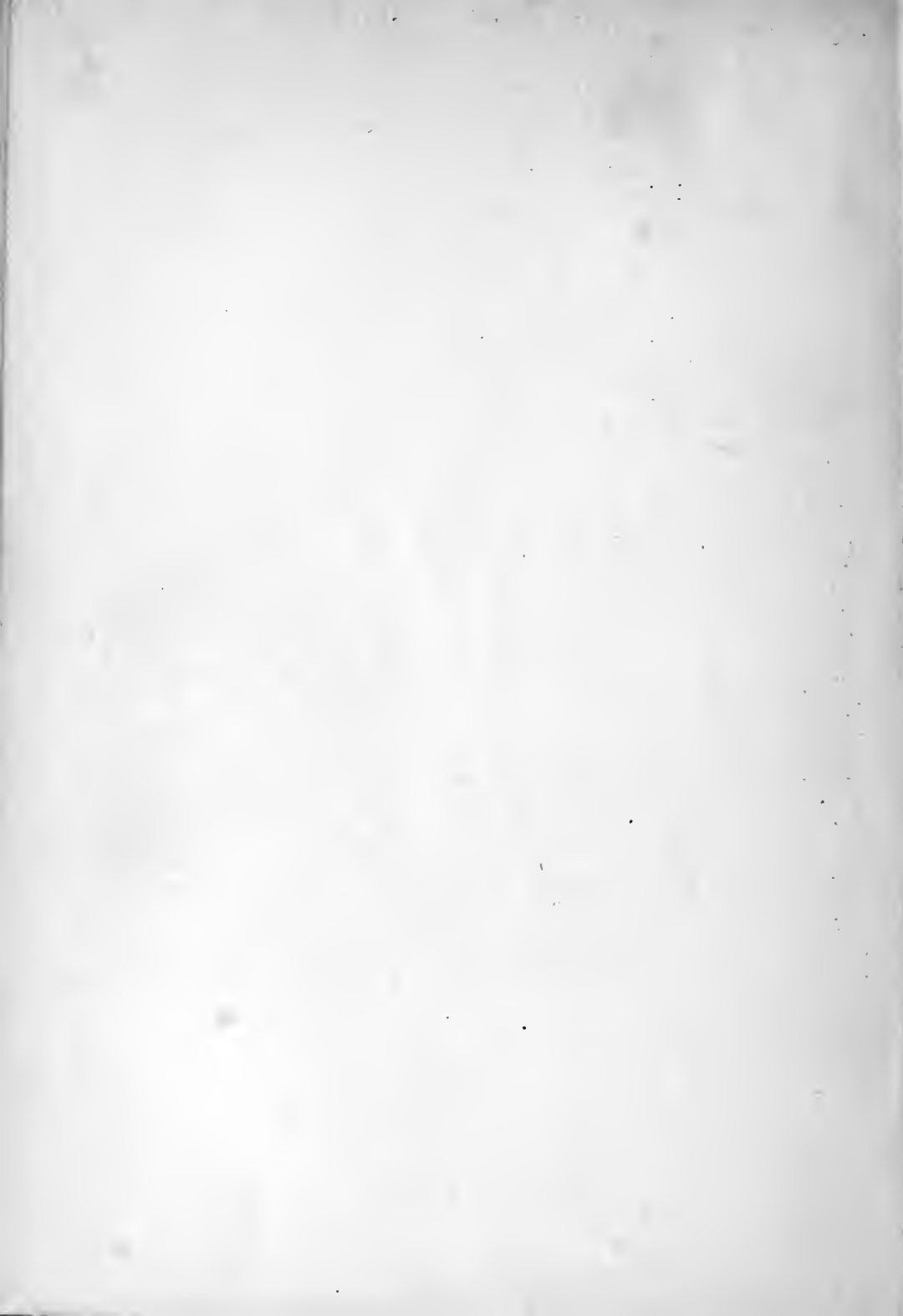
Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For thou only art holy; thou only art the LORD;

Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father.

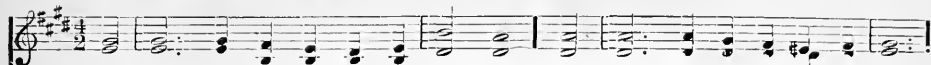





Grand Missionary Hymn

I HEAR TEN THOUSAND VOICES


J. H. Maunder



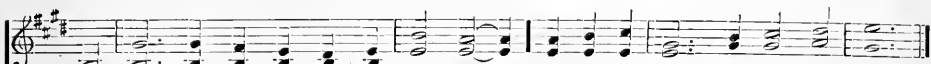
1. I hear ten thousand voices sing - ing Their praises to the Lord on high;
2. On Chi - na's shores I hear His praises From lips that once kiss'd idol stones;
3. The song has sound-ed o'er the wa - ters, And In - dia's plains re-echo joy;



Far dis-tant shores and hills are ringing With an-thems of their na-tion's joy,—
Soon as His ban-ner He up-raises, The Spir-it moves the breathless bones:
Be -neath the moon sit India's daughters, Soft sing-ing as the wheel they ply:



"Praise ye the Lord! for He has giv - en To lands in dark - ness hid, His light,
"Speed, speed Thy word o'er land and o - cean, The Lord in tri - umph has gone forth;
"Thanks to Thee, Lord, for hopes of glo - ry, For peace on earth to us re - veal'd;



As morn-ing rays light up the heav - en, His Word has chased a-way the night."
The na - tions hear with strange e-mo - tion, From East to West, from South to North."
Our cher-ish'd I - dols fell be - fore Thee, Thy Spir-it has our par-don seal'd."

4 On Afric's sunny shore glad voices
Wake up the morn of Jubilee;
The negro, once a slave, rejoices,
Who's freed by Christ is doubly free:
"Sing, brothers, sing! yet many a nation
Shall hear the voice of God and live;
E'en we are heralds of salvation,
The word He gave we'll freely give."

6 O'er prairies wild the song is spreading,
Where once the war-cry sounded loud;
But now the evening sun is shedding
His rays upon a praying crowd:
"Lord of all worlds, Eternal Spirit!
Thy light upon our darkness shed;
For Thy dear love, for Jesu's merit,
From joyful hearts be worship paid."

5 Fair are New Zealand's wooded mountains,
Deep glens, blue lakes, and dizzy steeps;
But sweeter than the murmuring fountains
Rises the song from holy lips:
"By blood did Jesus come to save us,
So deeply stained with brother's blood;
Our hearts we'll give to Him who gave us
Deliverance from the fiery flood."

7 Hark! hark! a louder sound is booming
O'er heaven and earth, o'er land and sea;
The angel's trump proclaims His coming—
Our day of endless Jubilee:
"Hail to Thee, Lord! Thy people praise Thee!
In every land Thy name we sing;
On heaven's eternal throne upraise Thee,
Take Thou Thy pow'r, Thou glorious King."

Rev. H. W. Fox

